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September 1969

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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power, 5

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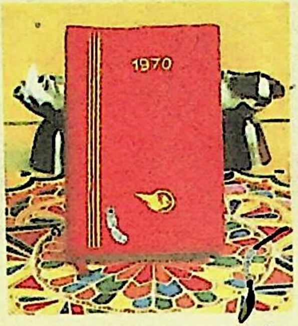

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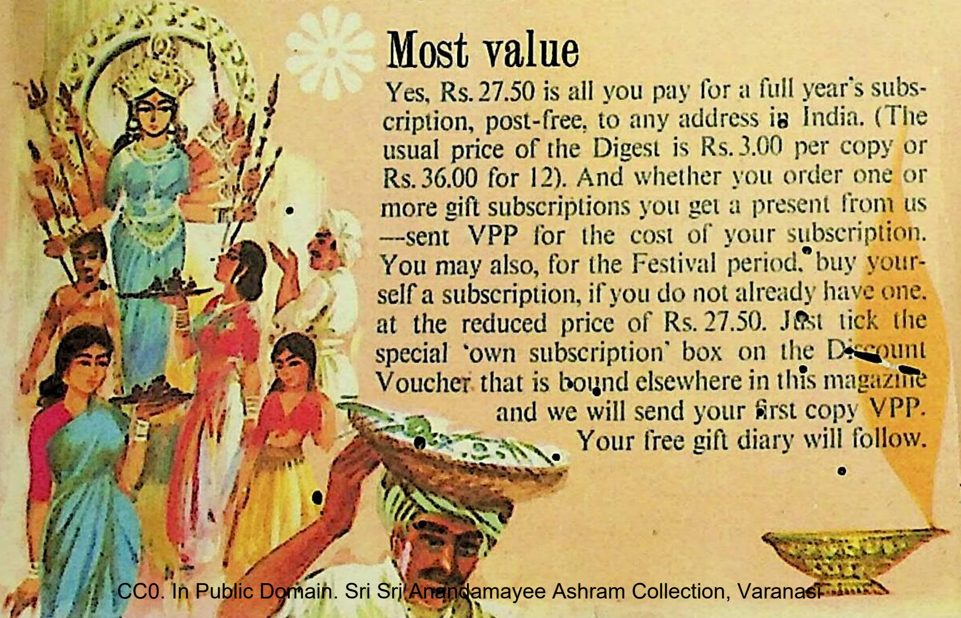

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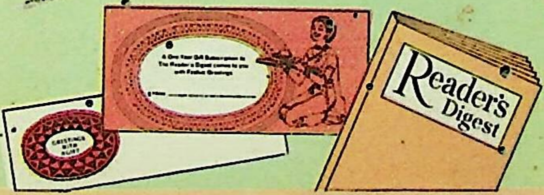

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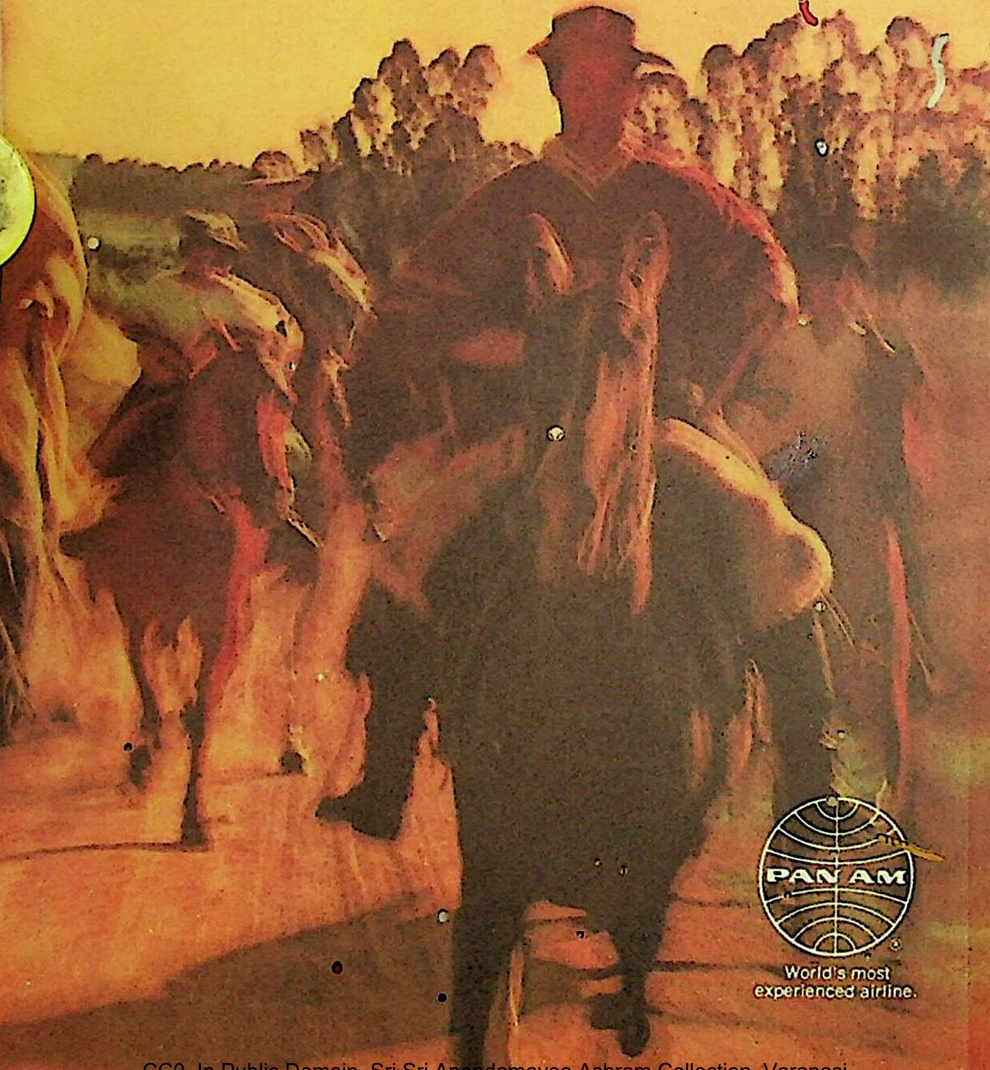

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HE who has a *why* to live for can bear almost any *how*. —Nietzsche

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—Anne O'Hare McCormick

EVERYONE wants the government to be bold and imaginative and infallible—all at the same time. It will never happen.
—John Gardner, *No Easy Victories*

YOU DON'T hear much about the battle of the sexes any more. Do you think this is because of the difficulty in identifying who's who? —Ivern Boyett

WHEN a household is running like clockwork, you find yourself waiting for an alarm to ring.
—Lane Olinghouse

IN THE courtroom of our conscience, we call only witnesses for the defence. —François Mauriac

THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Villefranche, France"

(Painted for Reader's Digest by Ward Bracket)

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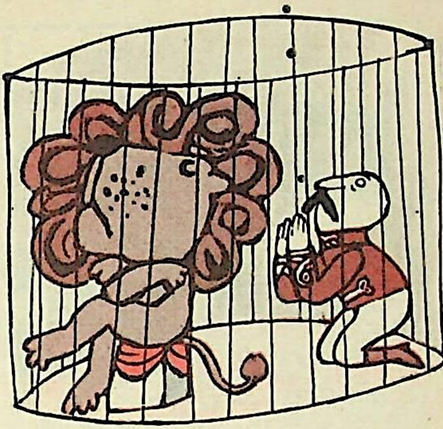
BOMBAY DYEING

It pays to Increase Your Word Power

By Peter Funk

Are you afraid to beard the lion in his den? With the aid of a good vocabulary you can soon have him dancing to your tune. In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.


ANDRÉ AMSTUTZ

(1) **menial** (mē′ nē al)—A: peevish. B: lowly. C: impudent. D: simple.

(2) **arbiter** (ar′ bĭ ter)—A: judge. B: opinionated person. C: shady character. D: debater.

(3) **erode**—A: to leave. B: diminish. C: stimulate. D: wear away.

(4) **surveillance** (ser vay′ lans; ser vay′-lyans)—A: efficiency. B: brief survey. C: close watch. D: counsel.

(5) **redundant**—A: superfluous. B: heavy. C: flowing. D: exacting.

(6) **rapport** (ra por′; ra port′)—A: news. B: strain. C: accord. D: din.

(7) **implacable** (im plăk′ a b'l; -plāy′ ka b'l)—A: displaced. B: unyielding. C: upset. D: calm.

(8) **ecumenical** (ee kew men′ ĭ kal)—A: specific. B: friendly. C: learned. D: universal.

(9) **volition** (vo lish′ un)—A: lawbreaking. B: guess. C: will. D: flight.

(10) **precedent** (press′ e dent)—A: example. B: preface. C: reason. D: leader.

(11) **altruistic** (al troo is′ tik)—A: sympathetic. B: true. C: proverbial. D: unselfish.

(12) **conventional**—A: obedient. B: customary. C: handy. D: mediocre.

(13) **fortitude**—A: courage. B: eagerness. C: luck. D: rashness.

(14) **bureaucracy** (bew rok′ ra see)—A: sovereignty. B: group of government officials. C: despotic state. D: supreme authority.

(15) **parity**—A: ration. B: fairness. C: equality. D: mimicry.

(16) **disavow**—A: to go away. B: claim. C: insist. D: repudiate.

(17) **hoary** (haw′ ree)—A: rough. B: lewd. C: humorous. D: white.

(18) **catharsis** (ka thar′ sis)—A: anger. B: emotional release. C: medical technique. D: intensity.

(19) **pre-eminent**—A: protruding. B: grasping. C: outstanding. D: previous.

(20) **quiescent** (kwee es′ ent)—A: timid. B: secretive. C: essential. D: inactive.

ANSWERS TO

It pays to Increase Your Word Power

(1) **menial**—B: Lowly; servile; without status; as, a *menial* job. Middle English.

(2) **arbiter**—A: Judge; person with authority to settle a dispute; as, an industrial *arbiter*. Latin *arbiter*.

(3) **erode**—D: To wear away by friction; undermine; eat away; as, to *erode* public confidence. Latin *erodere*.

(4) **surveillance**—C: Close watch kept over a person or situation; as, *surveillance* by space satellite. French *surveiller*, "to watch over."

(5) **redundant**—A: Superfluous; excessive; as, a *redundant* worker. Latin *redundare*, "to overflow."

(6) **rapport**—C: Relationship marked by harmonious accord; as, a *rapport* between teacher and pupil. Old French *raporter*, "to bring back."

(7) **implacable**—B: Unyielding; not to be appeased or pacified; as, *implacable* hostility. Latin *implacabilis*.

(8) **ecumenical**—D: Universal; worldwide; specifically, relating to world-wide religious unity; as, an *ecumenical* congress. Greek *oikoumenikos*, from *oikoumenē*, "the inhabited world."

(9) **volition**—C: Will; power of choosing or deciding; as, to plead guilty of his own *volition*. Latin *velle* (*volo*), "to will, wish."

(10) **precedent**—A: Example, case or rule that may guide subsequent action in a similar situation; as, a *precedent* for police intervention. Latin *praecedere*, "to go before."

(11) **altruistic**—D: Unselfish; having regard for the interests of others; as, an *altruistic* concern for the newly independent nations. French *altruisme*, from *autrui*, "others."

(12) **conventional**—B: Customary; usual; traditional; as, a *conventional* response. Latin *convenire*, "to be suitable."

(13) **fortitude**—A: Courage in facing pain, hardship or danger; as, to accept trouble with *fortitude*. Latin *fortitudo*.

(14) **bureaucracy**—B: Group of non-elective government officials having policy-making authority; administrative system characterized by inflexibility, red tape and proliferation; as, government by *bureaucracy*. French *bureaucratie*.

(15) **parity**—C: Equality of rank, condition, value; as, military *parity*. Latin *paritas*, from *par*, "equal."

(16) **disavow**—D: To repudiate; deny responsibility for; disclaim; as, to *disavow* a confession. Old French *désavouer*.

(17) **hoary**—D: White or grey (of hair) with age; venerable; ancient; as, a *hoary* joke. Old English *hār*, "grey-haired."

(18) **catharsis**—B: Emotional release; a purging; purification; as, to experience a spiritual *catharsis*. Greek *kathairein*, "to cleanse, purge."

(19) **pre-eminent**—C: Outstanding; surpassing all others; as, a *pre-eminent* scientist. Latin *praeeminere*, "to be outstanding."

(20) **quiescent**—D: Inactive; at rest; causing no trouble or symptoms; as, a *quiescent* ulcer. Latin *quiescens*, from *quiescere*, "to become quiet."

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17–15 correct . . . . good
14–13 correct . . . . fair

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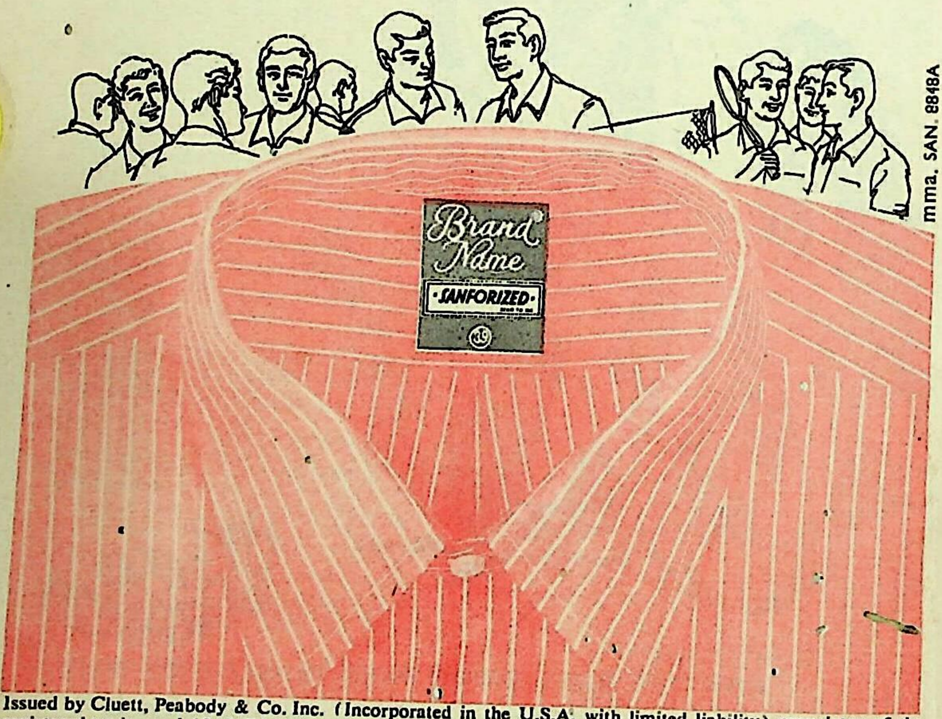

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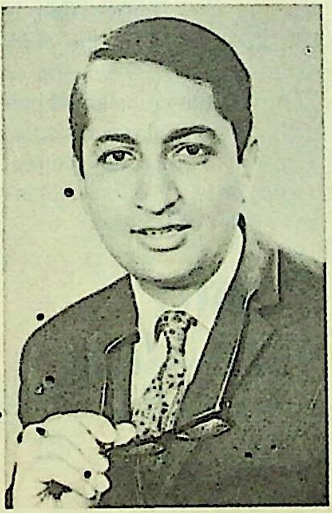

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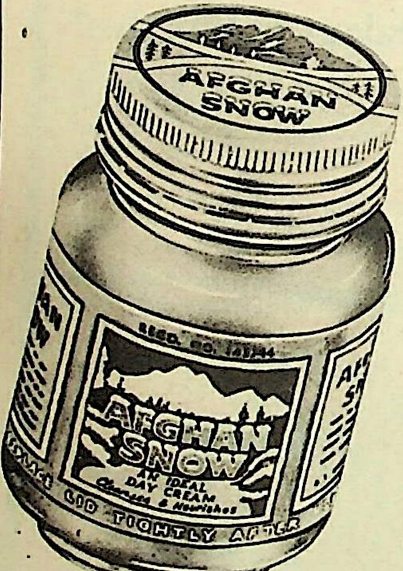
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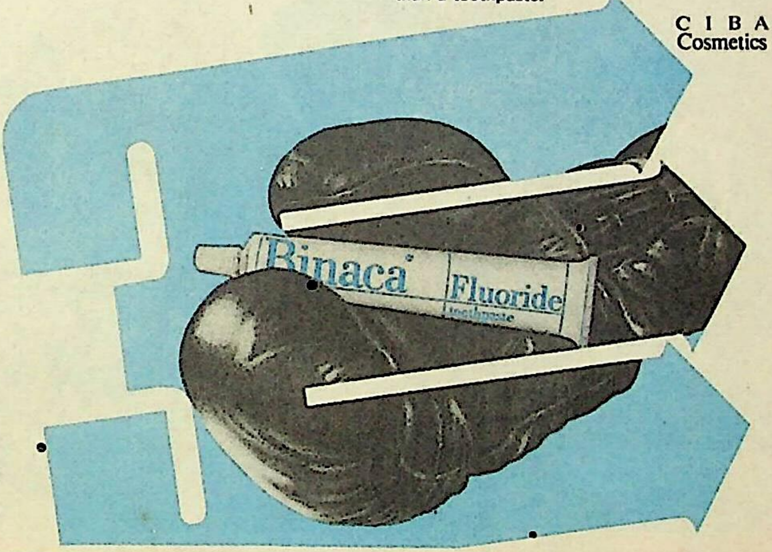

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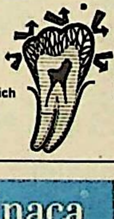

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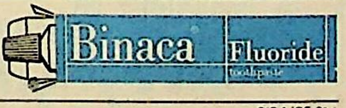

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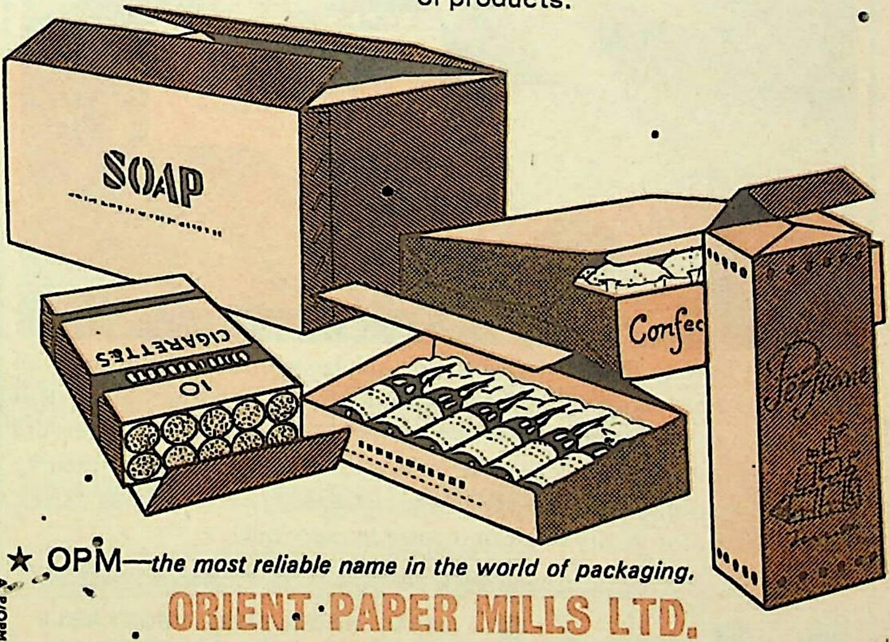

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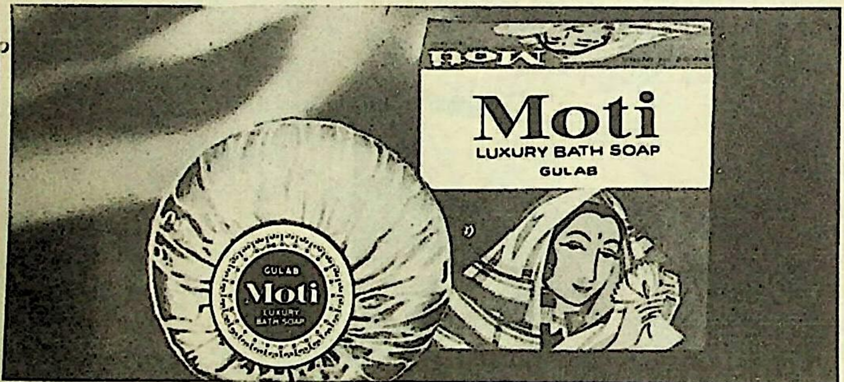

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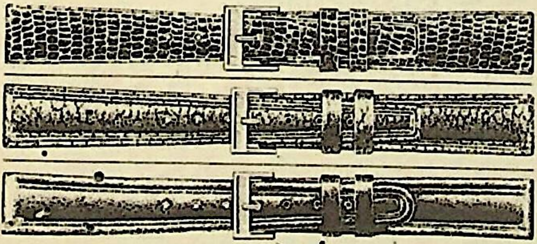

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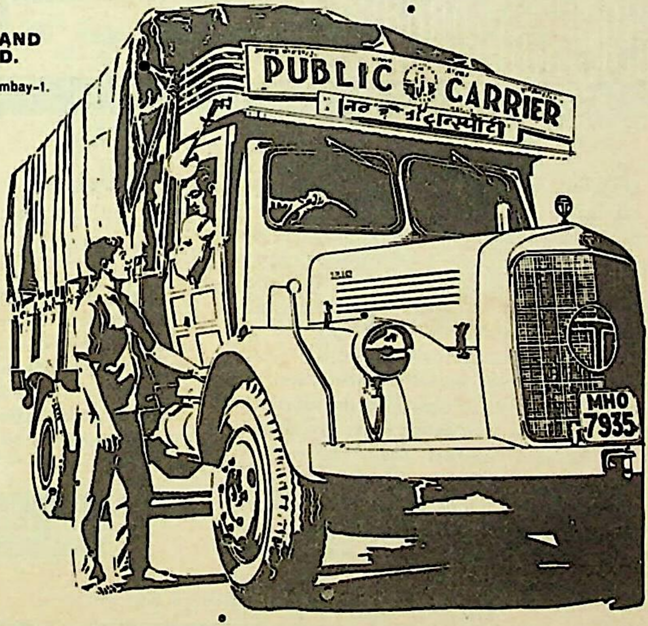

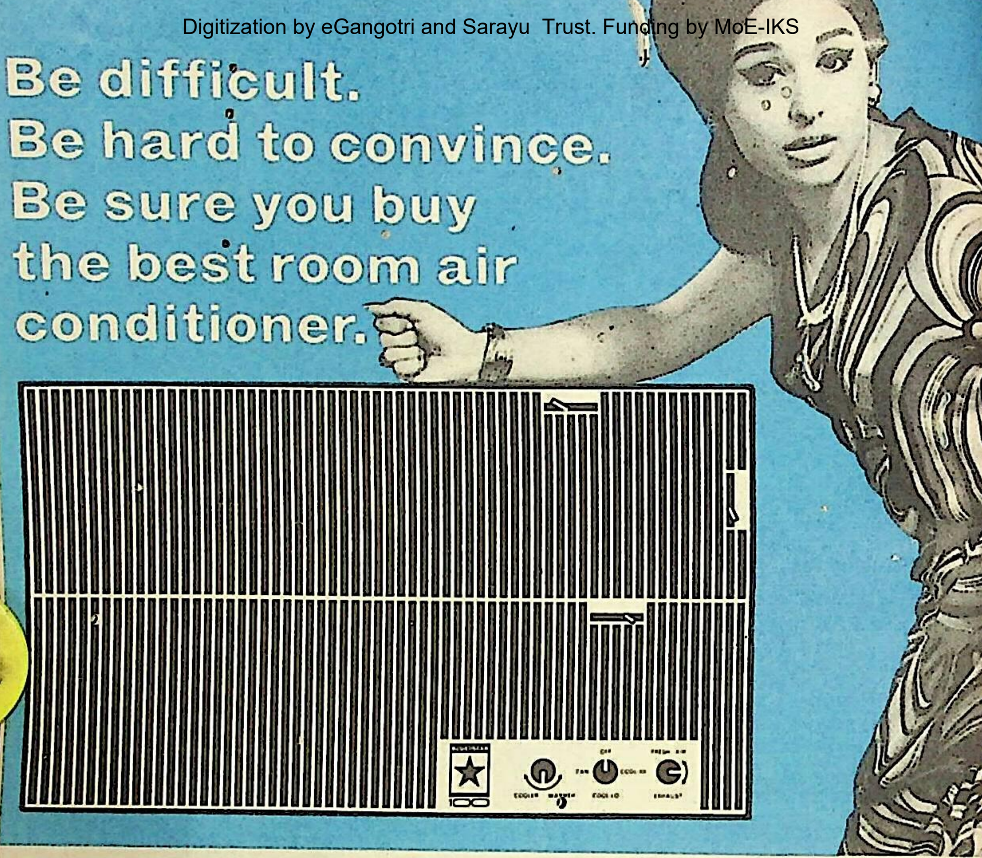

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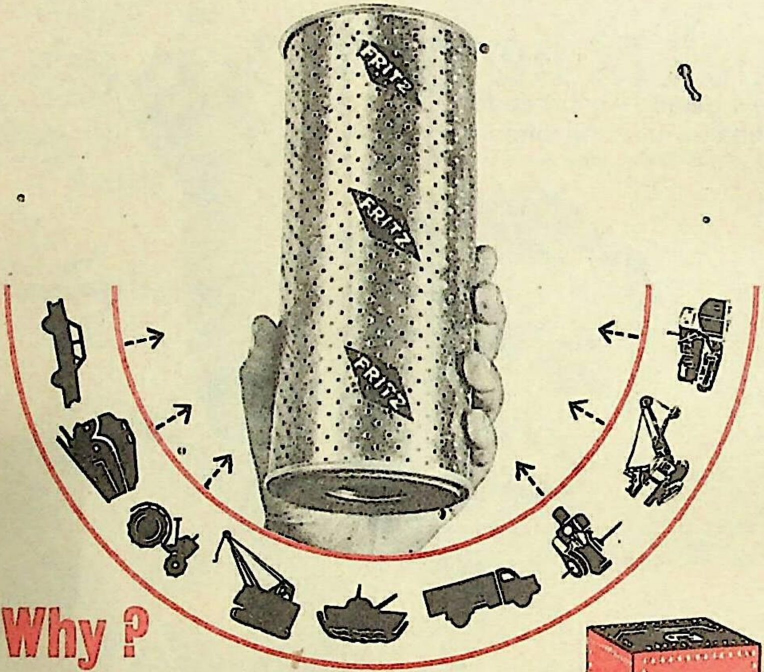

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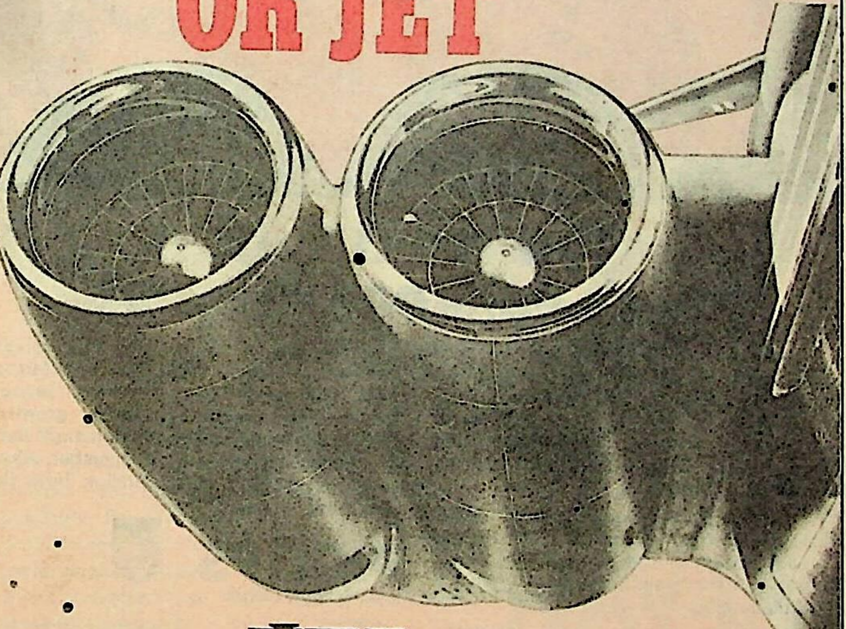

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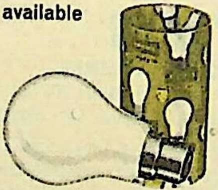

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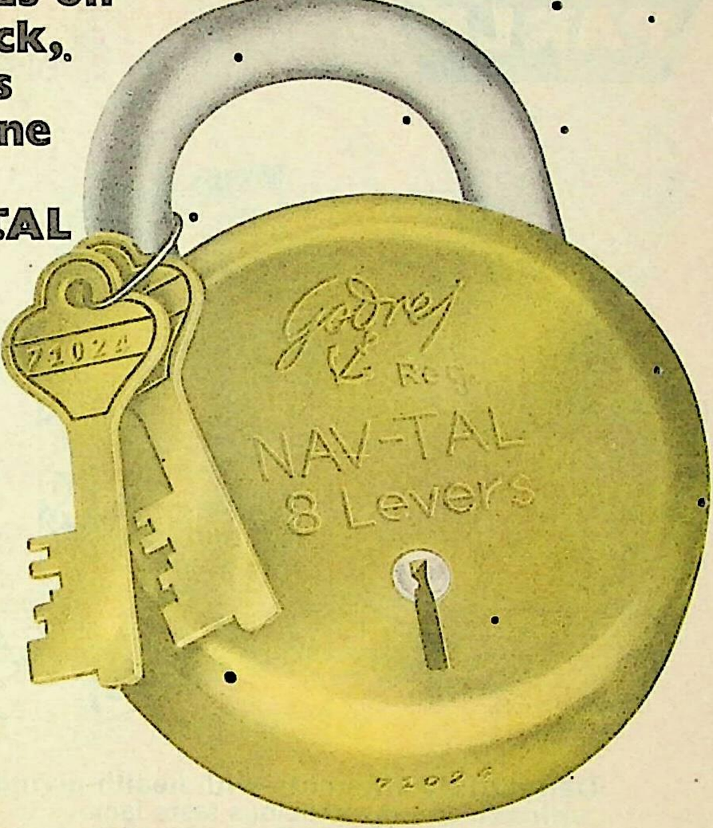

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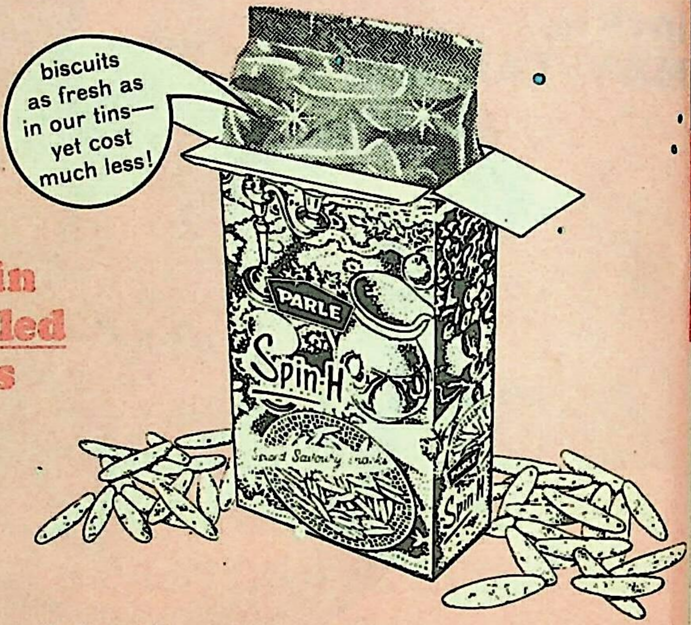
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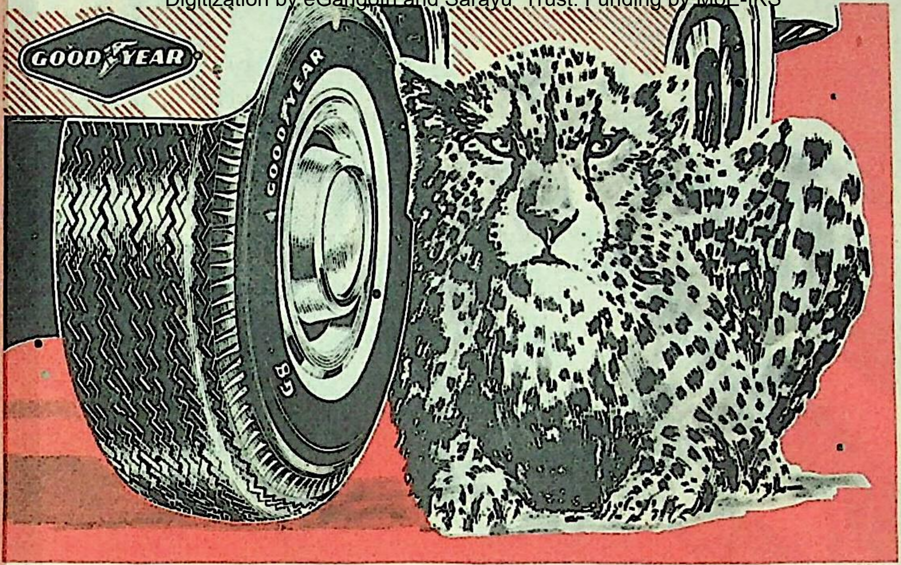
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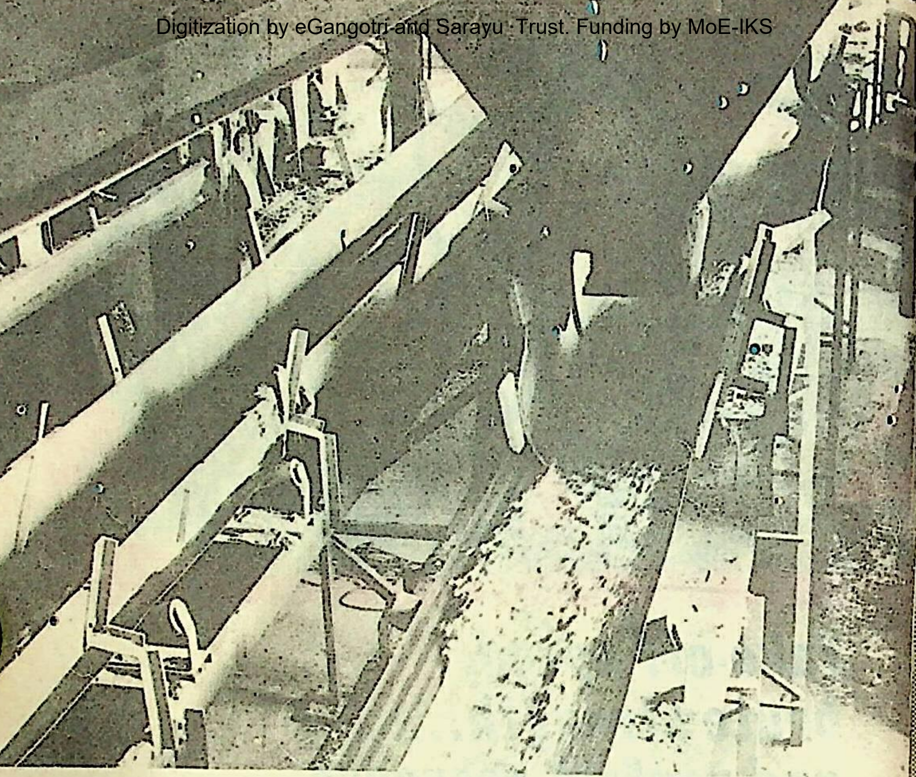

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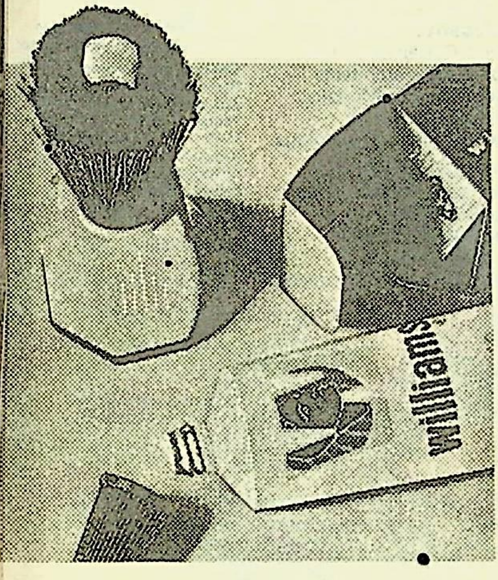

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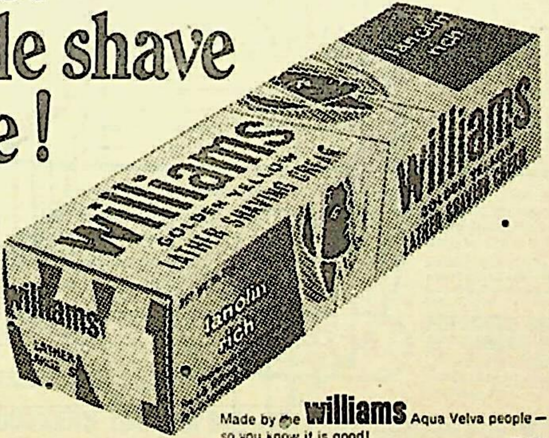
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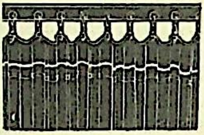

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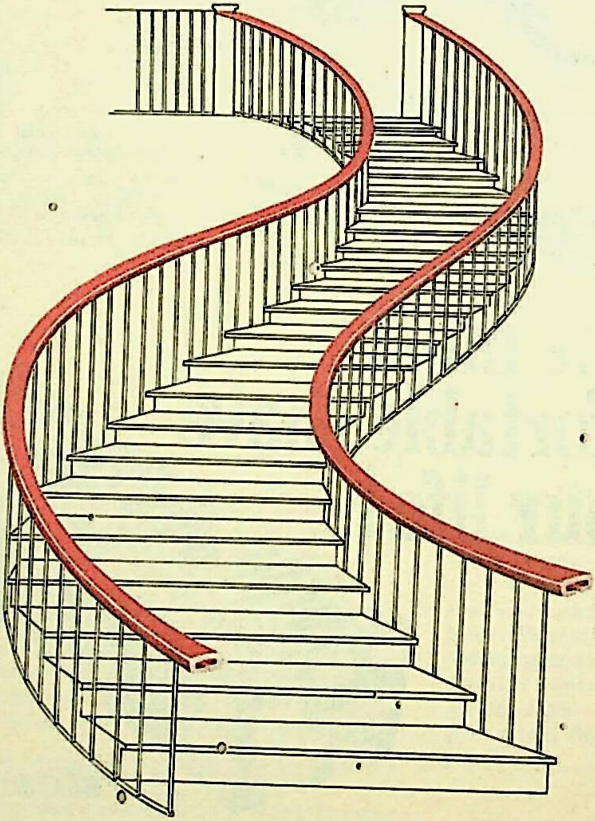

CCP 24

Hawkins cooks quickest with least trouble and greatest safety.

Because
it has more space
for steam pressure.
Its gasket and
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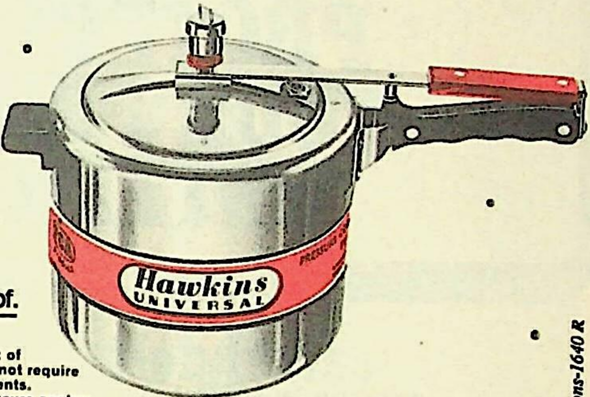
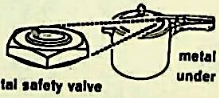


A pressure cooker can save you a lot of time and money—but only if it does not require frequent repairs and costly replacements. Hawkins is the most trouble-free pressure cooker you can buy. Here are the facts:

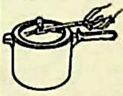
Bensons-1640 R

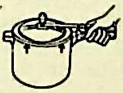
1. Most other pressure cookers have a *rubber* safety valve. Rubber gets soft, wears out, starts to leak. That's why the Hawkins safety valve is made of a special fusible *metal* alloy for trouble-free long life.

2. The *exposed* safety valve you find on most other pressure cookers, can, when there is excess pressure, send a jet of scalding steam and food straight up. In Hawkins, the safety valve is *under* the handle for even greater safety.

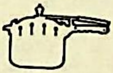


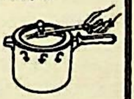
3. With most other pressure cookers, the rubber ring (gasket) gets rubbed sideways against the rim of the pot every time the cooker is opened or closed. Soon it needs to be changed. With the Hawkins gasket there is no twisting or turning because the lid is closed from *underneath* the rim. So it lasts longer.



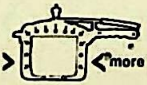


4. In many other pressure cookers there is a danger of the lid flying off if it is opened while there is still pressure inside. The Hawkins lid cannot even be forced open, until the pressure falls to a perfectly safe level. Because to open a Hawkins, you have to first push the lid down into the pot.





5. In most other pressure cookers the separator fits the pot completely leaving very little space for the circulation of steam. In the Hawkins, the separators provide ample space for better steam circulation so that your food is cooked faster and more evenly.



Five sizes. The medium (6.75 litre) size costs Rs. 117 plus taxes. A 5-year written guarantee. Also, a pressure cookery book with complete instructions. Authorized Service Centres all over India provide genuine Hawkins spare parts and free service.

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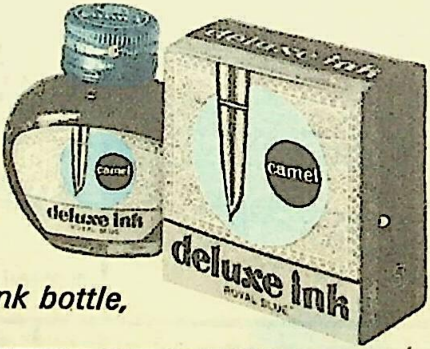

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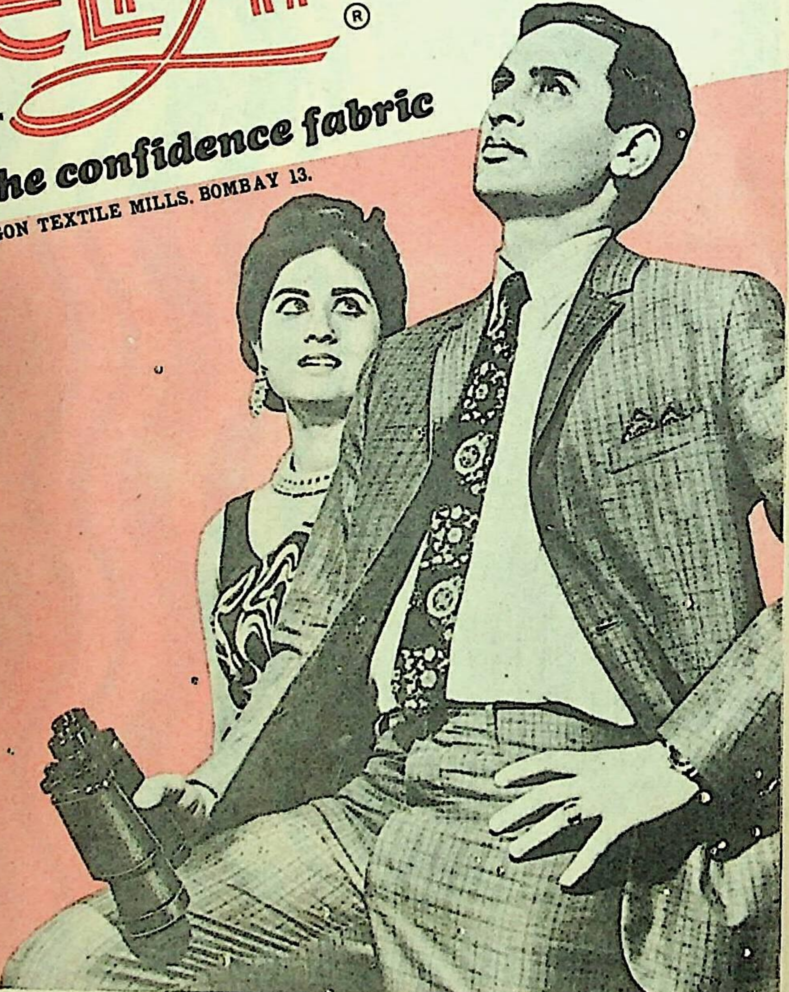

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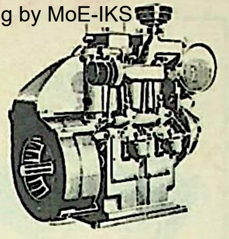

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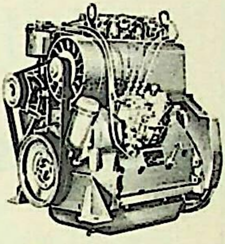

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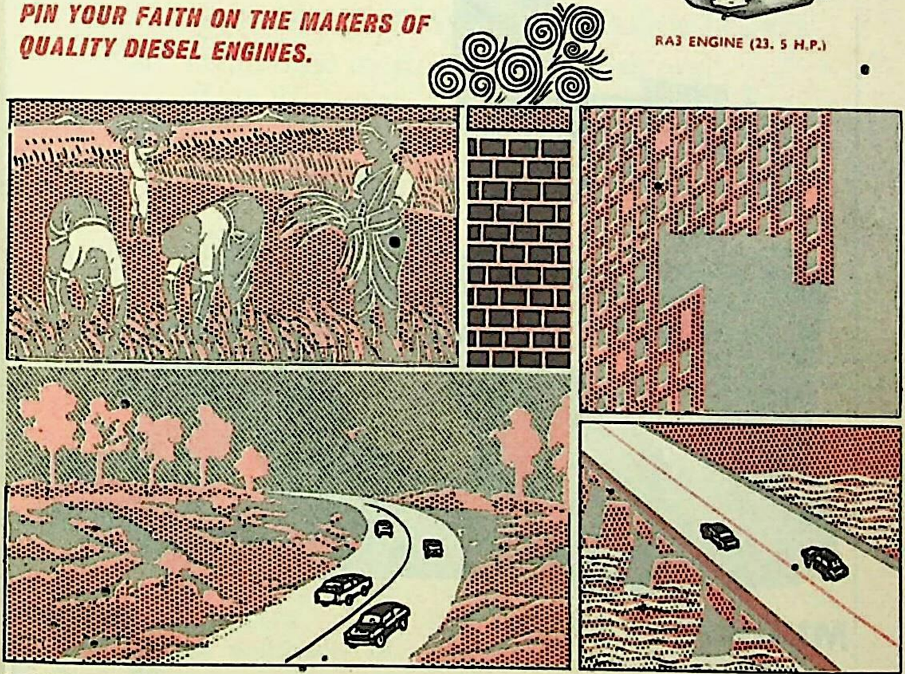

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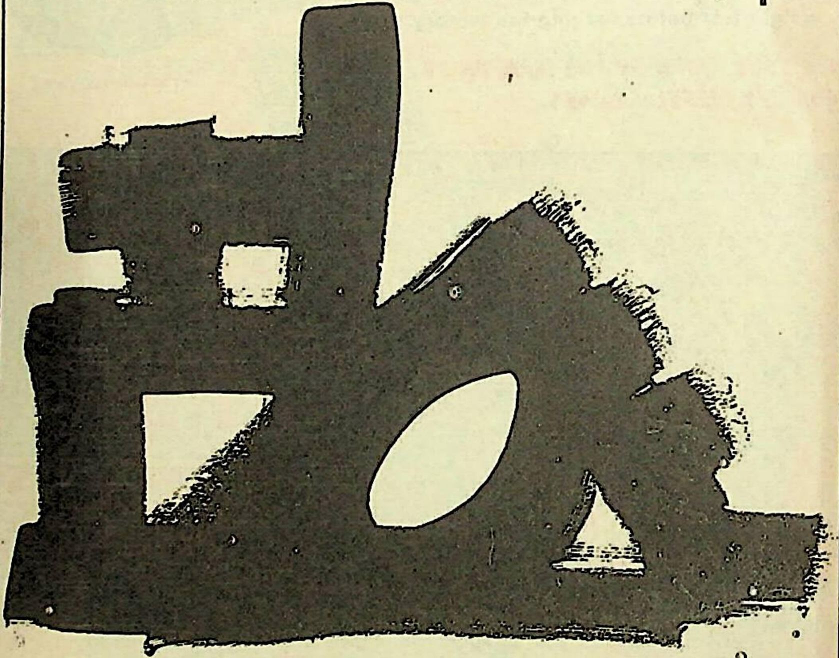

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ULKA-MPR-7

VOLUME 95 The Reader's Digest SEPTEMBER 1969

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Mahatma Gandhi: Apostle of Non-Violence

'Generations to come, it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth.'—Albert Einstein speaking of Mahatma Gandhi

By John Frazer

This October 2 marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the world's great movers and shakers—Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. Frail of body, not always sure of himself or what policy to pursue, he nevertheless rose to become the supreme architect of India's freedom.

To the teeming multitudes of India's farmers and forgotten ones he brought a message of hope. With his bifocals, cloak, dhoti and sandals, his watch dangling from a cord around his middle, Gandhiji was their prophet of the new India—a man of God who without fail would set them free.

He was the bridge over the chasm between the intellectual and the unlettered villager. Unlike them, he was yet one of them. Servant of all, he spoke as India's poor had rarely heard anyone speak before.

He was not a saint; he could get angry and upset, and he would not condone fools. He was not a simple man, but complex and even devious when necessary. Above all, he was tireless in the interests of India. "Almost every day," said his friend G. D. Birla, "new ideas, new ambitions, new visions were unfolded before the eyes of the nation."

Among the most enduring of those new ideas was that of *satyagraha*, or Gandhian non-violence. A great deal of misunderstanding still surrounds this peaceful technique of revolt. It has no kinship with the spewed obscenities of today's sit-ins, or the surly abuse of authority.

Quiet Philosophy. To Gandhi, *satyagraha,* or "truth force," was more powerful than war or violent revolution; victory was assured because, in the words of one of India's elder statesmen, "it is resistance to evil, based on God and faith in His ultimate sovereignty." The opposer must not feel hatred towards the one who wrongs him, and evil must not be returned for evil. Disobedience must be announced in advance, and one must be willing to suffer even death, believing that the truth one stands for is more important than life itself.

This is strong medicine. It proved strong enough, in Gandhi's hands, to shape the fate of a nation.

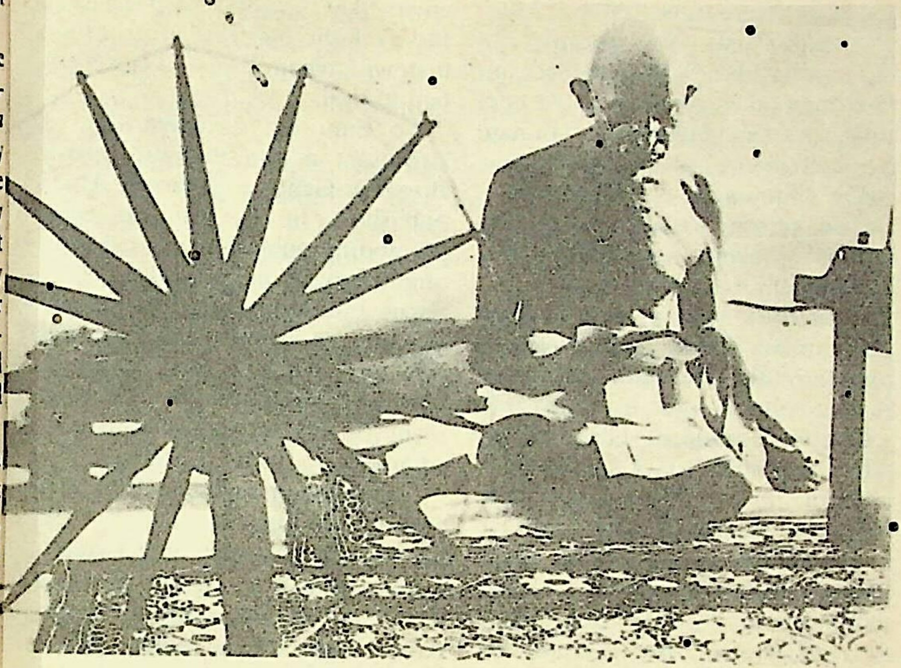
He was born in the state of Porbandar in Western India, the son of the Dewan. At 18, he sailed for England to study law. He took lessons in French, dancing and elocution, in a desire to play the English gentleman, only to abandon them, realizing that he was wasting hard-got money in pursuits of scant value in India.

For the first time in his life he read the devotional scriptures, including the Hindu *Bhagavad Gita* and the Sermon on the Mount. They "went straight to my heart," he wrote later. "The verses, 'But I say unto you that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also,' delighted me beyond measure." On June 11, 1891, he passed his British law examinations, and embarked the next day for India.

But South Africa, rather than India, was to become Gandhi's next home. A firm of Moslem merchants, fighting a lawsuit in that bountiful land to which thousands of Indians had migrated, proposed in 1893 that Gandhi should go there to assist its own lawyers. Gandhi welcomed the chance. Landing at Durban, he purchased a first-class ticket for the journey to Johannesburg. But an irate white passenger, boarding the train at Maritzburg, refused to share the compartment with a "coolie"—the degrading nickname for Indian labourers in South Africa. Gandhi was forced out with his luggage to shiver all night in the cold station waiting-room.

Years afterwards, he described that humiliating night as the most creative experience of his life. "My active non-violence began from that date," he said.

Gandhi's objective thenceforth was not to retaliate, but to change the



MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, LIFE

Gandhiji, as so many remember him: with his spinning-wheel

situation—peacefully. He urged his fellow Indians first to change themselves: to be more truthful in business, to learn English, to forget distinctions of caste and religion. He helped to establish a welfare society and in the war between Great Britain and the Boers (1899–1902), he set up a volunteer Indian ambulance corps of 1,100 people, for which the British bestowed on him the Queen's South African Medal.

He had begun, also, to organize anew his own manner of living, to simplify his wants and reduce his expenses. He undertook to educate his own children. (Following orthodox Hindu custom, which he later deplored, he had been married at the age of 13 to the child of a rich merchant.) He purchased a farm near Durban and, with a few like-minded others, began a community life of shared labour and strict discipline.

Satyagraha was born shortly thereafter. The first occasion for its use came in 1907 in the Transvaal. The law there required Indians to register and carry a permit. Then a South African Supreme Court ruling held that only Christian marriages were legal: Hindu, Moslem and Parsi wives became, in effect, concubines. Gandhi organized non-violent resistance. At one time, 50,000 indentured Indian labourers went out on sympathetic strike. Thousands of Indians were put in prison, including Gandhi, without violent resistance to the government's harsh reprisals.

After eight years of struggle, the government repealed the most repulsive of the discriminatory laws. A new political force had emerged.

Call for Freedom. His work in Africa now finished, Gandhi sailed for India in 1915. For a year, travelling by train, bullock cart and on foot, he viewed the appalling situation of the nation's poor. Then he spoke out for "a free India" at a convocation at Benares Hindu University Central College. In Bihar State, he staged—and won—a *satyagraha* against exploitative British plantation owners. And at Ahmedabad he led a *satyagraha* against textile-mill owners, many of whom were his friends. The mill-hand strikers pledged not to resort to violence, but hunger began to weaken their resolve. "The light came to me," wrote Gandhi, and he began a fast—to hunger as they hungered. The strike was settled, and now the eyes of all India focused on this tireless, cheerful, courteous barrister.

Then came one of the most decisive events in British-Indian history, a conflict from which Gandhi emerged as the undisputed leader of India's fight for freedom, the one man with whom Britain thenceforth had to deal.

To calm the turbulent city of Amritsar in the Punjab, British Brigadier-General Reginald Dyer published, in English, an edict prohibiting public meetings. Either unaware of it or ignoring it, some 10,000 Indians gathered in a park-like area surrounded by walls and with only one major exit. Incensed, Dyer ordered his troops to fire upon them. Nearly 400 Indians were killed and more than 1,000 wounded.

The massacre embittered Gandhi and presumably for ever changed his attitude towards Great Britain. Gandhi now began a new kind of revolt against Great Britain—non-co-operation. It took many forms. He declared that Indians ought not to buy or wear foreign cloth, for example, and soon crackling bonfires consumed saris, shawls and *dhotis* woven of British textiles and tossed to the flames by patriots.

Plans Misfired. But the mass boycott got out of hand. Mobs resorted to lynching and murder of policemen. Abruptly, Gandhi cancelled the non-co-operation campaign, to the dismay of Indian politicians who foresaw quick victory, however violent the means.

Gandhi himself was imprisoned. (He spent 249 days in African prisons, and 2,089 days in prison in India.) On his release, he travelled from village to village, urging equality for women, collecting funds, spinning cotton as a public example to the pauperized, and biding his time. Politics, apparently, he had forsaken.

But on March 12, 1930, he undertook what British historian Geoffrey Ashe calls the "weirdest and most brilliant political challenge of modern times": the famous 24-day Salt March. Every Indian used salt, but no Indian was allowed to pan it for himself. All were required to buy it from the British government monopoly, and this they resented. Gandhi had found a universal issue on which to attack the British. He would defy the ban, he told the Viceroy of India ("dear friend," he called him), and advise his countrymen to do likewise.

Mass Action. On that day he started out on a 388-kilometre walk to the coast, and on April 6 he stooped down and performed a symbolic act of defiance by picking up a lump of natural salt. India followed suit, bravely. Thousands of villagers began to prepare their own salt, despite the risk of persecution. Within a few weeks, nearly 100,000 men and women were in prison, Gandhi again among them. But the march to the sea, and the aftermath, telegraphed to the world India's determination to guide her own destiny.

One of Gandhi's constant objectives was to "purify India"—particularly to banish the shame of untouchability. He accepted certain aspects of the Hindu caste system, but outside it there withered 40 million Untouchables—"children of God," as Gandhi called them. They were shunned by caste Hindus, forced to clean lavatories and sweep roads, denied entrance to caste temples or water from caste wells, destined by sins in a previous life to exist abjectly in this one. When the British government proposed a "separate electorate" for Untouchables in 1932, under a new constitution for India, Gandhi refused to agree. Untouchables were Hindus; the hearts of Hindus towards them must change.

Although he was in prison at the time, Gandhi began "a fast unto death." Thirteen days later, weak and thin, he broke the fast: all sides had consented to a compromise. For the first time in centuries, caste Hindus and Untouchables sat at meals together. "If any single act can be said to have broken the back of Untouchability," wrote an Indian observer, "it was this fast."

India's other great problem, though—the long-festering antagonism between Hindu and Moslem—was something else again. Gandhi said that Hindu and Moslem must work and live together as one nation in a free India. But was unity really possible? Nobody knows for sure—there were partisans among Hindus and Moslems alike who wished devoutly for the partition of India into two countries. Mohammed Ali Jinnah, President of the

Moslem League, had decided, irrevocably, that unity was impossible.

A Moslem country, Pakistan, must be carved out of India, he said, to be the homeland of every Moslem who opted to go there. In the summer of 1946, Jinnah proclaimed "Direct Action Day" in Bengal to dramatize his demands. Carnage overwhelmed Calcutta; thousands in the city were slaughtered. The non-violent Indian, in that frightful August, was a myth.

Damping the Flames. And soon, from Noakhali in Bengal, came news of fearful reprisals. Now 77, Gandhi was living in the Untouchables' quarters of Delhi. Immediately, he left the capital for Noakhali. "In the noble book of Gandhi's life this chapter is the noblest," wrote an Indian commentator. "In a region where 80 per cent of the people were Moslem, most of them hostile, and where hordes of unruly fanatics roamed the countryside, Gandhi pitched his camp, refusing police protection and keeping only an interpreter and a secretary with him."

He walked barefoot for 187 kilometres, from village to marshy mud village, calming the inhabitants. He stayed four months, and the violence subsided for a while.

The glorious day of independence dawned for India on August 15, 1947. For the Mahatma it was a time of both victory and defeat. India was free, yet "vivisected," he said—divided into two nations, India and Pakistan. in the Punjab, as Moslems trekked west to Pakistan, and Hindus and Sikhs moved east to India—exchanging homelands—they collided. Hundreds of thousands perished in one of the big mass killings of history. Bengal State, too, had been partitioned—but there Gandhi intervened, and that made the difference.

When rioting flared up in Calcutta, Gandhi began a fast until the turmoil should cease. After four days, 35 *goondas* straggled before Gandhi, imploring pardon for their murders and beseeching him to terminate his fast.

"It is impossible to describe in words this wonderful sight," his close companion, Manubehn Gandhi, wrote. "It was a vivid picture of the victory that a small, frail human being had been able to achieve through love." Hindu, Sikh and Moslem leaders at his bedside promised to halt the killings—a promise that they faithfully kept. Bengal, unlike the tortured Punjab, passed peacefully into the new era.

Early in January 1948, Gandhi fasted once more—to restore amity between Moslem and Hindu in riot-racked Delhi. Also, he pressed upon Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's government its obligation, in honour, to pay Pakistan 550 million rupees, her share of the cash balances of undivided India. India was reluctant to do so: hatred born of partition, and war in Kashmir had already poisoned relations between the two new nations. Gandhi insisted, and India yielded.

A few days later, he was advised that the blood-red tide of violence was ebbing, and he sipped some orange juice to break his fast. More than 200,000 citizens, it is said, signed a pledge "to promote a sense of security and amity in Delhi."

At 4.30 p.m. on January 30, Gandhi ate his evening meal and walked into the garden to attend his regular prayer meeting. A young Indian pushed roughly through the crowd, bent before Gandhi, palms together as though in a gesture of obedience, and fired three shots from an automatic pistol.

Gandhi slumped and said, *"Hai Ram! Hai Ram!"* ("O God, O God!") He was carried inside, and there he died, victim of a Hindu extremist group that thought him too partial to Moslems. "The light has gone out of our lives," a sorrowful Nehru said to India that night over the radio, "and there is darkness everywhere."

Twenty-one years later, what shall we say in retrospect? Surely, no one like Mahatma Gandhi had ever before trodden the dusty roads of India; and India loved him as she had rarely before loved anyone. He returned that love, labouring ceaselessly for brotherhood between Hindu and Moslem, between Untouchables and caste Hindus.

Apostle of non-violence, he led India to freedom by original, peaceful and unvindictive means. Father of his nation, he had unshakeable faith in the power of every human being to climb to heights hitherto beyond his reach.

CONDENSED FROM MANKIND

Happy Talk

My wife and I were filling out kindergarten registration forms at one desk, while our son was being interviewed at another. Suddenly, the interviewer came over to us, waving a paper on which she had been writing his answers to her questions. She showed us that he had answered the question "What makes the day bright?" with "Butterflies."

She beamed, and said, "That's the best wrong answer I've heard all day."

—Frank Taylor

Star-Struck

Although 12 Scouts on a night trek across Wiltshire, England, duly set their course by the stars, they were soon hopelessly lost. As expedition leader Don Evans explained afterwards, "When we started, we chose the brightest star we could see. Unfortunately it turned out to be a man-made satellite."

—*Daily Mirror*, London

Alaska's Great Oil Rush

By Paul Friggens

Black gold is there, all right—buried deep in Alaska's 'desert of the North.' And today an army of men and machines are battling to bring it out

THE NORTH COAST of Alaska, that 1,500-kilometre-wide, 250-kilometre-deep plain that slopes from the Brooks Range into the Arctic Ocean, has long repelled even the hardiest of men. In winter, its cold plunges to 65 degrees below zero, and the whole land is locked in ice. In summer, thaws turn the flat, featureless tundra into a spongy mosquito-infested quagmire of shallow lakes and streams.. Yet, today, men are rushing into this "desert of the North" just as they rushed into the gold-fields of the Klondike in 1896.

The signs of boom are everywhere. Once only polar bears and caribou roamed the territory. Now there are airfields and new roads, and the lights of oil derricks and isolated drilling camps and exploring crews twinkle in the arctic night. For here in a 200,000-square-kilometre area of this deadly land lies what may be the biggest, most exciting oil field ever discovered in North America. So far, three major strikes have been made: one by British Petroleum (a second is

CONDENSED FROM EMPIRE

rumoured) and two by the U.S. Atlantic-Richfield partnership.

The Eskimoes have known for centuries about the oil seeps in this "North Slope." Then, during the last war, President Franklin Roosevelt dispatched an expedition there to seek fresh petroleum resources for the war-stretched nation. This confirmed the presence of oil. Stimulated by this and their own investigations, oil companies leased government lands and commenced exploratory drilling.

For years their efforts were fruitless; in all they drilled ten dry holes at enormous cost—and were beginning to despair. Then, during the winter of 1967–68, Atlantic-Richfield and its partner in exploration, Humble Oil & Refining, sank an eleventh hole at Prudhoe Bay, 260 kilometres south-east of Point Barrow. "It was a last-shot well," recalls Harrison Jamison, manager of Atlantic-Richfield's Alaskan operation. "If it hadn't hit, the industry would have been off the Slope for years."

But it did hit, and by March 1968 "Prudhoe Bay No. 1" was producing 2,300 barrels of oil a day (some 431,300 litres). This was *164 times* the production of the average U.S. well. In June, Atlantic-Richfield struck oil at a second and equally productive well 11 kilometres to the south-east, at Sag River. Then, in March this year, came news of BP's strike. This, too, was in the Prudhoe Bay area, at Put River. Pointing out that the area holds at least seven oil structures similar to the Prudhoe Bay discoveries, geologists envisage a 20- or even 40-thousand million barrel reserve—by far the world's largest.

Finding oil on the Slope is a rugged and often hazardous task. It begins with the geologist, who flies in during the summer months to slog across the soggy tundra mapping likely oil structures. "The mosquitoes and bugs are unbearable," says Geoffrey Larminie, an area manager for BP.

After the geologists come the seismic crews. They work in winter, because they must have a solid surface for their equipment. Travelling over the frozen land in specially designed caterpillar vehicles, they drill 20- to 30-metre holes at carefully plotted intervals, then place their explosives in them. When they "shoot" these holes, electronic instruments record the shock waves as they reflect off subterranean formations. The resulting seismographs show whether oil structures are likely and where to drill.

Awkward Situations. The drilling process in the arctic is the world's toughest and costliest. No structure can be built without a special foundation. This is because upper layers of the 300-metre-deep "permafrost" (gravel and ice) soften up during the summer months.

To set up an oil rig, six-metre holes are drilled in the ground; then timber foundations are sunk, on which a drilling "island" is erected. A 1·5 metre gravel base must also be laid for any item of great weight—an airstrip, fuel tanks, the camps themselves. "On the Slope," says a Pan American Petroleum Corporation executive, "an exploratory well costs from two million to four million dollars—up to ten times what it costs for other U.S. wells."

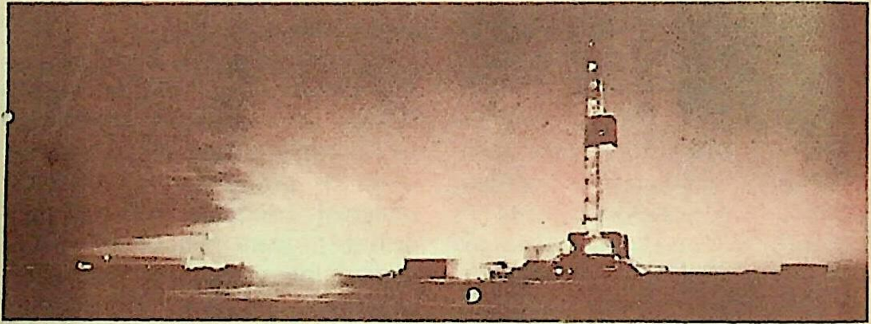
During extreme cold, the efficiency of men and machines is sharply reduced. Although the oil rigs are partially enclosed and heated, the crews must still work bundled up in thermal underwear, insulated overalls, anoraks, face masks and two pairs of gloves. "Clumsy? It's like trying to thread a bolt with boxing gloves on," one workman complained.

At 50 degrees below zero, a man cannot touch metal with his bare hands without losing some skin. Steel becomes brittle; tractor treads break; pipe or well casing shatters like glass if dropped.

"Up here in the winter dark and cold, it takes us three weeks to tear down and reassemble a rig," says one oil-company manager. "In Texas we could do the same thing in three to five days."

Living quarters for the 75-man drilling crews consist of a series of tightly sealed and insulated mobile huts fitted side by side with connecting corridors.

Off duty, the men look at old films, play billiards, read, or play poker for high stakes. Food is both abundant and delicious, and the chefs serve four square meals a day. The men work 12-hour shifts, seven days a week, for six weeks; then they get two weeks off in Fairbanks or Anchorage. If asked why they do it, they have a ready reply: they can earn between $15,000 and $25,000 a year.

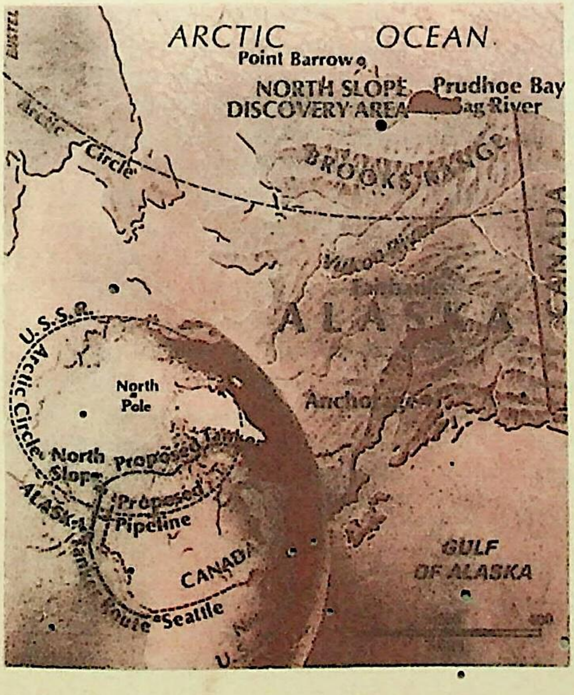


To get all the supplies and equipment on location has called for the biggest airlift in Alaskan history. Recently I viewed the busy scene at the Fairbanks airport. Mountains of freight stood awaiting shipment to the oil fields, while the airport apron was lined with planes. As drilling crews and oil-company VIPs hurried aboard the smaller aircraft, workmen loaded nine-metre oil-well casings, cement, diesel fuel, groceries and ten-ton lorries into cavernous Lockheed "Hercules" cargo planes.

There are now more than 100 flights a day between Fairbanks and airstrips on the Slope, and as many as 20 planes at a time have tried to put down in the Prudhoe Bay area. At new locations, the pilots sometimes have to land the 75-ton planes on raw ice, before a gravel airstrip is built. They are further menaced by an arctic phenomenon known as "white-out," in which no object casts a shadow and you can't distinguish earth from sky.

As bold as these arctic fliers are, the "cat skinners"—the men who build the remote airfields, roads and campsites—are their equal. They have chalked up some amazing feats—for example, the unique, 800-kilometre winter-only road, built literally on snow and ice. Intended to move equipment too heavy for airlift, the two-lane ice road begins 130 kilometres north of Fairbanks, cuts through forest and swamp, then across the Brooks Range and the tundra to the oil fields.

Some unusual obstacles were met, and mastered, along the way. When the "skinners" reached the Yukon River, they found the ice too perilous for heavy traffic. So they laid a 400-metre-long log road across the river, then flooded the logs with water pumped from the Yukon until they had built up a 1·5-metre depth of ice smooth enough for the heaviest vehicles.


EISTEL
ARCTIC OCEAN
Point Barrow
NORTH SLOPE DISCOVERY AREA
Prudhoe Bay
Sag River
Arctic Circle
BROOKS RANGE
Yukon River
ALASKA
CANADA
Anchorage
GULF OF ALASKA
U.S.S.R.
Arctic Circle
North Pole
North Slope
Proposed Tanker
Proposed Pipeline
ALASKA
Tanker Route
CANADA
Seattle
U.S.

Having discovered a bonanza in the arctic, the oil companies' big problem now is to get it out. B.P., Atlantic-Richfield and Humble talk confidently of moving the first arctic oil by 1972. By then, they hope to have completed a 120-centimetre diameter pipeline capable of carrying 500,000 to a million barrels of oil a day across three mountain ranges to the Gulf of Alaska, 1,300 kilometres south, where tankers will pick it up for delivery along the U.S. West Coast. As an alternative, there is talk of constructing a pipeline east along the arctic coast, thence up the Mackenzie River to connect with Canadian outlets and Eastern U.S. markets.

Oil companies are also studying the possibility of shipping oil in giant ice-breaking tankers that would churn east across the north coast of Canada through the ice-choked North-West Passage to reach markets on the U.S. east coast.

Hot Competition. Only a fraction of the North Slope is being exploited. But at least 20 companies are in the race to lease land and put down wells. Alaska plans to offer another 700,000 acres for competitive bidding later this year. (Several *million* additional acres would probably be offered for lease except for a federal land freeze that has tied up huge portions of Alaska pending settlement of native land claims.)

Speculation is that the next lease sale could bring the state some $500 million in revenue. Alaska will collect royalties and tax amounting to 16·5 per cent of the value of the oil produced. That's heady money for a state with abundant but as yet undeveloped natural resources.

At the same time, the prospect of quick and easy wealth has stimulated the economy. Swept up in the first big boom since the gold rush, Anchorage and Fairbanks hotels are jammed with petroleum engineers, pilots, "cat skinners" and seismic crews. "We could have a hundred oil millionaires in town in another year or two," a Fairbanks businessman told me.

One is Fairbanks pharmacist Tom Miklautsch, who bought two leases on 4,775 acres for a dollar an acre in 1967. In December 1968, he sold a share of his holdings for two million dollars. If oil is produced, Miklautsch will receive an additional payment, plus 25 per cent of the profits.

Meanwhile, for all the dreams and wild rumours, the oil companies are operating in strictest secrecy. Armed guards patrol the airstrips and oil rigs, and even drill crews are ushered away during tests. Nobody is talking—at least not until his fortune comes in.

Refreshing!

An information booklet in a Japanese hotel room carries this direction for control of the air conditioner: "If you want just condition of warm in your room, please control yourself."
—M. V.

'Treat people as if they were what they ought to be and you help them to become what they are capable of being'—GOETHE

Self-Fulfilling Prophecy—A Key to Success

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

DURING a major tennis tournament last year, Arthur Ashe, the eventual winner, was asked how he managed to serve an ace so often when he needed it most. "Mainly I think it's because people expect you to," Ashe replied. "You've done it before and they think you can do it again. It's a kind of self-fulfilling prophecy."

This mysterious force operates in such diverse fields as politics, economics, athletics and international relations. It is a fact of everyday life: the tendency of certain kinds of prediction to bring about the conditions that make them come true. And it is a force that each of us can tap to improve our lives.

"The essence of it is that one person's prediction of another person's behaviour somehow comes to be realized," says Harvard University psychologist Robert Rosenthal. "The expectation is communicated to the other person, sometimes in unintended ways, thus influencing his actual behaviour."

In a recent experiment, Rosenthal showed how the power of the self-fulfilling prophecy could be used to raise the IQ scores of schoolchildren. The question he asked himself was, "Do some children perform poorly in school because their teachers expect them to?" If so, Rosenthal surmised, then raising the teacher's expectations should raise the children's performance.

In a preliminary experiment, Rosenthal gave each of 12 psychology students five rats of the same strain. Half of the students were told that their rats had been bred for skill in negotiating a maze. The other six students were told that their rats could be expected, for genetic reasons, to be poor at negotiating a maze.

Command Performance. From the onset, the rats which were believed by their handlers to have the higher potential did, in fact, perform better—while the rats which were thought to be dull made poor progress and sometimes failed even to start the maze. Yet the only difference between the two sets lay in the attitudes of their trainers.

How did the allegedly superior rats catch on to the fact that more was expected of them? "The students with the 'bright' rats gave their animals more attention and handled them more gently than did the students expecting poor performance," says Rosenthal.

He was now ready to try out his theory in actual classrooms. All the pupils in a primary school were given a "new test of learning ability." The following September, after the tests were "graded," the teachers were casually given the names of five or six children in each new class who were designated as "spurters" possessing exceptional learning ability.

What the teachers didn't know was that the names had been picked in advance of the tests on a completely random basis. The difference between the chosen few and the other children existed only in the minds of the teachers.

The same tests taken at the end of the school year revealed that the spurters had actually soared far ahead of the other children, gaining as many as 15 to 27 IQ points. Their teachers described them as happier than the other children, more curious, more affectionate and having a better chance of being successful in later life.

Again, the only change had been one of attitudes. Because the teachers had been led to expect more of certain students, those children came to expect more of themselves. How do other people's expectations and opinions concerning us change our personalities and affect our behaviour? "The way we imagine ourselves to appear to another person is an essential element in our conception of ourselves," says sociologist Robert Bierstedt. "In other words, I am not what I think I am, and I am not what you think I am. I am what *I think you think* I am."

Personal Touch. This looking-glass concept of the self was first proposed some 65 years ago by the sociologist Charles Horton Cooley. He got the idea from something all of us have observed about ourselves: that different people bring out different traits in us. As Cooley noted, we are reluctant to be evasive with people who expect us to be straightforward, or cowardly with those who think of us as brave.

The knowledge that others believe in us and are counting on us acts as a self-fulfilling prophecy and helps us to become as good as they think we are. Leontyne Price, the great soprano, got her first job, as a maid, with a family who predicted that she had the makings of a star—and made it a self-fulfilling prophecy by convincing Miss Price herself. When Roger Bannister began training to beat the four-minute mile, hardly anybody believed it could be done. "At first I wasn't sure either," said Bannister. "But I knew my trainer believed in me and I couldn't let him down."

In business and industry, where the results of attitudes can be measured in profit or loss, experience has shown that it pays to overestimate, rather than to underestimate, an employee's abilities. A boss who makes his men realize they have more ability than they think they have will find they consistently do better work than they thought they could.

Almost any assertion you make about a person—including yourself—can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. "All of us carry on a constant dialogue with ourselves," says sociologist Robert MacIver. "We are constantly making predictions about what we can and cannot do. And there are few of us who could not do a lot more if we simply expected more of ourselves."

Almost everyone who has found himself in life has someone of whom he can say, "I can do it if *you* think I can." The truth of this assertion was demonstrated 50 years ago. A young sociology professor sent his class out to a slum to interview 200 boys and predict their chances for the future. The students, shocked by slum conditions, predicted that about 90 per cent of the boys would some day serve prison sentences.

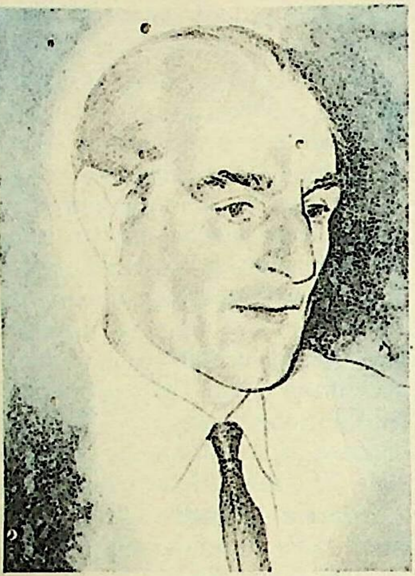
Surprise Result. Twenty-five years later, the same professor assigned another class to find out how the predictions had turned out. Of 180 of the original boys located, only four had ever been to jail.

Why had the predictions about them been so wrong? More than 100 of the men remembered one teacher, a Miss O'Rourke, as having been an inspiration in their lives. After a long search, Sheila O'Rourke, then more than 70 years old, was found.

When asked to explain her influence over her former pupils she was puzzled. "All I can say," she finally decided, "is that I loved every one of them."

Miss O'Rourke had discovered the power of the greatest self-fulfilling prophecy of all.

THERE's one government surplus we ought to sell to the communists—red tape. —*The Irish Digest*



THE GREY GHOST WINS AGAIN

By James Stewart-Gordon

Meet Chief Superintendent
Tommy Butler
of Scotland Yard who
capped a brilliant career
by catching the criminals
of the century—
the Great Train Robbers

CONDENSED FROM POLICE

THAT MORNING last November in England began in a silence broken only by the caw of an occasional seagull and the scrape of dead leaves blowing in the street. But for Thomas Butler, the legendary "Grey Ghost" of Scotland Yard, the air crackled with excitement. It was precisely 6.33 a.m., in the half-deserted Devon resort of Torquay, as he approached a small seaside villa—and the climax of an extraordinary career.

Entering the villa, Butler climbed the stairs to a bedroom where he confronted a tall, brown-haired man still sodden with sleep. "Good morning, Reynolds," the detective said. "I'm Butler of the Yard, and I'm afraid I have some bad news for you."

"I know who you are," Reynolds replied wearily. "I've been expecting you."

Thus ended one of the greatest manhunts in the annals of Scotland Yard. Bruce Reynolds was the last unconvicted member of the 15-man gang that had engineered the epic Rs. 46·8 million robbery—the largest cash hold-up in history—of the Glasgow-to-London mail train on August 8, 1963.

The robbery had been set in motion at 3.03 on a Thursday morning, eight hours after the 13-coach mail train had left Glasgow. In the second coach behind the engine were 128 sacks containing packets of one-pound and five-pound notes collected after a long holiday week-end from the northern branches of London banks, and now being sent to London for accounting. The gang had halted the train at an isolated Buckinghamshire bridge by blocking out the regular signal with a glove and hanging a false red light in its place. Masked, moving with the well-drilled precision of commandos, the thugs overpowered the train crew and the five unarmed guards, loaded the sacks of notes into trucks and vanished.

To head its investigation, Scotland Yard called on Chief Detective Superintendent Thomas Marius Joseph Butler, its most respected expert on the methods and behaviour of thieves and villains. During 34 years of police work, Tommy Butler had received 32 commendations and a decoration from the Queen; even crooks referred to him as "Mr. Butler."

The respect had come deservedly. Butler was raised in the tough Shepherd's Bush area of London, and left school at 14 to help support his widowed mother. After a succession of low-paying jobs, he joined the police force at 22, and spent four years pounding a beat. Then he was transferred to the CID as a detective, and devoted the next 15 years to learning and fixing in his memory the names, faces and habits of the English underworld.

Grey-haired and balding, with a high-domed forehead and a jaw like an icebreaker, he became known for utter fearlessness and quick-action efficiency. With his Flying Squad partner Peter Vibart, he broke up the protection mobs in Soho—in one 30-day period 40 arrests were made—and set a fantastic record for apprehending escaped convicts. Provincial police forces were soon requesting his help.

On a normal day, if he was not in his office writing reports or answering telephones (he had nine on his desk, seven of them special lines whose number was known only to members of his underground intelligence network), he was out with his men chasing suspects or using his well-developed grapevine to pick up information. Because of an uncanny ability to blend into any background, he was nicknamed the "Grey Ghost."

The Search Begins. At first, the Great Train Robbery case seemed almost easy. The gang had gone to ground in a secluded hide-out—Leatherslade Farm, less than 35 kilometres from the scene of the robbery. There they divided the loot and waited for pursuit to die down enough for them to return to their old haunts.

Listening to the radio, however, they learned that the police were intensifying the search within a 50-kilometre radius of the hold-up. Many of the robbers left in panic. Then on Sunday, three days after the robbery, the pilot of a private plane noticed their trucks and cars in the yard of Leatherslade Farm and lazily circled a few times out of pure curiosity. Thinking him a police spotter, the last of the gang fled, neglecting in their haste to wipe the farmhouse clean of fingerprints.

Meanwhile, a herdsman who lived near the farm had become curious about the goings-on and had called the police. They found empty mailbags and the fingerprints of well-known members of the underworld. With that, the robbery which had been planned and executed with such precision fell into confusion.

Of the 15 men involved in the robbery, 11 had been arrested by the end of October. Butler soon caught one more, but in August 1964 Charles Wilson, one of the first caught, broke out of jail. Now there were four at large: Wilson, James White, Buster Edwards and Bruce Reynolds.*

Of the four, Butler particularly wanted Reynolds, considered the most dangerous man in the gang. The son of a respectable union official, he had a record of 11 convictions, the last in 1958 for violently assaulting a bookmaker. Reynolds, something of a lone wolf, treated crime as a profession and planned his jobs meticulously. He cultivated a respectable front as an antique dealer, and had a wide acquaintance with minor diplomats, whom he used to smuggle stolen money into numbered Swiss bank accounts.

Butler knew that Reynolds had always gone abroad after a big job. Had he done so now? He had. As Reynolds' wife, Frances, later told the story, she and her husband hid for six months in a house near the West London air terminal.

Finally, raw-nerved and blubbery, Reynolds decided to run for it.

No Let-Up. A private plane took him to Belgium, where he obtained false identification papers, and from there he went to Mexico. Two months later, Frances followed with their two-year-old son, Nicholas.

But Mexico proved to be a sun-drenched cage. Expecting to use what remained of his money to buy himself into a business, Reynolds found that he couldn't risk bringing in a large sum for fear of alerting the local authorities.

He couldn't apply for Mexican citizenship because of technicalities raised by his false identity. He couldn't even get a job, since he was not a Mexican national. Reading of the progress of the case every day in the English papers, nagged by fear of Butler, he tried to bolster his confidence by spending wildly in Mexico City nightclubs.

Reynolds' spirits rose briefly when he was joined by Edwards and Wilson, who had also made their way to Mexico via Brussels. But Buster Edwards, a one-time boxer, could not settle down; he still regarded Britain as his home. One morning he said to Reynolds, "I've had enough. I'm going back."

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*Eleven months later, Ronald Biggs, among the first to be caught, also escaped from jail. As this article goes to press, he has still not been recaptured.

Back in London in September 1966, Edwards sent word to Butler that he wanted to give himself up. Butler and another detective walked in on him at 3 a.m. in a London boarding house. Abject in defeat, Edwards offered the officers tea, then meekly went with them.

Tommy Butler's task was nearly complete, because six months earlier the police had found James White masquerading as a boat salesman in Littlestone-on-Sea, Kent. The following July Butler was 55 years old, due for retirement and had been offered an outside job which, with his pension, would give him nearly twice his detective's salary.

But the Grey Ghost was not ready to call it quits. Instead he went to his superiors at the Yard and said in his uncompromising way, "I want to extend my service for one year."

"Unprecedented," they said. "But agreed."

On the Scent. By now Butler was certain, from scraps of underworld information, that Wilson had left the country. Butler knew that thieves on the run seldom take their loot with them, for fear of being robbed. The bulk of Wilson's share of the money was probably somewhere in Britain—in which case Wilson would need a man with underworld connexions to keep him supplied with funds.

Butler selected the most likely of Wilson's former associates and began to study his movements. He soon learned that the suspected courier had gone to Latin America via Brussels. To the astute Grey Ghost, this meant that Wilson had decided to change his residence—and had sent his courier to Brussels to get him a new passport and new identity.

New Moves. Butler had a theory that British crooks on the run develop a nostalgia for an English-speaking environment. That could mean Canada. Canada was in the midst of its Expo 67, and a strange Englishman among the many visitors would command less attention there than at other times.

The Butler speculation was soon confirmed by a seemingly trivial event. A well-known London crook was picked up for a minor offence, and from him Butler learned of one Wilson associate who had made several recent trips to Canada.

Butler had this man shadowed around the clock. The day he bought an airline ticket to Montreal, Butler wired the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Spotted by the RCMP on his arrival in Montreal, the courier was followed to Rigaud, a small town 65 kilometres away. There he visited a man named Ronald Alloway—who answered Wilson's description.

The Grey Ghost left immediately for Canada. At eight o'clock one morning, four days later, as the man who called himself Alloway came out of his house, Butler stepped up and said, "Good morning, Wilson. I'm afraid I have some bad news for you."

Reynolds was now the only train robber who had not yet been brought to trial. And he and his wife were once again on the move. In searching Wilson's house in Rigaud, Butler had found something interesting: an old picture of Reynolds and his wife on a beach at Ste. Maxime, in the south of France. Had Reynolds gone there again? Instinctively, Tommy Butler thought so—and off he flew to the beaches of the Riviera.

Butler knew that if he found Reynolds in France, he could arrest him only with the aid of the French police. And he was aware of how tricky extradition proceedings could be. He wanted Reynolds back in Britain, where he could be sure of him, and so he embarked on a war of nerves against the master thief.

The Net Tightens. Perched on sand hills, Butler ostentatiously swept the beaches with his binoculars. In cafés, he produced pictures of Reynolds and asked if anyone had seen him. It had the effect he wanted. Through the grapevine, an increasingly nervous Reynolds learned that Butler was getting close.

The Reynolds' morale, as well as their money, was running low. Their last hope now was emigration to Australia. Frances took Nicholas back to Britain, where she tried to arrange for new papers.

Alerted by underworld informants that Reynolds had returned, but not knowing his whereabouts, Butler waited. At the end of August last year the big break came. One of the intelligence-network phones on Butler's desk buzzed. A voice said, "Keep your eyes skinned in the King's Road. You'll find the 'long man' there."

Butler and his colleagues spent the next two and a half months combing the Chelsea district of London. They checked estate agents, banks, pubs, hospitals, restaurants, and studied the licence numbers of more than 4,000 cars in the area. On November 7, they found a car registered in the name of Mrs. Angela Hillier, of Torquay. Hillier was a name that had been connected with the case before.

By three o'clock the next morning, Butler was on the road to Torquay and his rendezvous with the bulky, brown-haired man who was to say, "I know who you are. I've been expecting you." Reynolds was subsequently convicted, and sentenced to 25 years.

His job done, Tommy Butler announced his retirement. "If I hadn't caught Reynolds," he said tersely to the Press, "someone else would have, somewhere, sometime." Then he vanished, like a grey ghost.

THOSE CRATERS on the moon give me the uneasy feeling that perhaps we've already been there.
—Al Bernstein in Chicago *Tribune*

Something for Youth to Believe In

A prescription to cure the restless despair of young people everywhere

By The Reverend Billy Graham

KIDS TODAY are the best educated, most favoured, most talented in history. Why are they so insecure, so unhappy, so discontented? What do they really want? Such questions are being echoed everywhere by concerned citizens and the answers are varied.

When I met one avowed perpetrator of student rebellion, a young part-time university lecturer, he told me with brazen frankness, "Our intention is to tear the country apart." When I asked what he had to substitute for the system he wanted to wreck, he replied, "Nothing yet. But anything's better than what we now have."

Such talk sounds wildly unreal. But we make a dangerous mistake if we seek solace in the fact that such activists constitute only a tiny percentage of all students. The worldwide student turbulence is subtly influencing the uncommitted millions of youths who march in no demonstrations, carry no picket signs, create no riots, participate in no confrontations. Unconsciously swayed by the temper of the times, theirs too is what President Nixon has called "a crisis of the spirit."

It is this great uncommitted majority who hold the key to the future. They are searching for a cause to believe in, a flag to follow. Under which banner will they ultimately march?

I feel a vast compassion for these young people. In their faces and letters I read wistful dreams and hopes, a sincere but confused longing for a better society. And I read unhappiness. One of America's pop singers was asked in a television interview recently what his prescription for happiness was. He answered, "I'm not happy. I'm lonely as hell." Then he stood up and sang, "Living below in this old sinful world, hardly a comfort can afford; striving alone to face temptation sore, where could I go but to the Lord?" He was vocalizing the quest of modern youth. Past generations could blame their problems on sin and the devil; the new generation blames its problems on society.

I cannot help asking myself: *Who has failed these young people?*

Is it their parents—who have communicated to them the purposelessness of their own lives? Is it the educational system—so intent on the mind that it disregards the soul, imparting knowledge without wisdom? Is it the Church—so concerned with building bigger and better ecclesiastic machinery that it avoids its main task, the shepherding of souls?

The fact is that all of these have failed youth. A young person's first discovery, in the heat of some painful crisis, that he's been given no stable sense of strong, secure and unshakeable values is a devastating experience. At such a time, many feel that they have been betrayed and that they can do little more than withdraw from life or else lash out in frustration against it. In June 1968, a large crowd of people attending a graduation ceremony at the University of Toronto, Canada, were shocked when one graduate, an honours student, received his diploma and promptly tore it up. He then stepped up to the microphone to say that his university education had been meaningless. It had answered none of the basic questions for which he and his generation must have answers.

An extreme case? Yes. But in my dialogues with young people the world over, I find many expressing the same reaction to what they call "society's soulless materialism." More than they want things, they want to know how to face life, how to find the meaning and purpose they are seeking.

I suggest that they can achieve these desires only when they've been helped to find three things:

- **A moral code to follow.** Modern youth has not been given that. Instead, they've been fed from childhood with what I consider a most sinister and debilitating philosophy—the doctrine of permissiveness.

This asserts that each individual should choose for himself what is right or wrong, which rules and laws he should obey and which flout. Whether an action is evil or good is not dependent upon hard-and-fast standards but upon time and place. Writes Elton Trueblood in his book *A Place to Stand:* "Always men have broken laws; that is nothing new. What is new is the acceptance that there is really no objective truth about what human conduct ought to be. The new position is not merely that old laws don't apply, but rather that any moral law is limited to subjective reference."

Young people today need—and *want*—a moral code that spells out, in concrete terms, what is eternally right and forever wrong. They want their parents and society to have unfluctuating standards and to set an example. Then they won't mind following the rules and regulations.

Nowhere is the lack of firm standards so flagrant—and so confusing to youth—as in the area of sex. Never in history have standards of sexual conduct been lowered so precipitately. In talking with students, I find them unsure and confused. They have freedom of sexual expression but are filled with remorse and guilt. They ask: "Is there no standard, no norm, by which to judge right and wrong in sex matters?"

My answer: there is. The Bible lays down plainly and clearly God's law. It is a law written deep into the moral order of the universe, as deep and as inflexible as the laws that govern nature, a law that is not repealed by the drifts of man's opinions and whims. God intended sex to be the most glorious and complete act of love between man and woman. It was only when man stripped sex relations of natural love and respect and the desire to give joy and fulfilment within the holy bonds of matrimony that the Bible condemned the misuse. I would like to see the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount read every morning in every classroom. These two documents are the very foundation of Western ethics: I believe they are the moral authority our young people are searching for.

A cause to serve. There is nothing that more plainly distinguishes modern youth than its search for causes to champion.

Thus far, the most visible response by young people to their inner urge for a cause has been a vigorous activism on behalf of peace, rights, and educational reform—all good enough in themselves, but lately degenerating into violence and contrived confrontation. But it is not in the nature of youth to be content with mere protest, with decrying, lamenting and tearing down. Nor is it in youth's nature to shirk a call to action. Young people today, I am convinced, are awaiting the call of a cause big enough—and noble enough—to challenge their idealism.

There is hope! Youth *is* responding to the call of Christ. I have seen this change particularly in our crusades of the past five years: nearly 70 per cent of our audiences are under 25 years of age.

There are many good causes for young people searching for them. I have found that they will respond to any that puts its first emphasis on making better men—who then can be trusted to make a better world. The test for any cause: Is it in line with God's purpose, as revealed in His word? However, I point out to the young people who come to me that it is virtually impossible to either follow a moral code or stay with a worthy cause unless one has the third in my trio of youth needs.

- **A creed to believe.** What you believe determines how you respond to life's traumas; it determines, indeed, what you become. Nowhere has the older generation so let down today's young as in this: we have failed to supply a solid creed.

A friend of mine came to me broken-hearted. His son had suddenly informed him, "I'm dropping out of school, Dad." Asked why, the son replied, "Well, Dad, the truth is, I hate you." Stunned, the father demanded, "But *why*, son? I've given you everything!" To which the son replied, "That's just it. You've given me everything—everything except something to believe in."

Modern education is equally at fault. As one graduate said to me recently, "University gave us spokes, but no hub. We came away with knowledge but no purpose, and therein is our dilemma."

Many churches, too, are more concerned with the spokes than the hub. Their big stress these days is on social and political action, while the basics of religious belief are played down, Bible study is neglected. We of the Church need to keep our priorities right—to note the order of importance, given in the Great Commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind and strength—and thy neighbour as thyself." Millions down through the ages have found that the only way we can do the latter is through power received from the former. As I talk to students on their home ground, I find that they, too, have a deep interest in spiritual things. Revival there may not be, but sincere search there is.

No young person in history ever rebelled more radically against all authority than did St. Augustine, a dramatic convert to Christ. His rebellion ceased only when after wasting much of his youth in immorality and defiance, he learned the profound lesson expressed in one of his most beautiful prayers: "Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee."

In St. Augustine's personal experience with God, I am convinced, lies the basic explanation for youthful restlessness today. In it also, I firmly believe, lies the prime solution to youth's world-wide rebellion. Youth needs a personal faith that is challenging and life-changing. This is what Christ can give.

A STATISTICIAN is someone who estimates that with your head in an oven and your feet in a refrigerator, on average you will be perfectly comfortable.

—*Journal du Dimanche*, France

They Listen to the Language of the Universe

By Ira Wolfert

Strange new sounds from outer space are baffling astronomers. Where do these signals come from, and what do they mean?

About two years ago, astronomers in Britain, people who usually keep their cool about things like space flights and flying saucers, found something to raise their hair. It was a long, rapidly varying signal that came out of the sky, and was recorded as a series of precise little jiggles on a tape. It was like a sigh—the drawn-out, tremulous kind of sigh a troubled man might give.

This in itself was cause for wonderment, but when scientists analysed the signals they were amazed. Although the pulsations were of varying intensity, the period between pulses was always the same—1·33730113 seconds. Nothing known in space emitted a radio signal like that.

Its regularity suggested a technological origin: perhaps it was merely some errant man-made signal bouncing off the moon, or even a transmission from a deep space probe. But it was observed again and again, coming always from the same place in the sky, showing that its source lay beyond our solar system.

"Our first, fleeting thought was that this was another intelligence trying to contact us," said Sir Martin Ryle, of Cambridge University. But more sources of similar signals were quickly discovered in other regions of the sky. At this point, it was deemed unlikely that a large number of superior civilizations would be trying to contact us all at once, or that they would squander such colossal power over a broad and continuous range of frequencies—from 40 to 2,800 megacycles per second. This was such an inefficient means of signalling that it made no sense.

Something else must be causing the pulses—some natural phenomenon. But what?

When the British scientists announced their discovery in February 1968, astronomers all over the world jumped for their telescopes. I was in Puerto Rico, and made at once for the small city of Arecibo, where astronomers from Cornell University have built a radio telescope that is one of the most powerful celestial sense organs on earth.

Scanning the Skies. The celestial sighs are caught in a spherical reflector 300 metres in diameter. The control room, in a building on the west rim, is like the cockpit of a huge spaceship. Lights flutter across banks of electronic counters. Oscilloscopes flicker. An atomic clock tells time in fractions of a millionth of a second. Computers hum and blink, and from the windows there is an unearthly sight—the telescope itself.

A round dish covering 20 acres, it lies over a natural bowl in the mountains that was bulldozed smooth, then replanted to keep it from eroding. The vegetation underneath gets enough sun and rain to keep it lush because the reflector is made of "chicken wire"—12 millimetre open mesh, 270 tons of it.

The receivers and a transmitter are on a movable platform, 132 metres overhead, on railway tracks hung from cables like a suspension bridge. The huge dish reflector catches the signals from space and focuses them at a particular angle, depending on the source from which they come. The angle can be calculated precisely, and the receiver moved into position to intercept it.

In this way, one can listen in on radio energy emitted from a very large part of the universe. Fairly recent inventions, and not yet perfected radio telescopes can already "see" to 12,000 million light-years away—three times further out than optical telescopes.

The strongest signals so far, I was told by Dr. Frank Drake of Cornell, then director of Arecibo, were estimated by the British to be originating from about 400 light-years away. Obviously, we were on an exciting voyage of discovery.

An ocean of clues was waiting to be fished. The British had already looked into two hypotheses. Was the source of the signals a "white dwarf"? This is a dying star whose hydrogen fuel is virtually burned out, a point that our own sun is expected to reach in about 6,000 million years.

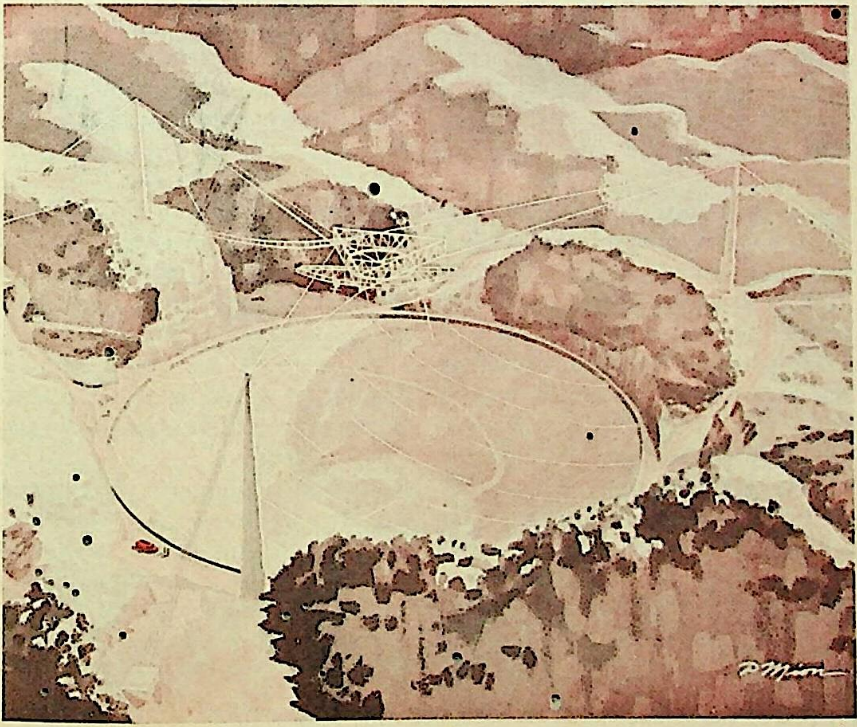
Or was it a "neutron star"? This is a star in an even later stage, collapsing under the weight of its own gravity, shrinking so much that it forms a dense mass which on earth would weigh 600 million tons per cubic centimetre. Stars vibrating in such death throes would perhaps emit such melancholy exhalations as were reaching earth.

But measurements showed that the pulses were too slow for a neutron star, too fast for a white dwarf. Where, then, was all the energy coming from? And why were these pulsating stars, nicknamed "pulsars," never observed before?

Many objects in space radiate electro-magnetic waves as a by-product of their energy. A radio telescope picks up a bedlam of these incoming signals—a ceaseless, enormous frying and spattering sound—and what you hear depends, just as with your radio at home, on how the set is tuned. Pulsar signals are relatively weak and are at wavelengths not usually monitored.

Discovery of the pulsars came by accident in mid-1967 to graduate student Jocelyn Bell, who was a member of a group of astronomers led by Dr. Antony Hewish. They

The giant radio telescope at Arecibo, Puerto Rico



were working with a new Cambridge University radio telescope specially rigged to record weak, rapidly varying signals, perfect for catching the strange signal that arrived as a weak interference.

Such interferences are common and are frequently caused by such earthly things as taxi intercoms. But when the Cambridge astronomers tried to track down this one, they discovered that the signal was extraterrestrial. As they began investigating their find systematically, mystery piled on mystery.

Radio waves, like words, have a "grammar" and meaning. For example, variation of the energy (or "loudness") in a sound tells something about the temperature of the electrons which cause the signal. A shift in wavelength gives the speed and direction of the emitter's motion.

Foreign Code. Such is the language of the universe, and with it astronomers read radio waves as we read a dictionary, learning just what emitted the waves, and what natural process inspired it to do so. But, in the case of the pulsars, it was as though the "words" were written in an unknown tongue, although the Cambridge team did conclude that the signals were coming from a body no larger than earth. A planet orbiting a distant star? Measurements proved it was not.

Many astronomers joined in the quest. Soon Sir Martin Ryle pinpointed the source. Consulting maps of the sky, he found a faint, bluish glimmer which had hitherto gone unnoticed. Still, it was not exactly where the pulsings seemed to come from. A red star was also found, close enough to be a possibility. But what astronomers really hoped to find was a star that pulsed optically in cadence with the radio waves.

"It's as puzzling as hell," said Dr. Alastair Cameron of Yeshiva University. "It's spooky," added Dr. Drake.

So it went, and so I stayed on at Arecibo, staring in wonder at new horizons.

New World. Suppose that these pulsars had turned out to be bona-fide signals from intelligent beings with a technology better than ours. Could we then signal back?

A hopeless enterprise, Dr. Drake told me. First, you have to consider the tremendous distance. Though radio waves travel at the speed of light—299,776 kilometres a second—the closest of these signals was thought to have taken more than 100 years to reach earth.

So, even if we could radio a "hallo," it would be over 200 years before we could hear anybody ask, "Who's calling?"

Arecibo's radio telescope can pick up signals measuring one-thousandth of a millionth of a watt—a noise so faint that it makes a falling snowflake sound like a boulder crashing down a mountainside. If there were a technological civilization only one or two light-years away—a mere few billion kilometres—we could tune in on its internal communications network, at least on what its television and radio stations were broadcasting a year or so ago. But the distance of 100 light-years or more is too great for perception of such faint signals as these.

Some day, with improved equipment, we may be able to eavesdrop further out. Then we may be able to learn what such a civilization has to teach us. Deciphering the language of an unrelated species would be a tremendous problem, but we already have a vital key: the laws of nature. These laws work the same everywhere in the universe. Any technological civilization must know them.

Work Ahead. Finally, knowing that the world's astronomers may be struggling with these mournful signals for years, I left—content to have been for a while a passenger on the voyage of discovery. Content, too, to have had a view of how astronomers react when confronted with any new state of affairs in the universe.

The plane that took me home flew over the Atlantic in the late afternoon. How strange it felt to be sitting in a golden light looking down at the darkness gathering over the waters below.

In such oceans life began. And primitive creatures, seeing the land, floundered on to it. Now, primitive all over again, life sees the mind-blinding space beyond the sky. And, although it can no more comprehend space than a fish comprehends land, it is floundering out into it anyway.

Is something calling man without his having heard it yet? Has something been calling life steadily since its beginning? Are there, waiting for us out there, answers to questions we've never even asked? If so, the business of all astronomers, astronauts and men of space may well be—in Emily Dickinson's words—"the solemnest business on earth."

Note: The voyage Mr. Wolfert began has led to even stranger and more mysterious ports than astronomers first imagined. Pulsars are now being discovered at the rate of about five a month—the nearest is more likely to be a thousand light-years away, not a mere hundred—and new evidence indicates that the pulsars are actually neutron stars, the first time any of these bodies have ever been physically located.

Raising a Smile

ON A gated road in Yorkshire, England, my husband and I were admiring the view, when we saw a car coming up the hill. As I opened the gate in readiness, the passenger picked up a hat and thrust it on the driver's head, just in time for him to raise it with a smile. The passenger then removed the hat, and returned it to the back seat. —Mrs. H. A. C. McKay

Humour in Uniform

QUENTIN BLAKE

For every failure to satisfy our instructors during paratroop training, we had to do press-ups until we were told to stop. After arduous physical-training exercises one hot summer's day, we were all cursing the heat, the government, the gnats and the very ground we stood on.

The instructor, tired of our grumbling, asked, "How many of you don't like this place?" Every hand shot into the air. "O.K.," he said. "Get down and push it away!" —S. Y.

In our non-commissioned officers' course, the necessity for correct procedure in map reading was greatly emphasized by our veteran instructor. One of his lectures began: "Probably the most dangerous thing you'll come up against in your Army career is a second-lieutenant with a map."

—D. C. S.

During basic training for the U.S. Army Nurse Corps, we were required to spend one week in the field roughing it. It rained for the entire week. We got up every day in our swampy tent, took a cold-water beauty bath from our helmets, donned our ponchos, and trudged through the mud to set up field hospitals. Obviously, our personal appearance frequently left much to be desired.

The final blow to our feminine pride occurred while we queued up, in the mud and rain, for a meal. A young soldier came by with a camera and asked if he could snap us. "It will prove to my girlfriend," he said, "that she has *no* reason to be jealous!"

—C. G. L.

The officer adjudicating our Drama Competition was surprised when a three-ton truck rolled up to collect him.

"I didn't know how big an adjudicator was," explained the driver, "so I decided to be on the safe side."

—Flying Officer D. R. Smith

Our son, an army private, sometimes travels the 300 miles from base to home in a hired car with other soldiers on week-end passes. Each soldier pays for his ride at his destination.

One week-end we were delighted when our son came home unexpectedly. I ran to meet him as he leaped from the car. Giving me a quick hug, he said, "I came C.O.D. Will you pay?"

I did. —Mrs. R. S. Mason

My friend in the airborne school was having trouble making his parachute jumps from the plane. One day I tried to give him some helpful instruction. "When you get to the door," I said, "remember to look down at your hands and feet. See that they are properly placed before you jump."

"What!" he exclaimed. "You mean you open your eyes?" —T. M. Dickie

When we got married, my husband still had two years left in the Navy, and I knew I would have some difficulty in adjusting to military life. But I thought I was taking things in my stride—until the day I heard myself asking another Navy wife, "Are you just doing time, or are you in for life?"

—S. P. F.

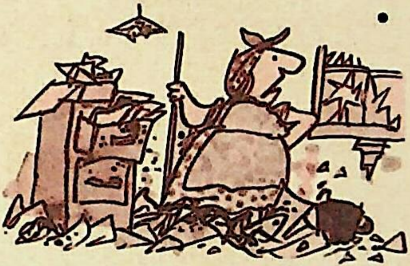
Because of the extreme dampness in Vietnam, the U.S. Army has replaced its conventional combat boot with a lighter, faster-drying model, complete with a specially designed removable inner sole. On this sole is the manufacturer's warning: "Do not boil," under which one battle-weary GI scrawled, "Just peel and eat." —K. T.

A young medical officer on our ship received a box of home-made biscuits from his lady love. Noting that many of them were rather thick and lumpy, he carefully removed the thinner ones, then left the box open for his assistants to enjoy while he was on shore leave for the week-end.

First thing on Monday morning, one of the assistants marched in, saluted smartly and laid a slip of paper on the officer's desk. "A message for you, sir," he announced. In some embarrassment, the lieutenant read a tender, personal note from his beloved. Before he could recover, in marched another man, with another message. After two more had been delivered to the now scarlet-faced young doctor, the light finally dawned.

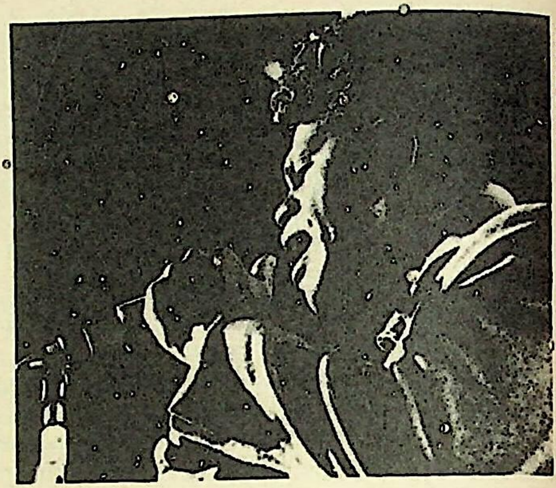
With the ingenuity born of love and distance, the young lady had placed little love notes in some of the biscuits —the thick, lumpy ones that he had rejected and left for his men. —C. F. D.

Serving with the Ministry of Supply in London during the war, I was greeted each morning by a cockney cleaner who was well known for her conservative views. One day after a heavy attack by V.1's I asked her what she thought of the German weapons. "I don't hold with these new-fangled ideas," she complained. "I like me bombs dropped proper." —T. C. W.



On a training flight over Cornwall, England, last summer, an RAF instructor-pilot asked Control to confirm his position. A few seconds later, a second voice broke in excitedly over the same channel, "Control, I'm at the same altitude and same position; please advise." Before the control tower could reply, the first voice commented, coolly, "That's *my* problem. He's my co-pilot." —T. P. Woolley

James Brown: America's top pop vocalist, and increasingly influential leader of his race



BARRIE WENTZELL

Soul Brother No. 1

By Thomas Barry

JAMES BROWN learned the blues early. A poor black lad from the red clay hills of the border country between the states of Georgia and Carolina, he grew up in houses where there was no real mother, no brother or sister, a father only on occasion. He got his first shop-bought underwear when he was nine. Before his seventh year of primary school he had shined shoes, washed cars, picked cotton and danced for coins from soldiers at Fort Gordon, near Augusta. He went into reform school at 16 for stealing, was released on probation at 19. He began to sing spirituals in a church in Toccoa, Georgia, to support an early marriage and because "I was trying to get a foothold, in *any*thing. I just wanted to be able to sit down and eat a good meal."

Today, soul singer James Brown, 35, is rated his country's best male vocalist on single pop records. For the uninitiated, "pop" means sales to the whole record-buying public, not simply in the predominantly Negro rhythm-'n'-blues market, where Brown has been Number One since 1966. Thus, 15 years after he left Toccoa to tour cheap Southern dives in a van containing,

CONDENSED FROM LOOK

at one period, eight musicians plus instruments, James Brown is receiving belated recognition from white America.

His stature among American Negroes, in the meantime, has become monumental. He is The King, Soul Brother Number One of the 1960s, the man who can outsing, outdance, outwit any rival—and does it for an hour and a half per show, 250 to 300 nights a year in stadiums and auditoriums from coast to coast.

James Brown is also an important black capitalist, directly employing 85 people to run his production office, two radio stations, record company and property interests. His annual payroll is $1·1 million. Spending money to make money, he has used promotions to boost his tour earnings from $150,000 in 1963 to $2·5 million in 1968 (of which ten per cent went to local youth groups or charities). Records, publishing and investments pyramided his total 1968 gross income to $4·5 million. He is now worth well over $3 million, but is not merely banking it: four more radio stations and a chain of restaurants are being planned.

Brown's fans are fiercely loyal because they feel he has never left them. Unlike other successful Negro singers, Brown has never "gone commercial." He has stuck with music performed almost exclusively for Negro audiences, never totally immersed himself in the mainstream of American culture. And thus his successes mean something to other black people who are looking for dignity, decent housing, an education, a job.

The Supremes, the Temptations and other practitioners of "sweet" or "slick" soul music have won large white audiences in nightclubs and on television. James Brown, preferring to write and perform his own brand of soul, has never appeared in the big nightclubs or, until fairly recently, on network television. He has been the "king of the one-night shows," travelling 150,000 kilometres a year to entertain over three million living, loving, undulating fans, among them a growing number of young whites, who last year bought 4·4 million of his single records.

Hypnotic Beat. As a performer, Brown is part acrobat and part exorcist, luring his audience into a shrieking, handclapping frenzy of participation. He is a supercharged reminder of the world's continuing debt to Afro-American music with its syncopated rhythms, call-and-response singing, shouts, growls and the falsetto voice, gospel harmony and earthy, uninhibited lyrics. In business, he preaches and lives hard work, punctuality and correct behaviour.

Brown runs his 35-man road troupe (20 bandsmen, stagehands, personal attendants, comedian, female singer, front-office men) like an infantry platoon. Fines are levied (drinking on job—$50; shoes not shined—$25; wrinkled suit—$50). Everyone is addressed publicly as "Mr." or "Miss." He is a stickler for detail. He asks respect from audiences, and usually gets it. Says a policeman: "One gesture from him is worth a hundred police." Says Brown: "I want to be five thousand per cent right in what I do. I *got* to be."

Powerful Impression. Such straight-arrow thinking occasionally draws private chuckles from Brown's bandsmen, most of whom are in their twenties. It has offended others in the business. But it impressed San Francisco attorney Donald Warden, a Negro, when he first met James Brown in 1964, and led indirectly to Brown's public prominence today.

"I've always felt that the only thing to unite our race would be music," says Warden, who headed an Afro-American self-help programme in 1964 ("long before it was fashionable"). Warden knew many Negro musicians and entertainers "who could be used to raise money, but none with the power and vision to be an actual leader for young people."

Then Warden met Brown. "I not only admired how he organized his band, but it seemed to me that James had taken the powerful, cathartic music of Africa and the gospel tradition, and captured our youth. I told him: 'If you want to, you can be the next meaningful leader of our race. You can create an atmosphere which could be used educationally.' "

In September 1966, James Brown made his first tour of a ghetto area, in San Francisco, and told youngsters to stay in school. Soon he released his "message" record, "Don't Be a Drop-Out," which sold more than a million copies and brought an invitation from Vice-President Humphrey to lead a national anti-drop-out campaign. "For the first time," says Warden, "someone had used the cultural music of our race—a big beat and hip language—to get through to kids and to parents. James has been successful in directing young and old into the pursuit of educational excellence. My hope is that he can help bring black and white Americans together in a constructive programme."

Thus, in 1969, James Brown is a new, important leader. To millions of youngsters on ghetto street corners, he is living proof that a black man can be outstandingly successful and still come back to listen to their troubles. To his people, he is a poet, philosopher, benefactor and possible Messiah.

Explains Frank Halfacre, a former disc jockey, "He makes a black person feel like a man."

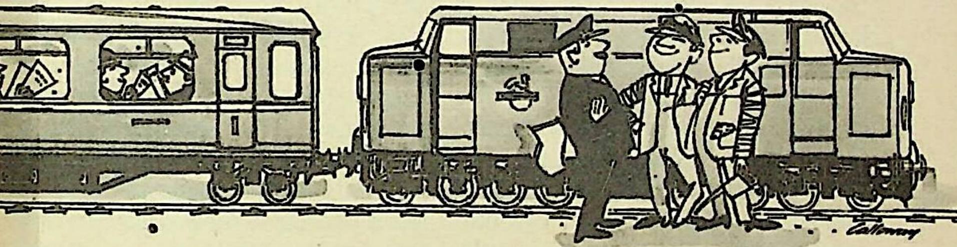
OUR local undertaker gets letters from a friend who signs himself, "Eventually yours."

—J. M. in *The Acorn*, Dublin

WHO IS THE ENGINE DRIVER?

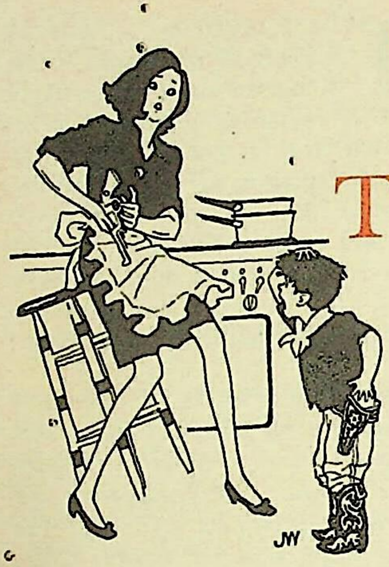
THE FOLLOWING puzzle, known as the Smith-Jones-Robinson classic, is a lively test of reasoning power. It is reported that, in one group of 240 people trying it, only six found the solution. But there is no "catch" in it, and many people have worked out the answer in ten minutes. *Every fact* is important, and must be considered. Solution on page 155.

On a train, Smith, Robinson and Jones are the fireman, guard and engine driver, but NOT respectively. Also aboard the train are three businessmen who have the same names: a Mr. Smith, a Mr. Robinson and a Mr. Jones.



1. Mr. Robinson lives in Manchester.
2. The guard lives exactly half-way between London and Manchester.
3. Mr. Jones earns exactly £4,000 a year.
4. The guard's nearest neighbour, one of the passengers, earns exactly seven times as much as the guard.
5. Smith beats the fireman at snooker.
6. The passenger whose name is the same as the guard's lives in London.

Who is the Engine Driver?



Confessions of a Trigger-Happy Housewife

By Isabell Loughmiller

I had just started cooking breakfast when Henry threw his genuine Wild West Rapid Repeater Cap Pistol on the kitchen table, and the trigger bounced out. Henry screamed as if he had lost his scalp instead of a mere gun part. Out of mother-of-a-four-year-old reflex I yelled, "Shut up. I'll fix it!"

It looked easy. Anybody can put a trigger in a gun. There's a little hook on one end of the trigger piece, and it just fits over a sort of place that's inside the underneath hole there . . . So, I pushed it in.

"You'll break it!" Henry cried. I jumped, and the trigger fell into the cereal.

"Don't shout at me!" I retorted. "A Repeater that won't repeat is *already* broken. I've *said* I'll fix it.

After stirring the scrambled eggs I peered back into the trigger slot of the pistol. Now the problem was clear. The outside of the slot was big enough, but inside it narrowed to a bottleneck smaller than any part of the trigger. That raised a question: How did the trigger fall through a slot only half its size in the first place? Being a former science student who always gained dismal grades, I went on to the next question . . . how to get it back in.

I noticed a plate screwed to one side under the mock mother-of-pearl handle embellishment which had just fallen to the floor. The plate covered the roll of caps and a few other little things, including the trigger's correct position. All I had to do was remove the rest of the

CONDENSED FROM CONTEMPORARY

side and stick the trigger where it belonged. Simple.

"Don't do it, Mum!" Henry tore his hair and did the kind of stamping dance step that pre-nursery school children use to show momentary psychosis.

I slapped his bottom with motherly insistence and said through clenched teeth, "If you don't go outside this minute, I'll put your gun in the dustbin!"

I got the screwdriver from the duster drawer, laid open the side of the pistol and . . . *whinn-ng!* . . . a metal bar popped out.

No worry there. Just stuff it back in position over the coiled spring.

Smugly, I added the trigger. A speck-size cog flew out. I grabbed it, and the trigger dropped off again. So I stooped to get the trigger, and stood up just as the bar jumped out and went down the toaster.

I shook the bar out of the toaster, stuck everything back inside the gun and, with a finger pinning down each piece, paused to work out how to get the sideplate back on without letting go of all the active inner workings. It was like holding down a volcano.

A pin slithered out. Cautiously, I moved two fingers after it—and something else fell off. It looked like a miniature hammer. I stooped for it and had risen so that my eyes were level with the table-top when the trigger brushed by me.

Holding down the explosive entrails of the gun with the palm of one hand, I stretched a leg out to the side like a ballet dancer skidding on a grape, raked the trigger back across the floor, picked it up, and nervously slammed it into place. Genuine Wild West Rapid Repeater parts catapulted into the air, all over the place.

Handy Man. At that moment, my husband George walked in for breakfast. He sized up the situation, and tried to help by telling me where to pick up the pieces. I gathered everything together, turned off the wrong gas ring, and eased parts back into the pistol base under my right hand.

George picked up a tiny screw from the floor, and started to search for *its* home by moving my fingers, one at a time, from the pistol parts I had battened down. He looked too long under my right index finger and the bar sprang out again.

"Now you've knocked something else off," he snorted.

"*You* did it!"

"Don't start a fight," he cautioned in a father-to-idiot tone. "Just pick it up while I fit this screw in somewhere. *Don't* let go of the spring!"

I didn't. But the little hammer thing jumped out, and by the time both pieces were back behind the lines, George was choking on the smoke from the burning eggs, and he still had no place for the tiny screw.

Gambling on a relaxed hold I reached quickly for the right gas ring. With the casualness of a cobra, the spring uncoiled, lashed out between us and imbedded itself in the butter. George swore as he wiped the spring off with a dishcloth.

Then he bent down for the bar, pin, hammer, trigger and sideplate, while I scrubbed the frying pan, got out more eggs and opened the window.

I wouldn't have left an accountant to complete a task designed for an engineer if he hadn't *bellowed* his next remark: "Just leave it to a woman to make a mess out of something simple! If you'll get out of the way, *I'll* have the thing together in two minutes!"

Problem Solved. So, I fished out the flywheel and gave it to the head of the house, who was crawling round searching for a part. He was also giving advice to Henry, who had burst in asking if the pistol was ready yet: "Sit down and eat your breakfast before I spank you!"

Henry withdrew from the situation by seriously concentrating on flipping the lid of the jam pot up and down.

Boing-g-g! The spring whipped through the air again, followed by assorted cogs, screws and pins.

I poured the fruit juice, dumped the cereal into bowls and the second batch of eggs into the waste bin. If there's anything I'm good at, it's ignoring battles, particularly ones where the slightest misplaced word can bring on someone's stroke. And in this case, I knew precisely the words that would make the Lord and Master go round the bend: I had just discovered that the odd little screw belonged to the toaster, not to the pistol. Under the circumstances, it seemed like information better kept to myself.

Henry and I ate in silence. George didn't eat. He was too busy bobbing up and down from the floor to the table.

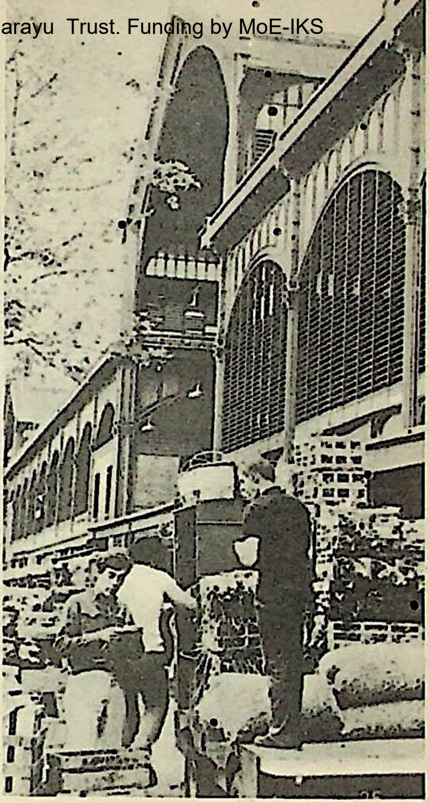
Some time later, I was sweeping the back porch when the door slammed and George stalked out towards the car. "Did you fix the gun, George?" I asked.

"Well, I *could* have fixed it all right," he said. "But I just noticed that that's a pretty poor-looking gun for a kid. He needs the kind I had when I was his age."

Of course, they don't make them out of wood any more. But there was no point in making snide remarks, so I went inside. There was the genuine Wild West Rapid Repeater Cap Pistol, all piled into a bowl. One thing George *had* been able to attach firmly to the pistol base, however. It was the little spring that's always falling off the jam pot lid. He had put that on with instant glue.

CARD pinned to the jacket of a street singer outside a London theatre: "To avoid embarrassing encores, music lovers are advised to give quickly."

—"Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London



Early morning bustle in the old vegetable market, as crates of fresh produce are unloaded and sorted

HOLMES-LEBEL M. FRANCK

Modern needs have spelt the doom of Paris's centuries-old central market-place. The problem now: how to replace the magic of one of the world's busiest, most picturesque and beloved quarters

Farewell to 'Les Halles'

By Gérard de Sède

"Les Halles was not only the belly of Paris," said Madame Josette Tournier, a 75-year-old Parisienne, "it was its heart, too. Yes indeed, sir! Paris has lost its heart."

The immense wholesale market, situated on some 120 acres in the very centre of the capital, offered a nightly show—lively, colourful, charming as only Paris can be—and when on March 4 the market was moved to Rungis, a suburb seven kilometres south of the city, millions of men and women felt a sense of irreparable loss.

The soul of Paris's oldest, most vibrant and poetic quarter had changed as its face had changed. A page of history nearly nine centuries long had been turned.

Les Halles was created in 1135. King Louis VI, realizing that existing markets were inadequate to feed Paris, ordered a new and bigger one built on the right bank of the Seine, in the district known as the Champeaux or Little Meadows. Often enlarged and transformed, the market remained on that site until this year, by which time it, too, was inadequate. Not that its turn-over wasn't astronomical: 1·7 million tons of foodstuffs in one year, including a million hogs, 900,000 sheep, 575,000 tons of vegetables, 36,000 tons of butter and 300 million eggs. But the metropolis keeps expanding.

At the time of Les Halles' last transformation, during the 1850s, there were two million Parisians. Today there are nearly nine million—and they are bigger eaters than their forebears. Twenty years from now, there will be 13 million, and the demand for food is expected to have risen by at least 50 per cent.

Les Halles has also become a threat to the health of Paris. It has a higher population density than the rest of the city, and its buildings are older—more than a third of them were built over a century ago.

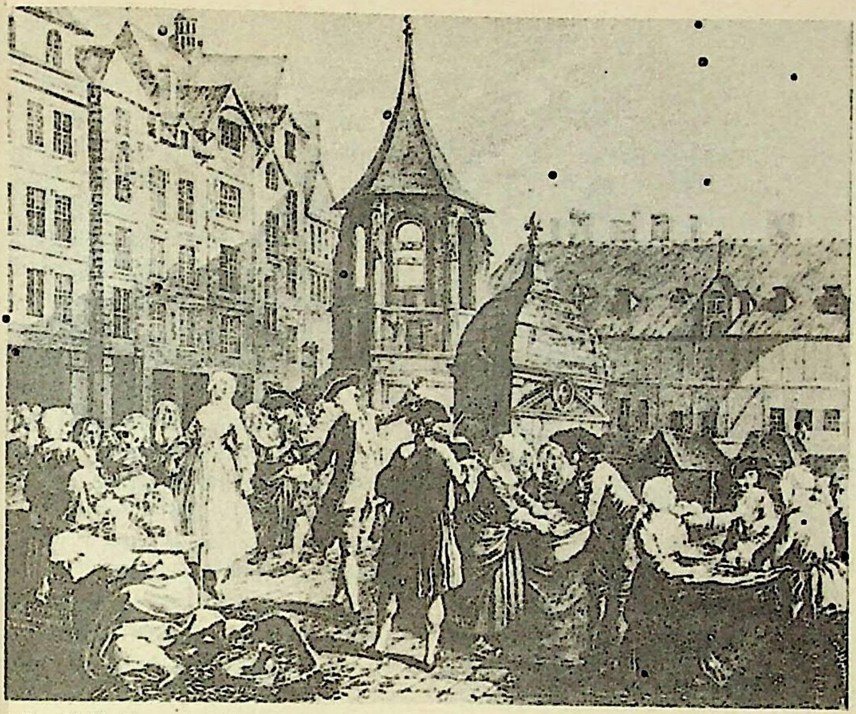
Seventy per cent of the dwellings have no lavatories, and 32 per cent lack even running water. Rats infest the ancient market. City planners also condemned it. The food lorries that crowded the streets nightly caused such huge traffic jams that the centre of the district had to be closed to cars.

All these factors dictated the transfer of Les Halles to Rungis. But the question that worries Parisians is: What will become of the district now? What will replace the vanished market?

As we stroll through the neighbourhood, we are astonished to find it so empty. On Les Halles' famous central square, once the hub of the market, the 12 pavilions are still in place—with their cast-iron vats, glass-skinned vaults and huge cellars. But only the meat market still shows a spark of animation. It will be there until 1972, then move to La Villette, near the slaughter-houses.

Lost Charms. No longer do we see on the square and in the streets surrounding it those enticing pyramids of cabbages, onions, asparagus, apples, peaches, melons. No longer do we hear the cries of the street pedlars, nor meet, over the zinc bars of the cafés, the members of that myriad, colourful market-garden world.

The market slept when Paris waked. The great bell that chased wholesalers from the pavilions was rung at 9 a.m.; a little later the lorries began rolling back to the provinces. By the afternoon, all activity had come to a halt except, on three days a week, for the



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"Les Halles" market-place in the eighteenth century, with the Fountain of the Innocents in the background

florists, who splashed the drowsing market with a thousand colours.

Les Halles lived at night, and people came from all over the world to watch it. From dusk to dawn, the district became a Babel that Bosch and Rembrandt together might have painted. And, from the more fashionable districts, couples in evening dress threaded their way perilously among the crates of fruit and vegetables in search of a restaurant where they could wind up the night over a bowl of the quarter's famous onion soup.

The custom of after-theatre supper at Les Halles was begun three centuries ago by Cyrano de Bergerac, a son of the district, living in the rue des Prouvaires. Since then, authors, actors and theatre-goers have formed the habit of gathering after midnight at one of the great restaurants, or the many picturesque bistros in the neighbourhood. That was the hour when accordions groaned in the dives where diners crowded round oilcloth-covered tables; when smoke-wreathed sheds sold record numbers of newspaper cornucopias full of fried potatoes.

It was during the twenties and thirties that Les Halles knew its maddest nights. Film star Mary Pickford, "everybody's sweetheart," on her honeymoon with Douglas Fairbanks, was presented with the biggest spiny lobster the seafood pavilion could find. At the *Chien Qui Fume,* jazz musicians would gather for rollicking parties at which pretty girls sipped champagne from their slippers. F. Scott Fitzgerald frequented Les Halles, and so did Ernest Hemingway. Joseph Kessel could be found at the *Rocher de Cancale,* André Malraux at *La Grille*.

Everyone with any claim to fame patronized the restaurants in Les Halles—including, as recently as last year, Georges Pompidou, Elizabeth Taylor, Maria Callas and Robert Kennedy. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor often supped incognito at *l'Escargot,* just as Edward VII had before them.

Shady Haunts. Ever since the fifteenth century, when that inspired criminal François Villon lolled in its taverns, the district's maze of narrow streets has made a natural hiding-place for citizens who might, at any moment, feel the need for sudden flight. It has always been a favourite place of thugs, prostitutes and other gentry of mysterious profession.

This picturesque fauna is now tending to disappear from the neighbourhood. Many owners of shady hotels, burdened with fines, have had to sell out.

More lamented is the departure of the last representatives of the respectable, centuries-old occupations, whose lives and language have hardly changed since the Middle Ages. You can still see the butchers' helpers lightly carrying 250-kilo loads of meat from the trucks to the market stalls. Gone though, are "Les Forts des Halles"—the Strongmen, or stevedores.

In their ancient costume of blue smock and broad-brimmed hat, they alone rivalled the butchers in feats of brute power. To win admission to the guild, a candidate was obliged to hoist a 200-kilo basket of stones and carry it 150 metres. The strongest of the Strongmen—a Hercules whose memory is still honoured—managed to lift 300 kilos and, with splendid pride, perched a girl atop his basket for good measure.

The history of the Strongmen is closely interwoven with that of Paris. Among other privileges, they had the right to carry the mortal remains of the kings of France on their shoulders from the Louvre, at the edge of Les Halles, to the basilica of Saint-Denis. They invented the strike: in 1461, considering themselves underpaid, they refused to carry the body of Charles VII. (He would have made a light burden—he had starved himself to death.) Since 1789, they also had the duty of maintaining order in the district and keeping it clear of thieves.

Ten years ago there were still 700 Strongmen. Only 350 made the move to Rungis. The authorities stopped issuing licences to new candidates several years ago, so the guild is slowly dying. In the not too distant future, the Strongmen will take their place in Paris's museum of memories, along with the chair-caners and the pottery-menders.

Generations of Parisians have seen, reigning behind the baskets of fish and the crates of vegetables and heaps of cheeses, those hearty tradeswomen, the "ladies of Les Halles." Like their ancestors, who enjoyed the privilege of witnessing the queen in childbirth, they would swop Homeric insults over three sardines and a cabbage. Along with the Strongmen, they have now moved to Rungis.

Some 25,000 people made their living from Les Halles and gave it its life. Roughly half of them have moved to the new, modern market, where they have found jobs as watchmen, labourers or office workers. But the others, especially the independents, face an uncertain future.

Pedlars have had to give up their push-carts in streets that had rung with their zestful cries for nearly nine centuries, but which will now be restored to motor traffic. The future is dim, too, for the thousands of unloaders who every night twisted agilely between the lines of lorries, noisily pushing their "devils"—the huge, two-wheeled hand trucks—loaded with crates of food. The wiliest and wealthiest "devil-pushers" have bought electric-powered carts and are trying their luck at Rungis. The rest have had to find other livelihoods.

SRD/H. PIERREHUMBERT

Streamlined modernity: a dairy-produce hall in the new market at Rungis

All the inhabitants of Les Halles, even those (the majority) who did not earn their living from the market, share a very real concern about the future. The district now has to be cleaned up, renewed, transformed. But this will entail the levelling of many old buildings; 268 have already been condemned.

The 6,000 people who live in them—many were born there—will be uprooted. The tragic fact is that 18 per cent of the district's residents are over 65 years of age, and three-quarters of them live on tiny subsistence-level incomes. Recently they formed a citizens' committee, the Champeaux Union. Its objective is "not to oppose necessary changes, but to defend the right to live of the inhabitants, and the historic sites in Les Halles."

Historic Riches. The district is studded with 528 "art treasures." Among them are the Saint Jacques Tower, a Gothic marvel built in the fifteenth century with funds donated by the famous alchemist Nicolas Flamel; the proud church of Saint-Eustache, half Gothic, half Renaissance, built by a tax levied on every basket of fish to come into the market, and the Fountain of the Innocents, sole vestige of the famed charnel house.

In 1963, some four years after the government's decision to transfer the market to the suburbs, the Préfet de la Seine asked experts to put forward a number of redevelopment studies. Schemes were advanced for up to 900,000 square metres that would include office space, music, dance and art centres, a new finance ministry building, a journalists' centre.

Every plan, and the size of the operation, brought stormy debate. In March 1968, for example, tens of thousands filed past mock-ups at the Hotel de Ville to see for themselves the extent of the demolition necessary to realize the programme. In the visitors' books, a number of angry hands scribbled: "No to the giant rabbit warrens!"

However, encouragement came for the partisans of old Paris when, in a 12-day special session last October, the Paris Municipal Council went on record as advocating a solution reconciling the exigencies of modern life with the protection of the treasures of history. Last July, a plan was finally approved.

The 12 pavilions of Les Halles will be demolished. But no other obtrusive construction will take their place. An open space will be designed for the market square, while an ultra-modern "forum" will be created underground.

This cave-dwellers' metropolis will be 150,000 square metres in area, surrounded by commercial arcades in which, it is hoped, shops will alternate with cafés, restaurants, night-clubs, cinemas. It will be served by the central station of the express underground railway system, now under construction, crossing Paris from east to west. Users of the forum will breathe conditioned air, and enormous portholes will admit sunlight.

Further to the east, above ground, a public library with accommodation for several thousand people will be built on the empty plateau of

Beaubourg, while to the west, an ultra-modern, international trade centre will be erected.

When the new concrete-and-steel "Market of National Interest" at Rungis becomes 100 per cent operative in 1970, it will be the world's largest market, covering 504 acres. Its rail and truck depots will be able to handle 500 railway carriages and 18,000 lorries a day; its refrigerator units, with a capacity of 90,000 cubic metres, will be able to swallow up nearly two million tons of food. Dealers will have at their disposal 2,000 telephone lines, 22 snack bars, a tower containing the offices of 17 banks, and a socio-medical centre.

So Paris's market has shed its medieval gown for a dress in the style of the year 2000. And Parisians, by and large, are regretfully resigned to the necessity.

But lovers of the old quarter, from the rich night-owl to the humble pedlar, remain inconsolable. Assurances that famous buildings and ancient monuments will not be destroyed are not enough. What is needed is that the "magic" of Les Halles should somehow be revived in a different form—the magic that lay in the activity, the bustling picturesque life, the diversity and contrasts of the market.

Only then will the new development that is to be implanted in the heart of Paris "take." Only then will Parisians be able to say, with good heart, "Les Halles is dead. Long live Les Halles!"

Weather-Beaten

THE TELEVISION newscaster reported that a scheduled protest meeting had been abandoned when so few people turned up because of the heavy rain. Hearing this, my teenage son muttered, "If there is one thing I can't stand it's a fair-weather fanatic." —M. J. G.

Note Worthy

DURING the 1930s my father completed *The World Crisis,* wrote *Marlborough,* and planned *A History of the English Speaking Peoples.* On completion, a signed copy of each book was sent to his closest friends, and they, of course, would send their thanks promptly to the exuberant author.

As the years went on and the number of volumes increased, it became a little difficult for everyone to vary his thanks, and on the completion of the volumes of *Marlborough,* my father received a note from a friend which said: "Dear Winston, Thank you for your book. I have put it on the shelf with the others." —Sarah Churchill, *A Thread in the Tapestry* (Deutsch)

Crashdown in 'Green Hell'

By Robert Strother

The incredible story of 'Operation Fine Tooth Comb' and the men of the Brazilian Air Force plane 2068 who waited for rescue in the Amazon jungle

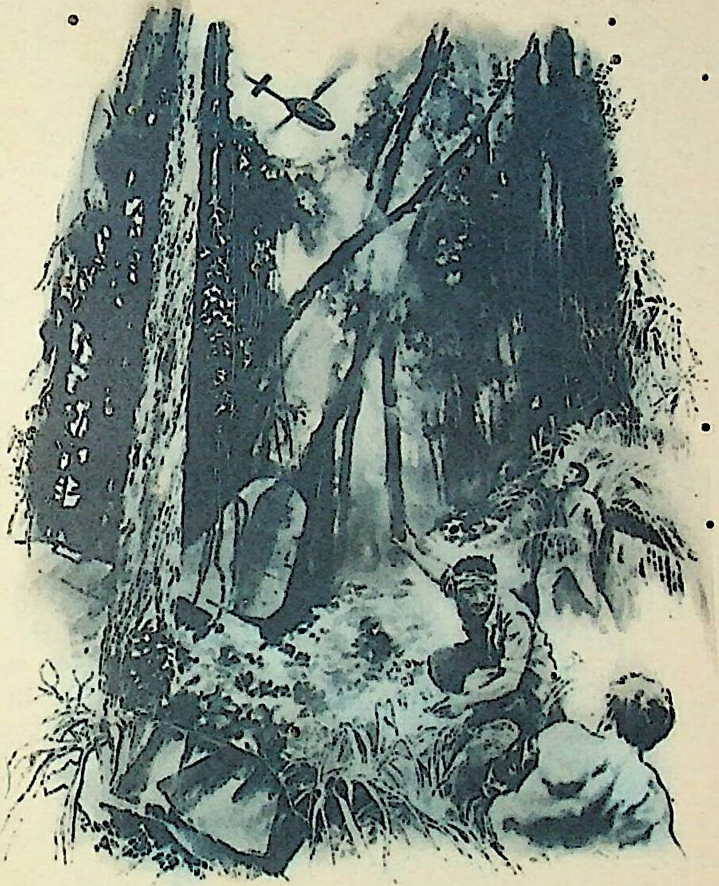
In the early morning hours of June 16, 1967, the 25 young men aboard Brazilian Air Force plane No. 2068 knew that they were in desperate trouble. Captain Newton Nogueira de Almeida, veteran of more than 3,000 hours of jungle flying, was soaked with sweat, living the nightmare he had so long dreaded. First his radio direction-finder had conked out. Crosswinds had driven him far off course. After vainly searching for an emergency landing strip in the pitch blackness, he was now on a heading that might lead him to Ponta Pelada airport at Manaus, capital of Amazonas State. But that would take a miracle—his fuel gauges glowed E, for Empty.

Chances of surviving a crash were slight, he knew, and the hope of rescue from the Amazon jungle even more remote. The dense foliage would close over his old C-47 like waves over a sinking pebble.

On the radio the voice from Manaus, tantalizingly near and strong, told the men that lightning flashes in a storm south of the city might give them something to steer by; but the windshield might have been shrouded in black velvet.

Back in the cabin, Lieutenant Luiz Velly, jungle survival expert, thought bitterly about the failure of his mission. He and his soldiers had boarded this plane for Cachimbo, an outpost in Pará State that feared an attack by Indians. Beside him, Medical Captain Paulo Fernandes looked round at the men. The hands of his watch pointed to 4.30.

Suddenly the word came back: prepare for crash landing! Staff Sergeant Barbosa de Souza opened the big door of the C-47 and the soldiers jettisoned guns, ammunition boxes, anything that could become a projectile in a crash. Helped by airmen, Lieutenant Velly and the doctor, inflated the two life-rafts and



packed pillows and blankets round the pilots to protect them on impact.

Then rough vibrations shook the plane and the engines began to cough. Just before dawn Staff Sergeant Godinho sent out his last radio message: "Colleagues, plane 2068 is going down!"

Neither the occupants of the doomed plane nor ground-based personnel could pinpoint the site. Virtually the only hope was that someone among the scattered dwellers in the region might locate the crash and find a way to report it.

At first light, four aeroplanes took off from Ponta Pelada airport for settlements along the vast Amazon River system, seeking clues from rubber-gatherers and fishermen. At the same time Major Wilson Silva Cardoso, co-ordinator of

Search and Rescue, was setting up a rescue sub-centre at Manaus airport. Reinforcements—planes, helicopters, amphibians—came from all over the country. The search for 2068, "Operation Fine Tooth Comb," became the biggest rescue effort in the history of Brazilian aviation.

In the days that followed, 34 aircraft took off from Ponta Pelada at dawn every morning, and every evening Major Cardoso pushed more coloured pins in his map to indicate areas searched in vain. Outside on the airstrip, paratroopers waited impatiently to go to work—but where?

Hopeful Clue. Then one day electrifying news came in. A jungle dweller claimed to have heard a plane going down somewhere near his home. And two planes flying near the town of Tefé had picked up what seemed to be radio signals.

Major Cardoso and his staff moved at once to Tefé, more than 500 kilometres up the Amazon. The Brazilian Air Force was locked in combat with its ancient enemy, the jungle.

When 2068 crashed, the fuselage broke into three sections as it plunged through trees and vines 55 metres to the jungle floor. Bodies were flung everywhere. Fire broke out in the central section, blowing up ammunition overlooked when the cargo was jettisoned. Sergeant Barbosa—dazed, bleeding in a dozen places, and with his left leg broken—scrambled out and managed to tumble and crawl to a safe distance. With no fuel to feed on, the fire soon went out and complete silence followed. Barbosa feared he was the only survivor.

But six others had lived: Lieutenant Velly, Captain Fernandes, Staff Sergeant Botelho, Airman Geraldo Calderaro, Airman Nelson da Silva Barros, and 17-year-old Private Ivan Brito. All seven men had broken bones, burns and wounds and, too deep in shock to move or to beat off the ravenous mosquitoes, they lay in agony all Friday and Saturday without food or water.

"At 2 a.m. on Sunday, June 18, we were awakened by Doctor Paulo and Lieutenant Velly calling for water," Sergeant Barbosa wrote in the diary he forced himself to keep in the belief that it might prove useful in future rescue operations.* "At 6 a.m., Airman Silva Barros was able to hobble to a brook 50 metres away and bring water to the two officers and Airman Calderaro. In the afternoon I made a pair of crutches and went to visit the injured. I found Airman Calderaro dead. I immobilized the broken leg of Doctor Paulo. Please God we won't wake up in the morning with another dead man."

On Monday, Private Brito, despite head injuries and a left leg

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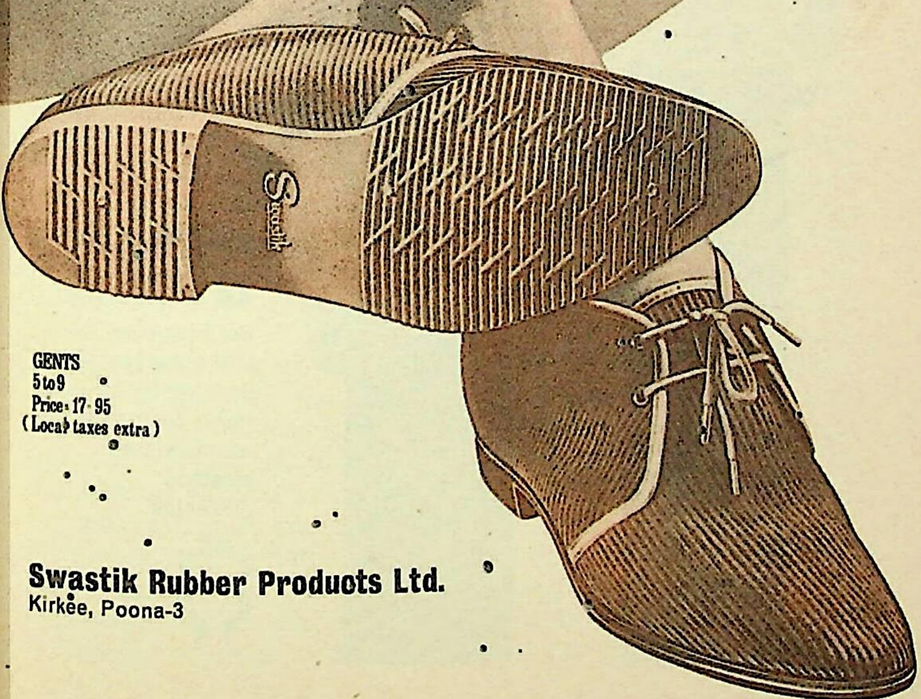

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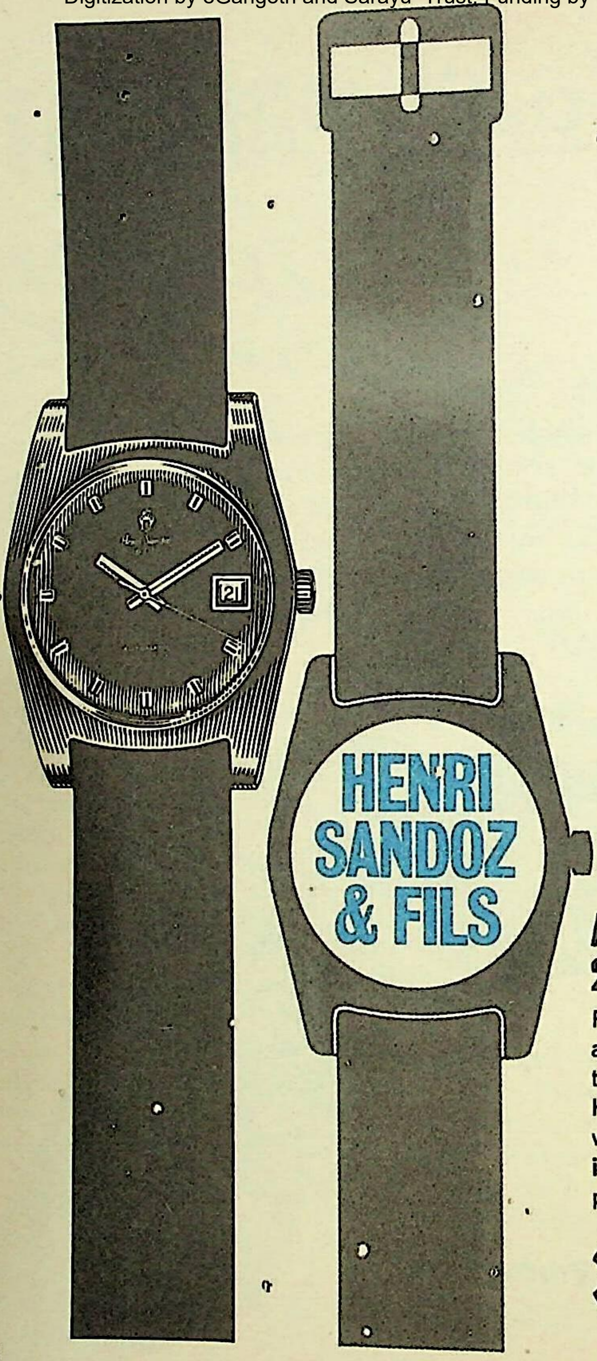
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almost severed at the knee, managed to leave the tail section of the plane and enter the dead pilot's cabin. There he found several cans of frankfurters and other fire-damaged supplies. A ration of one frankfurter a day per person was established.

Calls for Help. In the main cabin, Barbosa and Barros moved some bodies and found the emergency radio transmitter. They managed to rig the antenna the next day, and every day thereafter when they could find the strength they cranked out SOS signals.

"Today we scored a great victory," Barbosa wrote on Wednesday. "We managed to get Doctor Paulo and Lieutenant Velly into the tail section of the plane." Barbosa with his torn and broken leg had twice crawled 20 metres, through mud and thorns, with an officer on his back.

On Thursday the vultures that had been circling watchfully aloft dropped boldly into the clearing. Despite the shouts of the survivors they went calmly about their ghoulish work.

In anger and disgust, Barbosa snatched out his pistol. But, even as his finger was tightening on the trigger, he realized his folly—he could flush the vultures with a shot only once. He must save his fire until it would force the birds, whose presence signals death, to announce the presence of life. He put the gun back in its holster.

Both Saturday and Sunday were rainy, but the survivors' spirits were kept up by occasional sounds of distant aircraft. The searchers seemed to be closing in.

At about 10.30 on Monday morning, they again heard a plane, far off but approaching. Sergeant Barbosa pulled out his pistol and waited. Everything depended on the timing of his shot. If he fired an instant too early or too late, the plane might pass on unawares. And that, beyond doubt, would be the end. Suddenly it seemed to Barbosa that the engines were fading, and he pulled the trigger.

The boom alarmed the vultures, but they rose awkwardly, seeming too gorged to fly. Barbosa fired again and again until his magazine was empty. It was just enough; the vultures rose in a lumbering spiral above the jungle.

In the search plane several hundred metres away, Major Sérgio Favero saw the vultures emerge from the interlaced treetops. Banking sharply, he headed for the spot and one of his men caught a glimpse of a plane's wing on the jungle floor. Into his chest microphone, Major Favero spoke the message all Brazil had been waiting so long to hear: "Plane found. Location approximately West 66, South 0215."

But death was not yet finished with No. 2068. The following morning, while they waited for rescue, Airman Barros asked Barbosa to fan him—he couldn't catch his breath and his teeth were locked. "I tried to open his mouth but couldn't," Barbosa wrote. "Airman Barros died at 11.30 a.m. . . . We prayed for our hero, since it was he who had furnished us with water the whole time . . ."

Ten minutes later a rescue helicopter appeared over the clearing. "They are trying to land but unfortunately it is impossible . . . We are crying with joy. They went away but signalled us to be calm. Between 2 and 3 p.m. they appeared again. Oh my God, what joy! Now the first man comes down [a rope from the hovering helicopter] to rescue us . . ."

"Operation Fine Tooth Comb" was still beset with frustrations. There was no open place large enough for the helicopter within a hundred kilometres, and so while the clattering machine flapped and bobbed above, a doctor and medical technicians went down the 60 metres of rope. Food supplies and equipment were shuttled from the Tefé base. But after two strenuous days of tree-clearing in the rain, the open area was still too small to risk a landing.

Finally, at 2.30 on the afternoon of June 29, the helicopter returned with a powerful new winch. Captain Paulo was lashed into a stretcher and pulled up. Next came Lieutenant Velly. The others were brought up, one at a time, in a rescue harness. At his own insistence, the last to leave was Sergeant Barbosa. The dead were brought out later and given a military funeral in Belém.

Gift of Thanks. Sergeant Barbosa and his wife made their deep gratitude for the rescue an instrument for good. Publishers were bidding briskly for rights to his diary, and he was a hard bargainer. He got 5,000 new cruzeiros for it (more than Rs. 11,950), but although that sum is equal to a year's salary, the young couple did not keep one centavo for themselves. They gave it all to the widows and children of Barbosa's dead comrades.

It remained, however, for President Arthur da Costa e Silva to put the tragedy and triumph of Air Force plane No. 2068 in context: "The rescue of these survivors surpasses anything in the history of the Brazilian Air Force, which is permeated with the heroic spirit of our youth, and symbolizes the courage, energy and determination of all Brazilians in the assertion of our sovereignty over one of the largest and most fabulous areas of the earth —the Amazonian jungle. It is an episode that thrills us as human beings, and fills us with pride as citizens of the Brazilian nation."

SIR ROBERT MENZIES, former Prime Minister of Australia, said at a National Press Club luncheon in Washington: "We're a very progressive country. In fact, it's tomorrow there right now!"

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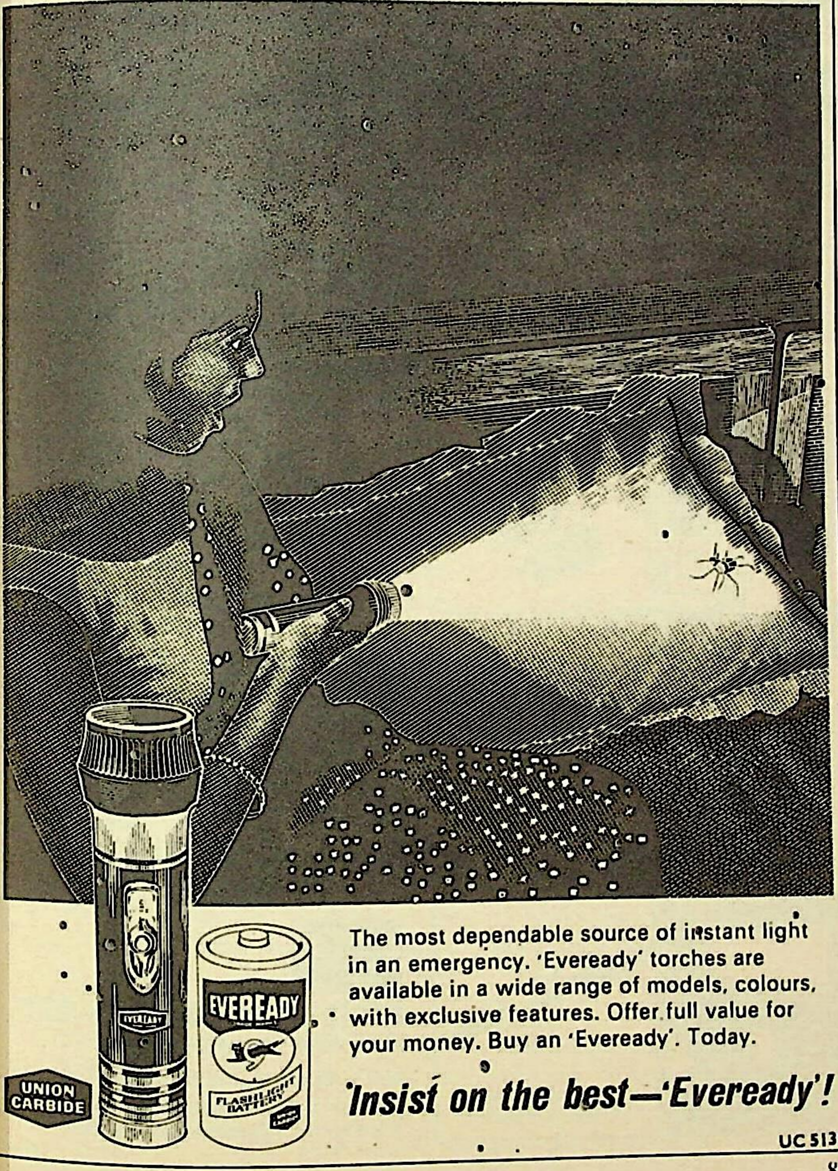
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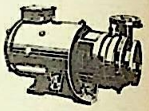

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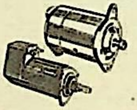

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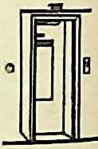

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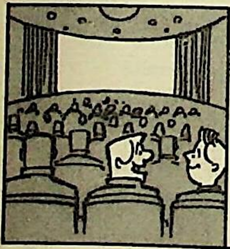

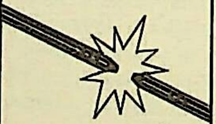

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'Use It Up! Wear It Out! Make It Do!'

People of Vermont State, U.S.A., are famous for industriousness, reserved speech, and looking after themselves. Vermonters, it is said, are usually born, not made. But this determined family graduated with flying colours

By George Morrill

THE AFTERNOON I lured a banker to our half-built cabin on a Vermont mountainside, it began to snow. Frozen clothes made a clacking noise on the line. Six and a half kilometres across the valley, a light twinkled—our only visible neighbour. The banker lifted a brow at our unfinished rafters, at the wet nappies hanging over a wood stove. "Winter's not far away," he said, edging out of the door. "Move to town, young folks."

My wife smiled. "But we're *invested* here." Phyllis and I had sunk our savings—1,000 dollars—in this six-acre outpost near Saxtons River. After three years on ocean tankers, I had fallen in love with the silent earth. All summer we had waded in wild flowers. Our little son, Pete, had spent his playtime with crickets.

By autumn, we were hooked. We wanted a permanent home here. That meant finding a loan.

"I'll get a different banker—with romance," I said.

The fourth banker I tried, a grey-haired Vermonter with keen, steel-blue eyes, listened to my raptures over our property. Then he said, "Sounds like a proposition for chipmunks and summer visitors." He lent us 500 dollars.

What first? A fireplace. I bought a shovel and started digging the foundation. Phyllis sent for a book entitled, *Electric Wiring: How to Install It*. For daily bread, I took a

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printing job 21 kilometres away.

From the start it was a close battle. We bought the wrong electric wire. Food funds ran low. But we learned to make do. Any steel I could find—including an antique Ford Model T running-board—went into the fireplace for reinforcing. Two thin trees, joined with bed slats, became a much-needed ladder. We nailed so many pieces of packing crates into the rough kitchen that we dubbed the place "Morrills' Scrap House."

Visitors looked in, puzzled but friendly. "Winter came quickly," said Richard Bradley, a jovial old farmer who lived down the road. He brought us some eggs, but was so scrupulously polite—wiping his feet again and again before stepping in—that I knew he considered us mere summer folk. True Vermonters, we had noticed, strode everywhere in muddy boots, and growled amiable insults at the world. "We'll have to earn our pedigree up here," I said.

Autumn's End. Meanwhile, the mountain changed. Its rose and gold carpet of leaves vanished in a shiny covering of frost. "It's a change from the flat," said Phyllis, who was eight months pregnant. "We're *so* alone."

But that very morning a deer lifted velvet-brown ears at us from the birches. Next day a racoon waded sleepily through the brook. Red squirrels prised halves of squeezed oranges from our frozen garbage and tucked them high in the maple trees—gay-coloured caches of vitamin C. We raised our coffee mugs to the frosty windows. We weren't alone at all.

Now minutes became jewels. Could we burrow in before the first real blizzard? "We should be scared stiff—but there isn't time," I said.

Harsh Necessity. The mysteries of construction seem to fade when you are in the wilderness—you *have* to do something. In the pre-dawn dark, I mounted the chimney scaffold with cement and stones. At night, I crawled under the floor and strung the power system. Phyllis pulled wires on the other end, shouting instructions from the book. "When we throw the switch, I'm wearing rubber-soled shoes," she said.

Overalled men at the ironmonger's shop would listen patiently, then suggest moves. We used an oil drum for a workbench, a barn beam for a mantel. An ugly Victorian bed went four ways—metal into the concrete, legs into the stove, mattress against a chilly wall, headboard into the roof of a lean-to. Our survival motto, borrowed from a Second World War slogan, read: *Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do.*

Saw. Hammer. Mix mortar. Bit by bit, we learned an ancient truth—anxiety disappears if you keep in action. Weary at night, we sat by the roaring stove. Phyllis read to Pete while the kerosene-fired lantern hissed. I should have worried about the shrinking woodpile or the coming baby—but I just blew on my hot tomato soup. We slept like sacks of sand.

The next month brought victory and defeat. I scrounged money for a small floor furnace. Electricity was connected and flowed into our one-bulb fixtures without a single short circuit. We installed a party-line phone.

But when I bought a load of wood, the lorry broke through our bridge. Twenty centimetres of snow fell, and Phyllis began having labour pains. I piled planks and sheet metal on the sagging bridge, then packed Phyllis and Pete in the car. Gingerly we crossed the bridge and raced to the hospital.

In less than a week our overworked doctor sent her back with Mike, a rubbery bundle of more than three kilograms. Her mother arrived from Connecticut to lend a hand. She made the bunks, washed nappies and was heroically cheerful. (Only years later would she admit that she cried most of the way back home after her two-week stay.)

Now twisting snow storms slammed down. Vermont's arctic vice had closed at last. In the nick of time I finished the fireplace and built a triumphant, howling blaze.

I had to ski down the mountain and bring up food by knapsack. Huge icicles, over a metre long, grew in our windows. At night we looked out through these glittering fangs at the moon shining on a dream landscape of snow-covered mounds like castle turrets.

I installed the floor furnace, then as I wondered how to get a teacup of fuel, Richard Bradley drove up in a log sled, his big grey horses smoking at the nostrils. He rolled off six barrels of kerosene. "Should see you through—if you don't start drinking it," he said. "And they won't bill you till March."

That evening, Phyllis fed the baby by the fire and watched Pete play with his pine-scrap blocks. "I think we're going to make it through the winter," she said. I was sure of it.

Simple Comfort. Even though the temperature dropped to 25 degrees below freezing, and several birds froze on their branches, inside our cabin warmth and light blossomed. I installed a second-hand water heater. In awe, we waded in a tub billowing with steam clouds. "Baths every night!" And to make the luxury more delectable, we ventured out each day, regardless of the weather.

A congealed world, silent and milky, scented with evergreen, welcomed us. Far below, threads of smoke rose from Saxtons River. In brilliant sunlight, I tossed Pete into the snowdrifts. He struggled to the surface unhurt, holding up his arms for more.

Gradually we grew attuned to the wild. The quiet mountain, we discovered, was actually crowded with noise. There was the rattle of ice-coated branches, the glug-a-glug of

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brook water, the whoomf of snow sliding off bent trees. Once we heard the blood-chilling *screeeeeeeh* of a bobcat. Later I found reddish-yellow tufts of fur under an oak—evidence of forest strife that only the acorns will ever remember.

January . . . February . . . a pipe froze . . . a storm door blew apart. But we were in the clear now. We weren't even worried when in March our jeep broke an axle and money ran out. I went back to the banker, fingering my cap. "Poaching any deer up there?" he said—and lent us another 500 dollars.

Rich again! We mended the jeep and sheathed the living-room in knotty pine. Phyllis discovered church sales and re-clothed us in used sweaters for a dollar apiece.

Then, without warning, winter collapsed. "The south wind," said Phyllis one morning, inhaling. For two weeks the mountain was afloat. Day and night the brook bellowed. Then the road appeared, bright with mud. And sweet fragrances drifted back. This was our spring, earned in a fair fight.

A farmer from across the valley raced up on his tractor, investigating the new season. He leaned down while Richard Bradley and I toed the hard ruts. We all cursed the road commissioner for not bringing gravel, and complained about taxes. The farmer said, "You boys winter on this God-forsaken mountain? Lonely, ain't it?"

He thundered off. Richard Bradley snorted, *"God-forsaken!* That young whippersnapper couldn't see through a barbed-wire fence!"

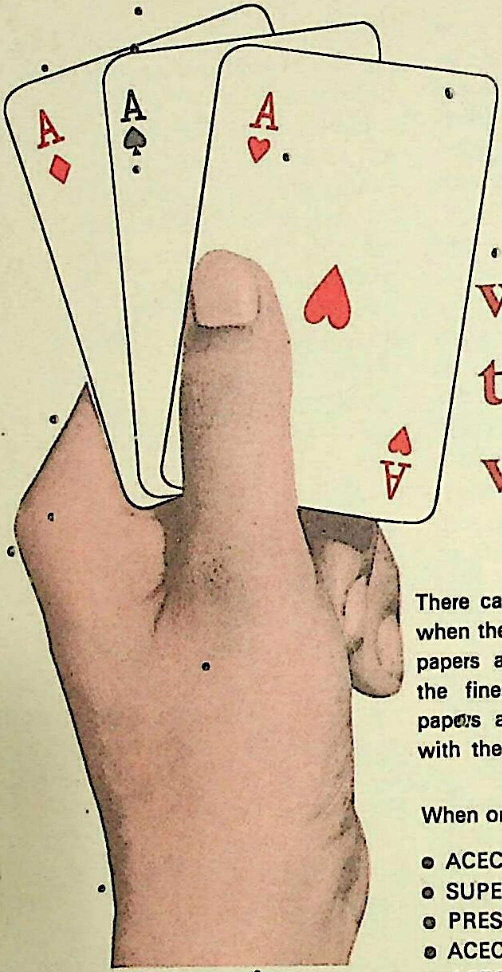
I said, "His crummy tractor has a piston-slap." I was one of those half-mud, half-growl guys now. I was a Vermonter.

TWENTY years have passed. The cabin—grown to a house—is still ours, although we live three hours away (for job reasons). Each summer we arrive with shovels and carpenter's tools, poised for a new project. Our four boys supply the muscle-power now. One year it was a kitchen addition, built with timber from an old work camp. Last year it was a retaining wall, made of gravel and three wrecked cars. We've dug a pond, cleared a field, planted fruit trees.

Some evenings Phyllis and I sit in garden chairs and watch whipped-cream clouds tumble down from Canada. She'll say, "Remember when we raked the fireplace to find nails?" And I'll say, "How about the time you glued tyre-casings to our worn-out shoes?"

Vermont taught us her finest lesson—how to take care of ourselves. We're grateful.

ASKED by a devout woman whether he believed in miracles, Picasso replied, "Yes—ever since I learned that Utrillo did 2,000 paintings in his lifetime and that there are 4,000 of them around today."



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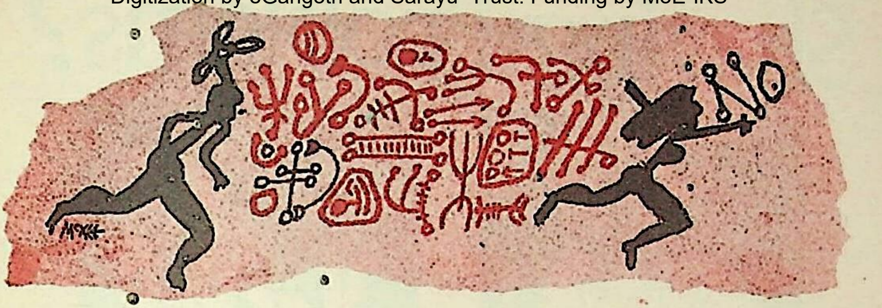

Towards More Picturesque Speech

Imagine It! The sharp burst of camera clicks printed a dotted line across the silence (S. A.) . . . The film does not simply tug at your heart strings, it crochets them into a shawl (C. C.) . . . Children running around at the top of their lungs (P. J. C.) . . . At least three chins quarrelled constantly for a place on his collar (G. B. S.) . . . He not only closed the subject, he sat on the lid (Mary Renault) . . . As she left the room, her words tiptoed back (Mrs. H. E. P.)

Why Knot? Marriage is a gamble that can win a full house (D. H.) . . . It's a myth that brides blush. Actually, their faces are flushed with victory (Roger Allen) . . . Every girl wants to embark upon the sea of matrimony when she finds the buoy she wants (James Butler)

Deft Definitions. Biography: Career view mirror (John Blaha) . . . Riot: Crowdburst (J. Murrell) . . . Hypochondria: Sham pain (H. E.) . . . Patron of the arts: Mural support (R. J. C.) . . . Russian Central Committee: Crème de la Kremlin (P. B.) . . . Window shopping: Eye-browsing (B. C. D.) . . . Relay team: Sole brothers (M. R.) . . . Corduroy: Groovy fabric (Joyce Markes) . . . Chain smoker: Constant drag (Carol Lynn) . . . Hippie language: Psychedialect (Gloria Kinard) . . . Nepotism: All the kin's men (Susan Hagen)

Mixed Bunch. Since we say a herd of cattle, a pack of wolves, a pride of lions, etc., why not a trip of hippies . . . a wince of dentists . . . a lurch of buses . . . a wrangle of philosophers . . . a shrivel of critics . . . a descent of relatives (James Lipton)

Young Tongues. Little girl greeting father: "I knew you were coming, Daddy. I heard your footprints" (C. G. S.) . . . Said of a family with two sets of twin boys: "They live in a four-bedlam house" (Bill Herman) . . . Small child in car at traffic lights: "Amber means Mummy stops and Daddy goes" (Mrs. G. L. N.)

Signs of the Times. Notice in a restaurant near a U.S. spacecraft centre: "We are known for our waitlessness" (R. M.) . . . On counter advertising allergy remedies: "Buy now and avoid the rash" (Michael Ray)

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ASP/L-58

Norway's Wondrous Ideas Bank

By James Hudson

Its capital is the inspiration of ordinary people. Its interest, a livelier, closer-knit nation

KNUT VADSETH

On the air: Erik Bye (third from left) with members of the ideas panel

Erik Bye, a strapping, 43-year-old Norwegian with a perpetual smile, is probably the only banker in the world who gives away his capital to as many people as possible. But his capital is ideas, not money, and his bank—*Idébanken*—is actually a unique television programme run by the Norwegian State Broadcasting Corporation (NRK). Harnessing the ingenuity of ordinary people, *Idébanken* acts as a giant suggestion box, seeking out problems all over Norway and inviting viewers to solve them.

The *Idébanken* (Ideas Bank) had its beginnings in 1966 when Erik Bye had a radio show called *Studio 19*. On this, experts debated topics of current interest with listeners who phoned in from all over the country.

One evening its subject was a particularly serious one for a maritime nation: the production of fishing boats. One of Norway's leading contractors had written an article claiming that mass production could reduce the cost of building such vessels by 30 per cent. "Can anyone tell us if this is really feasible?" Erik asked.

Among the many people who rang in during the debate was Sven Ødegård, a shipbuilder willing to meet the challenge. He would design two trial vessels. The success of this show gave Erik his great idea. Why not use television to put Norway's problems before the people, and invite their ideas for improvement and innovation?

Theory in Action. Bye presented his plan to the NRK directors, and with their approval the first *Idébanken* show went on the air on January 8, 1967. Its first problem was the one raised on *Studio 19*—the mass production of efficient, comfortable boats that ordinary fishermen could afford.

Fishing, pointed out Bye's expert panellists, was very important to the country's economy, accounting for up to 20 per cent of its export revenue. But Norway's coastal fishing fleet was badly outdated. Its boats were an average 33 years old and lacked even the most basic conveniences—crews worked for days in icy cold without even a lavatory or a separate galley on board. Small wonder that in the last 20 years the number of fishermen had fallen from 86,000 to 50,000. Furthermore, of the fleet's 36,000 boats, no two were alike. Each had been custom-built to its owner's individual specifications.

Having outlined the problem, Bye invited his viewers to solve it. The response was overwhelming.

Erik pushed ahead with his idea. Industrial experts soon rallied to the mass-production concept, and as the first boat began to take shape, the programme kept track of its progress. Viewers watched over its construction and launching, then saw it actually at work, sailing along the coast to fishing grounds in Finnmark and the Lofoten Islands.

Today six identical boats—each costing 25 per cent less than similar custom-made models—are working up and down the Norwegian coast. They have the latest electronic equipment, a decent lavatory, an adequate galley; and sleeping quarters are twice as large as in the old boats. Their skippers are delighted, and are bringing in top catches wherever they fish.

Soon Erik's programme became a national conversation piece; almost every show drew hundreds of letters and innumerable phone calls. This avalanche of inspiration was sifted by a volunteer staff of specialists who advised Erik on ideas in their respective fields. Take eels, for instance.

Norway's waters swarm with eels. They are prized as a delicacy in most European countries, but Norwegians had paid scant attention to them, either as a tasty domestic food or as a profitable export item. Why shouldn't the country draw more benefit from this resource?

Bye brought a biologist to his programme to describe the life cycle

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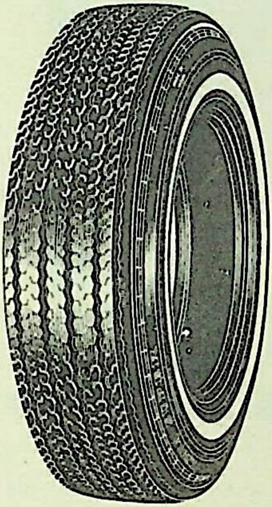

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"I've used Sungloss in my drawing room," says popular film star Leela Naidu, "because it is the only decorative surfacing which has over a hundred international designs and colours to choose from. So I can get the right pattern to go with my furniture."

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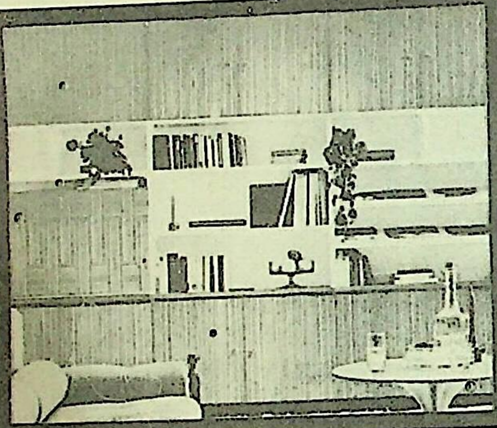

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of the eel. Then he interviewed fishermen who explained how to catch them. A cook from Tromsø demonstrated how to prepare them, and an exporter discussed the market for them abroad. Simple, inexpensive eel traps were displayed on the show, and to those interested, *Idébanken* distributed 8,000 copies of a pamphlet on how to build and use them. Public response was brisk. A group of trainees in a special school for the mentally retarded began making *Idébanken* eel traps to fill the orders that cascaded in.

Today the eel catch is up all over Norway. The project typifies the kind of chain-reaction *Idébanken* strives for: higher profits, a new product for export, extra jobs in associated industries, and increased work for the handicapped.

Peripatetic Life. Bye was born in America to Norwegian parents. His father was an opera singer, and he spent his first six years touring America with his family. The Byes then returned to Norway and Erik grew up outside Oslo. During the Second World War he joined the resistance at the age of 16, and eventually fled to Sweden to enlist in the Norwegian Ski Trooper battalion. At war's end, he won a one-year scholarship to continue his education in the United States. That one year stretched into seven, during which he worked at any job he could find to see the country and to finance his studies towards an M.A. in English.

Back in Oslo, he married his childhood sweetheart. Their early days of married life were difficult: Erik wanted to be a journalist, but couldn't find a job. Instead, he found himself at home preparing dinner for his working wife. Eventually, however, he found work with Associated Press in Oslo. Then, after three years in London as a programme assistant with the BBC, he joined the NRK and eventually graduated to *Idébanken*.

For the first six months Erik put in unbelievably long hours preparing the programme, travelling, lecturing, rounding up volunteer assistants. In the beginning cash, office space and staff were woefully short. But despite its difficulties, the programme forged ahead, seeking new ways to tackle all sorts of problems. Some of these were big, even national, in scale. One such problem was what Bye calls the "depopulation epidemic" in rural areas. There, in the face of the harsh climate, backwardness and chronic unemployment, young people are leaving for the cities at an alarming rate. Yet some of these areas, Bye believes, could keep their populations by finding ways of making their unused resources productive.

One such resource is the small rural factory. All over Norway many such plants produce goods for local markets without operating at full capacity. At the same time many large companies in metropolitan areas are hampered in their output for lack of subcontractors. When one *Idébanken* viewer, Odmund Sanne, suggested that the programme act as a clearing-house for the subcontracting business, he was promptly put in charge of developing the idea.

Sanne's plan was ingenious. First he found manufacturers who offered him sample products that they wanted to subcontract. He showed these samples on television, giving a code number for each. Interested subcontractors were then told to go to any bank or post office where they could pick up specially prepared IBM cards on which to indicate their qualifications for the job. IBM in Oslo sorted the responses as a free, goodwill service to the business community. Soon buyers and sellers were being matched and negotiating deals. For many subcontractors, these deals have meant the difference between just staying open and making a profit.

Not all of *Idébanken's* ideas are commercially ambitious. One project, for example, began with a man who had seen puppets used to entertain and teach children in a hospital where his own daughter was a patient. *Idébanken* brought in an expert from the most famous puppet theatre in Czechoslovakia, where puppetry is an old tradition. The expert taught physically handicapped carpenters how to build puppet theatres, and showed mentally handicapped children how to make the puppets. Then he put on puppet shows, advising schools and hospitals on how best to use them.

When his work was shown on *Idébanken,* the programme was swamped with letters asking for more information. The result was a specially prepared pamphlet on puppetry and an *Idébanken* puppet-play course. One father's idea has thus produced work for the handicapped, joy for sick children, a new teaching tool and a spur to the arts.

Spreading Abroad. Such successes have paid off with an almost unprecedented following for *Idébanken.* Predictably, it has got other countries thinking. Finland started a radio version last November, and Britain, Germany and Sweden have also expressed interest in the idea. In Norway itself, *Idébanken* is dropping its hectic twice-a-month schedule to concentrate on carrying out, with the help of private and government organizations, the projects launched in the past two years.

Erik Bye, meanwhile, is still busily preparing new programmes, some five or six of which will appear this year. He has never allowed himself to forget that *Idébanken's* mission was not to achieve success in show business for its own sake, but, instead, to provide a new and needed public service.

MOST road accidents are easily explained: the car is in gear and the driver's attention is in neutral.

—Quoted in *Le Hérisson,* France

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Ace reporter and writer, he became a legend in his own action-packed lifetime

Unforgettable Damon Runyon

By Walter Winchell

BROADWAY — Damon Runyon. Damon Runyon — Broadway. The names have been inseparable ever since the two met. Damon's writings made the fabled street and its colourful denizens known around the world. And even now memories of him lurk everywhere along the Great White Way, the Broadway theatre district.

I pass Lindy's restaurant, where I still seem to see Damon sitting far into the night, silently sipping coffee, listening to the bookies and show girls and gangsters who would later appear in his stories. Turning off Broadway, I see the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, where *Guys and Dolls*, a musical based on Damon's characters, blossomed as one of the theatre's most durable hits. My car passes "Jacobs Beach" —a patch of sidewalk once the haunt of the fight mob—where Damon often indulged his urge to discover and manage a boxer who would become a heavyweight champion. As I drive silently along, my

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old friend's words come back to me. "Listen to it roar," he would say, with a wave of his arm to encompass the city. And roar it still does.

I first met Damon in the early 1920s at Billy LaHiff's Tavern, where, as a young ex-song-and-dance man, I was gathering snippets for the *Vaudeville News*. Runyon, in his early 40s, was thin with a serious mien and rimless glasses. He might have passed for a deacon were it not for his clothes. He had a lot of suits, and expensive monogrammed ties with matching shirts and handkerchiefs, and he changed outfits several times a day. It was a part of the legend that had been building up around him for years.

Alfred Damon Runyon was born in Manhattan, Kansas, the son of an itinerant printer and newspaperman. He served in the Philippines in the Spanish-American War while still in his teens, then worked on newspapers in Colorado and Missouri. When he applied for a job on the Denver *Post*, the managing editor asked the office boy to have Runyon send in his calling card. Young Damon had no card, of course, so he took a pack of playing cards and extracted an ace. "Give him that," he told the office boy. He got the job. Later, on the staff of the *Rocky Mountain News*, he developed into a crack reporter.

In 1910 Damon made his way to New York, where he was employed as a sportswriter by William Randolph Hearst's *American*. His lively, crackling style attracted attention. In a few years he had his own column and was covering the biggest stories.

He was a correspondent in France during the First World War, covered many famous murder trials and Lindbergh's reception after his transatlantic flight. His vivid accounts often made him almost as much a celebrity as the principals themselves.

But his first love was sport. You'd find him wherever the action was. And wherever he went he would run into old pals: fighters, sportswriters, gamblers, film stars. Like the "oldest established permanent floating crap game" he later wrote about, in his peregrinations he drew a sort of permanent floating welcoming reception.

Joining the Fray. Though a celebrity, Damon—The Demon, his friends called him—asked no favours as a reporter. He would squeeze into a cramped space at a championship game or crowded court-house press room, oblivious to the confusion around him. Then with hat-brim pulled low over his glasses, he would peck away with two fingers at his portable typewriter.

Concentrating, he perceived details that other reporters missed. He often wrote in the present tense to give the reader the feeling of actually seeing the drama unfold. His account of General Pershing's triumphal parade down Fifth Avenue after the First World War was such a classic that Gene Fowler, another great reporter, groaned to his editor, "From now on, *please* don't send me on any story Runyon is assigned to."

Damon maintained a strange schedule. He loved the night and would spend most of it going "round and about," as he called it, to his favourite haunts, soaking up material for his column. With the arrival of "the tubercular light of early dawn," as he described it, he would go to the office to write his column. Only then would he go home.

Eventually this routine became too much for his wife, Ellen. She moved to the suburbs with their son and daughter, and Damon took a hotel room in the heart of the Broadway district he loved.

Great Observer. Doing my own column for the *Mirror,* I would often encounter Damon in the mid-town spots, surrounded as always—by athletes, chorus girls and newspapermen. He had been a heavy drinker in his youth, but after coming to New York he drank only coffee while he sat talking, listening and observing.

Damon knew everyone from Johnny Broderick, Broadway's toughest policeman, to gangster Al Capone and Mayor Jimmy Walker. His range of knowledge was amazing. He and singer Bing Crosby once spent an evening talking about horses and boxers. For every fighter or horse that Crosby named, Damon reeled off all the vital statistics. "Damon," Bing finally said, "you must *listen* to everything you hear."

As fine as Damon's newspaper writing was, I felt that he should be writing something more permanent, and I used to urge him to try fiction. "I can't write that stuff," he would say. "I wouldn't know where to start." However, in 1929 when he needed money for an appendectomy, he sat down and wrote a story called "Romance in the Roaring Forties." It dealt with a Broadway columnist named Waldo Winchester, who bore a distinct and not altogether flattering resemblance to me.

Cosmopolitan magazine bought the story and asked for more. Soon other magazines were bidding for his stories about such unlikely characters as Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Nathan Detroit and the Lemon-Drop Kid. Millions of readers were delighted by a new kind of dialogue—the "Runyonese" that Damon himself talked, a mixture of underworld slang, Yiddish expressions and words of his own coining. He became one of the highest-paid magazine writers in the country.

The prestige of the New Yorker who was recognized as "a Damon Runyon character" rose greatly. One night a regular customer rushed into Lindy's and excitedly announced, "Hey—in the new Runyon story—the character who kills

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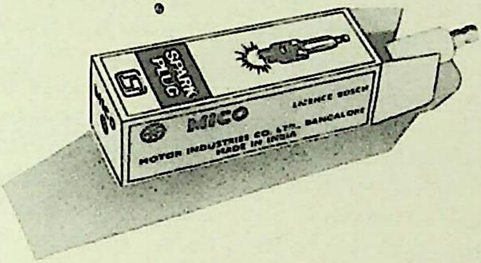

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three guys! It's me. Just think. Me!"

In 1931 Damon's wife died. The next year he married Patrice Amati. Life was full and good. His column was widely syndicated. He collaborated with Howard Lindsay on a Broadway play, *A Slight Case of Murder,* and he journeyed increasingly to Hollywood to turn his short stories into films. His first, *Lady for a Day,* was nominated for three Academy Awards. Another, *Little Miss Marker,* was one of Shirley Temple's best-known pictures.

Money Galore. Damon's income rocketed. He now had a plush New York apartment and a luxurious villa on Hibiscus Island off Miami. He had stables of boxers and horses, none of which earned their keep. He would bet on anything: horse races, ball games, fights and card games. When a friend suggested that he bank some of his money, Damon enquired, "What good would it do me there?"

"It would give you a sense of security," the friend said.

"Not me," retorted Runyon. "I only feel secure when I'm spending money. That's the only way I can tell I have it."

Damon was a chain smoker and for years I had noticed his growing hoarseness. His friends urged him to have his throat checked, and finally in 1944 he did. He had throat cancer.

His larynx had to be removed and from then on Damon, unable to speak, communicated by scribbling on a pad of paper. But still he covered occasional big stories, gulping sedatives to fight the constant gnawing pain. When President Roosevelt died in 1945, Damon wrote one of his most brilliant stories.

His terrible illness was compounded by further heartbreak. Patrice, whom he adored, left him.

I got to know Damon most intimately in these last sad years. He had always scoffed good-naturedly at my habit of prowling New York late at night in my car, listening to police calls on my special radio and chasing excitement wherever it was happening. Now, sensing his loneliness, I persuaded him to come along with me. We would meet every night at the Stork Club, where we would sit with old friends. Then, about three in the morning, we would go out chasing police calls until dawn. These rides provided Damon with material for some of his best columns. After a nightcap of ice-cream sodas, I would drop him at his hotel, where he would write his column and then try to doze off.

In June 1946 Patrice was granted a divorce. Crushed, Damon nonetheless hid his emotions behind his usual poker face. "What a day," he wrote on his pad at the Stork Club that night. I nodded sympathetically. Then he scribbled another note: "Yes, what a day. My horse Scribe came in at Jamaica. Paid $10.20."

Damon worsened rapidly. I spent

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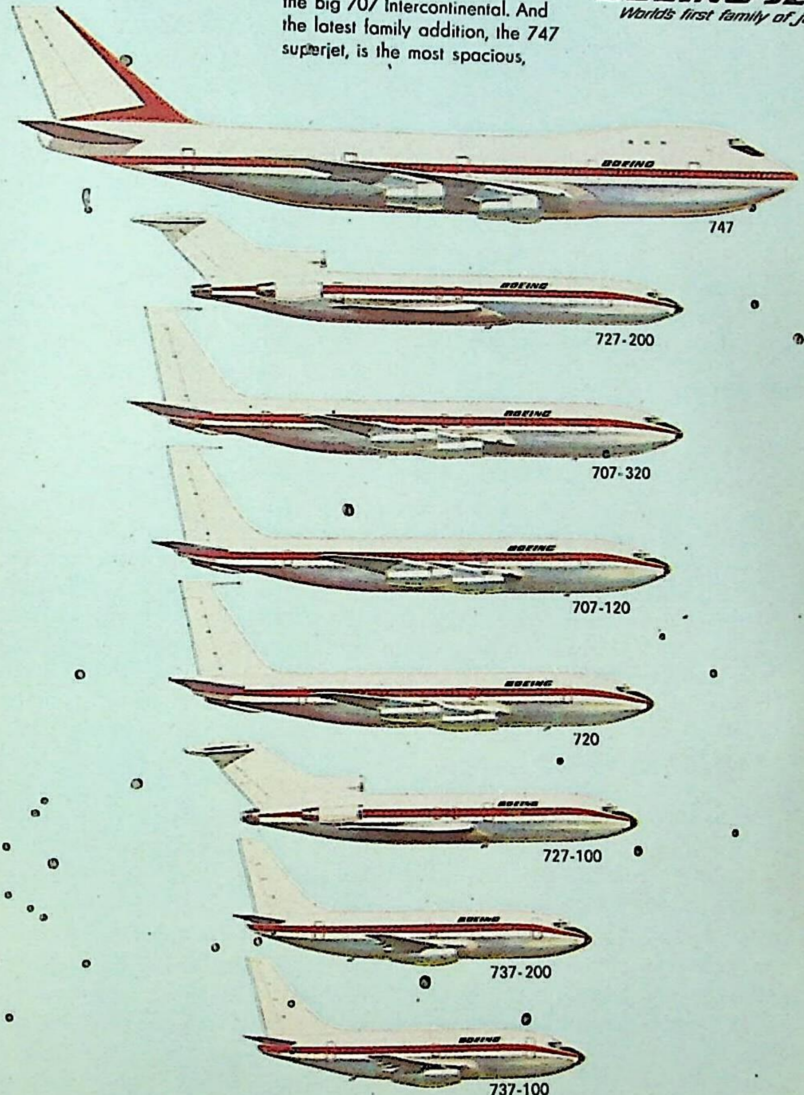

a lot of my spare time with him, and our nocturnal rides now lasted until 9 a.m. as the pain made it difficult for him to sleep.

Exhausted from these late hours, I found it increasingly difficult to turn out my own column. "I think Winchell is about to collapse," Damon wrote in his column.

He was right. Near exhaustion, I went to Florida for a brief rest. I checked daily by phone on Damon's condition. He had wasted away to 45 kilos.

Then one day he asked to be taken for a ride, and some friends, after checking with his doctors, drove him instead to the hospital. Damon's lips moved, forming the words, "Where's Walter? He wouldn't let you do this to me." The next day he lapsed into a coma; three days later he died.

The boy from Manhattan, Kansas, had died on Manhattan Island—which he had made a magic name to millions of readers. By his bedside was a note: "I desire that my body be cremated and my ashes scattered over the island of Manhattan, the place that I have truly loved and that was good to me."

On December 18, 1946, an aeroplane bearing Damon's son and his old friend Eddie Rickenbacker carried out this last request.

Wrapping It Up

I've always had an admiration for people who can say minor things in a major way. One of my acquaintances once told me that his "balance sheet shows a reshuffling of proprietary interests," which impressed me considerably. I subsequently found out that what he meant was that his car had been repossessed, but my admiration dimmed not a whit. He was the kind of fellow who would give someone eight half-crowns for a pound note and describe it as "taking part in a currency exchange programme." I like that. It has class. Furthermore, I think I am catching on. I recently sold a broken Japanese camera and described it as "disposing of a segment of my foreign holdings."

—B. W.

U.S. Representative H. R. Gross gives his Gobbledygook Award to America's Bureau of Public Roads, which in a recent report used the term, "impact attenuation devices." These turn out to be old oil drums used to block off road construction projects. The runner-up for Gross's salute goes to the Air Force, which recently used "aerodynamic personnel decelerator." The Air Force was trying to say "parachute." And honourable mention goes to the U.S. Defence Department, which once used the term "combat emplacement evacuator," which, in layman's terms, is a shovel.

—D. M.

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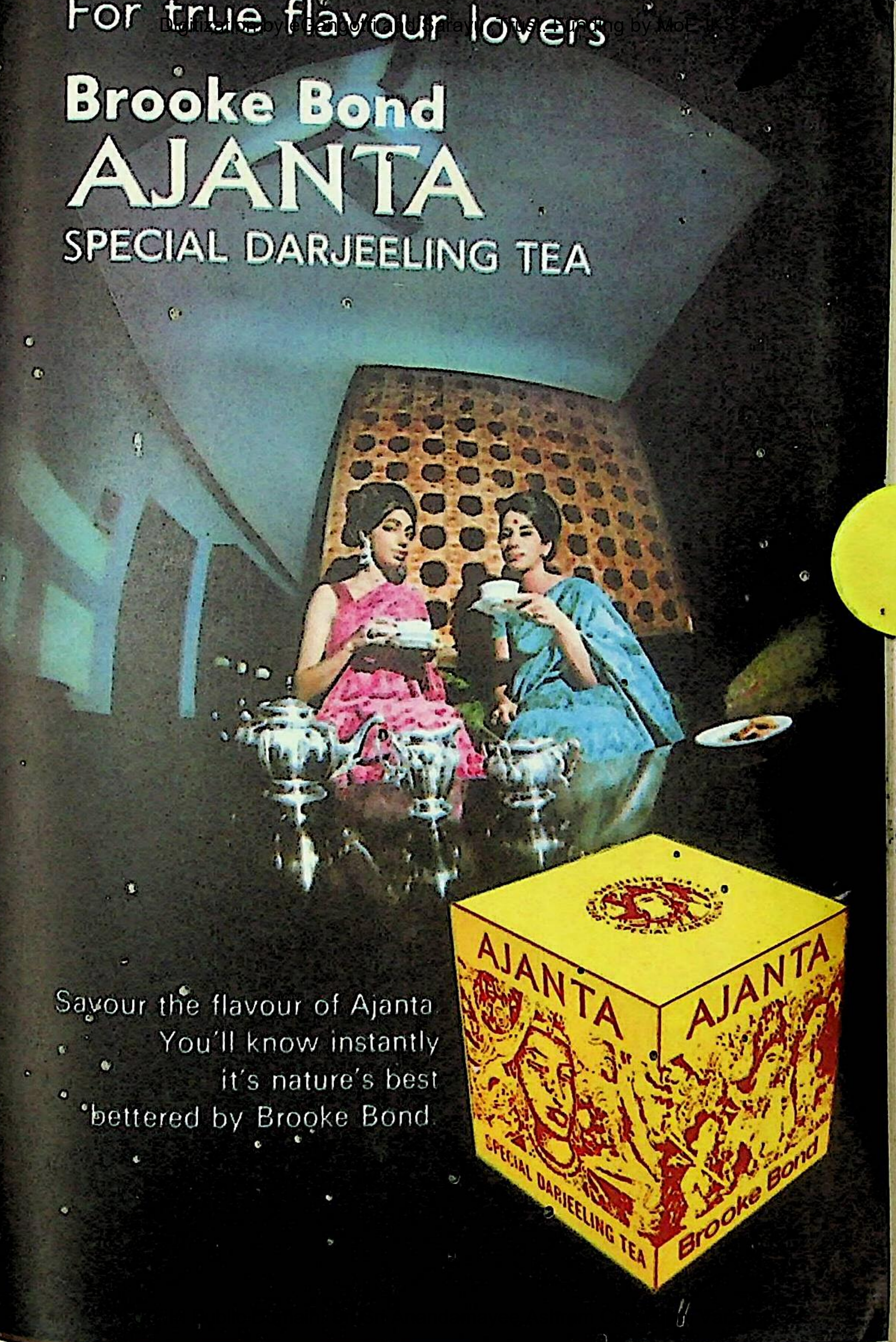

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Armchair Travelogue

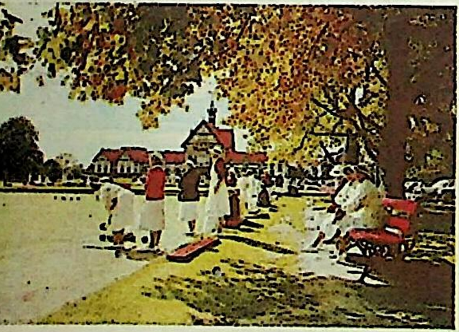
New Zealand's magnificent mixture of primeval beauty and proud peoples has produced a unique national character

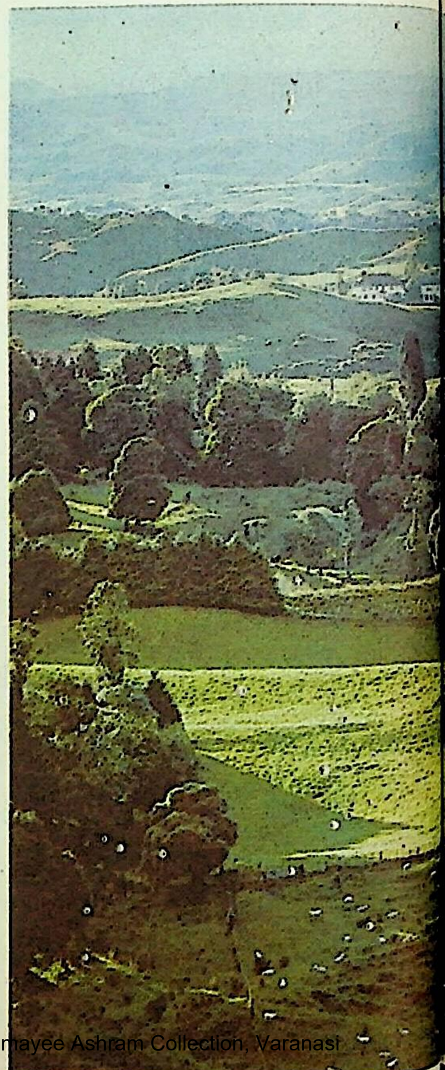
LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

By Beth Day

Except for the landmass of Australia 2,100 kilometres to the west, and the buck-shot spray of tiny islands that dot the vast Pacific, New Zealand has nearly half the world to itself.

Ever since Anthony Trollope labelled New Zealanders as the "most John Bullish of the British," cosmopolitans have shunned the

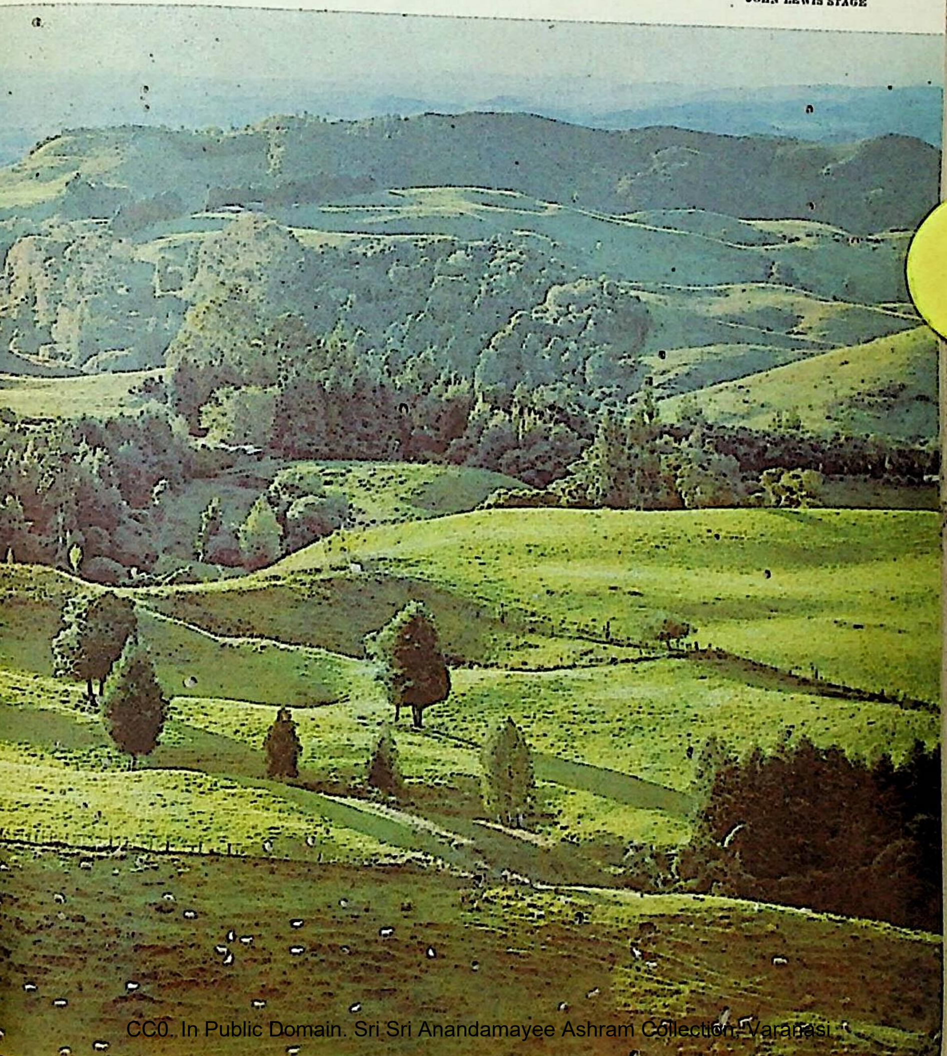




Above: Ladies' bowls tournament at Government Gardens, Rotorua

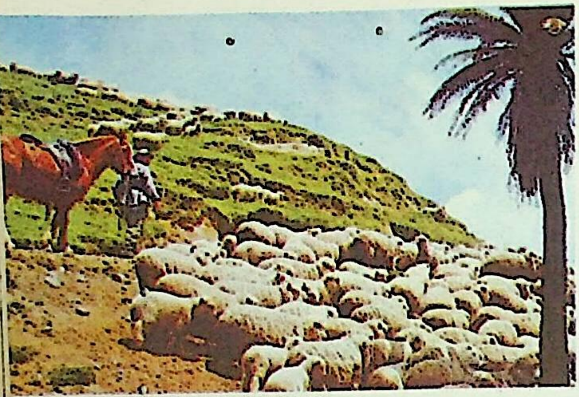
Right: Rolling hills and valleys in the rich farmland of North Island country as little more than a provincial chunk of Britain parked in the Pacific. New Zealanders, called Kiwis after their country's famous flightless bird, have done little to bid for world attention, content—until recently—to keep their extraordinarily beautiful, oft-forgotten nation and gratifying way of life to themselves.

Though the jet age has shrunk distances, it still takes a Londoner or a New Yorker two days to reach the long, skinny pair of volcanic islands that comprise New Zealand. But for those who bother, it is still possible to view the world as it was in the beginning of human history. Flowers and trees have proliferated in dense forests untouched by



JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Below: Mustering sheep on a North Island ranch
Right: Exotic carvings on a meeting-house in the Maori village of Ohinemutu



NEW ZEALAND GOVT. TOURIST OFFICE

GEORGE SILK. LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

man—with the result that three-quarters of the vegetation of New Zealand is unique.

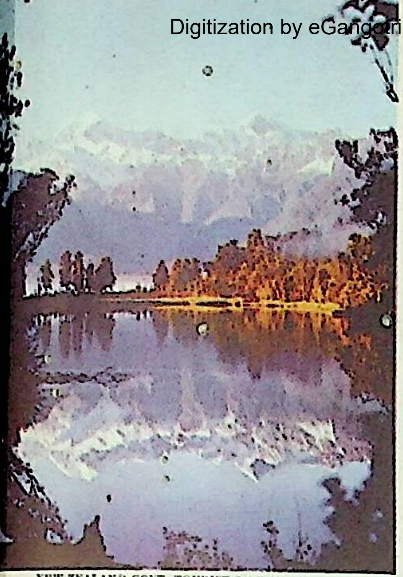
South Island boasts some of the world's grandest glaciers, deepest fjords and highest mountains (200 peaks of its cloud-piercing Southern Alps rise above 2,200 metres).

The more populous North Island offers sun-drenched beaches and fine fishing lakes, along with a vast Hadean thermal area, 160 kilometres long and 30 kilometres wide, seething with mud pools, steam-spouting geysers and boiling springs. Nicknamed "Shaky Island," North records 100 minor earthquakes each year; its citizens get special low-cost earthquake insurance provided by the government.

The ambitious sportsman can catch a marlin in the Pacific, angle for a three-kilogram trout at Lake Taupo and stalk a deer within one 24-hour day. The more sedentary tourist may watch Maoris lower food in cooking nets into the eerie, bubbling pools at Rotorua, or be rowed quietly inside the world's only underground glow-worm caves at Waitomo and Te Anau-au.

He may stroll the willow-lined banks of the Avon River in the serenely English city of Christchurch, or search out New Zealand's "Wild West," a strip of craggy Tasman coastline with ghost-town relics of the Gold Rush of 1861.

Stretching for 1,600 kilometres midway between the Equator and the South Pole, New Zealand lay undiscovered by Europeans until 1642, when Dutch navigator Abel Tasman sighted what he assumed was a new continent. As Tasman



NEW ZEALAND GOVT. TOURIST OFFICE

Left: The waters of Lake Matheson reflect New Zealand's two highest peaks, Mount Cook and Mount Tasman
Below: Maori dancing at Ngaruawahia

BRIAN BRAKE

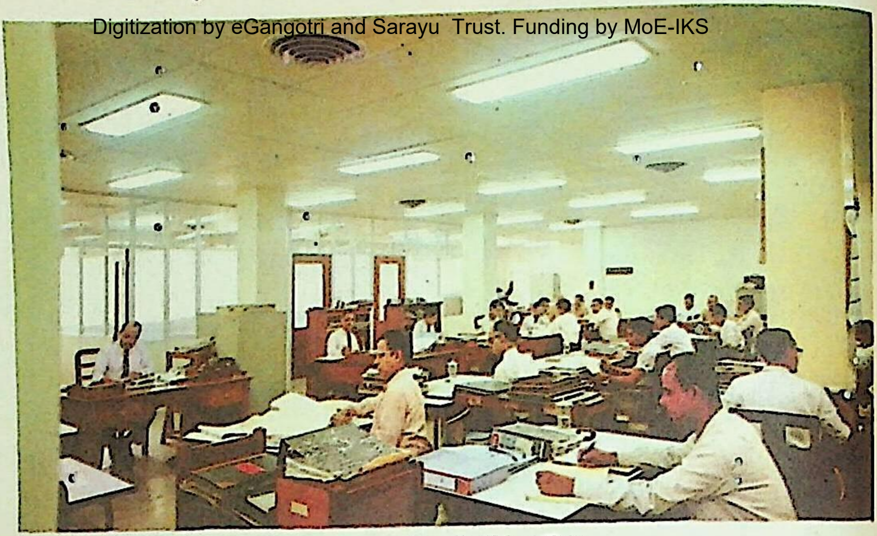
attempted to land, however, he was driven off by brown-skinned Polynesian Maoris whose ancestors had drifted to the "Land of the Long White Cloud" in their canoes from the Central Pacific at least 650 years before.

It was not until 1769 that Captain James Cook explored the islands; not until 1840 that British colonists began the first large-scale settlement.

The early British settlers at first fought the Maoris. (Both sides developed such respect for each other's fighting prowess that when a British garrison was surrounded, the Maoris sent in a supply of food so they could keep on fighting.) In 1840, the Treaty of Waitangi promised the Maoris representation in Parliament and equal benefits with the European population in education, housing and employment. A formal peace was signed in 1881.

The dual society existed peacefully, but with little integration until a decade ago, when the rural Maoris began moving into the cities in pursuit of industrial employment. Since then, marriage between the two races has sky-rocketed—from 12 per cent in rural areas to as high as 50 per cent in cities.

The blending of sturdy British virtues with the joyous Maori love of life has produced a unique national character. New Zealanders are among the friendliest and most informal people in the world. They will offer a stranger a lift in their cars, or even a home-cooked meal. My Auckland taxi-driver refused a tip, although he had carried my luggage to the airline counter, saying firmly, "That's part of my job." The man who acts as porter



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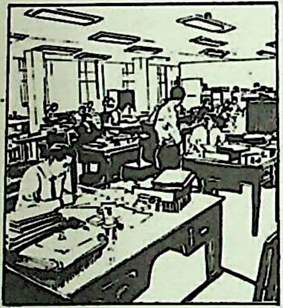

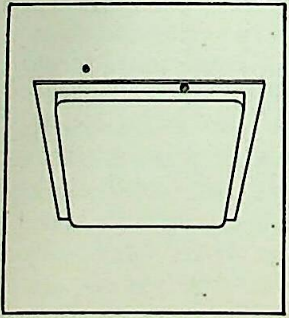

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Kalpana.

at the small-town hotel is likely to offer you a cigarette while you await your taxi.

Guests do not have to have a formal invitation to week-end parties. "You drive round town on a Saturday night and wherever you hear singing, if you have a bottle or a musical instrument and a good voice, you can walk in."

When I was ready to catch the ferry back to Queenstown, after visiting a Lake Wakatipu sheep ranch, the 19-year-old son of the ranch family scrubbed off the dust from the day's hay-baling, put on a clean shirt and came along.

"Where are you going?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, smiling ingratiatingly. Showing me the zither he carried under his arm, he added, "This will get me in."

Open-Air Paradise. No one lives more than 130 kilometres from the sea, and the climate is temperate at least ten months of the year. When offices close at 5 p.m. on Fridays, families spill out to bush or beach. Zealous amateur sportsmen, Kiwis are world-famed for their racing drivers, rugby teams and champion horses. They have the most golf courses *per capita,* the highest small-boat ownership next to the United States.

The fact that this "working man's" society is middle-class, with neither great wealth nor poverty, has long led the outside world to assume a bland homogeneity among New Zealanders. On the contrary, they are a crusty, hardy, highly individualistic lot. Outspoken and direct, they take their government, and each man's right to protest, seriously.

When Prime Minister Keith Holyoake arrives (on foot, and without security guards) at his office in Parliament Building in Wellington, there is always a little knot of citizens waiting for him, to speak their piece. There is no organized crime in New Zealand, no drug problem, little prostitution.

Like other pioneers who had to "make do" with whatever was at hand, New Zealanders are immensely resourceful. It was a New Zealand farmer, trying to solve the problem of transporting supplies over shallow rapids, who invented the speedy Hamilton jet boat. Without the encumbrance of a propeller, this turns treacherous rivers into superhighways.

Kiwis converted their barren mountains into pastureland by pioneering aerial farming, and fertilizing the otherwise inaccessible hill country which forms two-thirds of New Zealand's 43 million arable acres. The Wairakei power project, the world's only successful conversion of natural thermal steam into electric power, today can supply up to 160,000 kilowatts of electricity at any time, providing power for North Island industry.

The extremely high duty on imported cars (up to 55 per cent) has turned New Zealanders into skilled amateur car mechanics—their roads boast an astonishing number of antiquated vehicles. When U.S. forces pulled out of New Zealand after the Second World War, they dumped surplus lorries and jeeps into the sea. Immediately, resourceful Kiwis pulled them out again. Dried, and fitted with new batteries, some can still be seen around the islands.

Enlightened Laws. New Zealand has been saved many a headache by the Kiwi ability to anticipate problems. Although industry is still in the infant stage, a Pollution Control Board has already been established to safeguard the country's sparkling streams and clear skies.

When the population was a scant half million (even now the sheep outnumber the 2·7 million people by 20 to 1), the government set aside a national park for public use. Today there are ten parks—guaranteeing that long stretches of magnificent beach will be for ever available to all.

Although by most standards unemployment is infinitesimal—less than one per cent of the total labour force—the government has established trade schools to train rural emigrants to the cities.

Long before anyone else attempted it, New Zealanders worked out model social-welfare measures such as free medical care (their infant care is the best in the world), free education up to university level, low-rent housing, and care of the aged. There is no poverty, and no illiteracy. (Reading is a national pastime, and the country has more bookshops *per capita* than any other except France.) New Zealand was the first country in the world to grant women the vote and among the first to compensate victims of crimes, outlaw capital punishment and provide citizens with an ombudsman to serve as liaison between them and government. For all these benefits, New Zealanders pay dearly; taxes extract from 20 to 40 per cent of all income.

New Zealand has made mistakes and suffered for them. But in such a small country the errors have been rectified before they got out of hand. The worst initial mistake was the settlers' determination to turn the mighty forests and bush into small, neat, diversified British farms. They chopped down and burned off giant trees, with resultant soil erosion and loss of valuable timber.

"Our ancestors," explained a farmer of Scottish descent, "were just a wee bit too handy with the axe and match." Fortunately, as another farmer put it, "trees grow fast out here," and the government has a long-term programme of reafforestation.

New Zealand is so tiny that it can have no measurable commercial or military power. Furthermore, talented individuals soon specialize themselves out of a job. Each year New Zealand loses artists, scientists,

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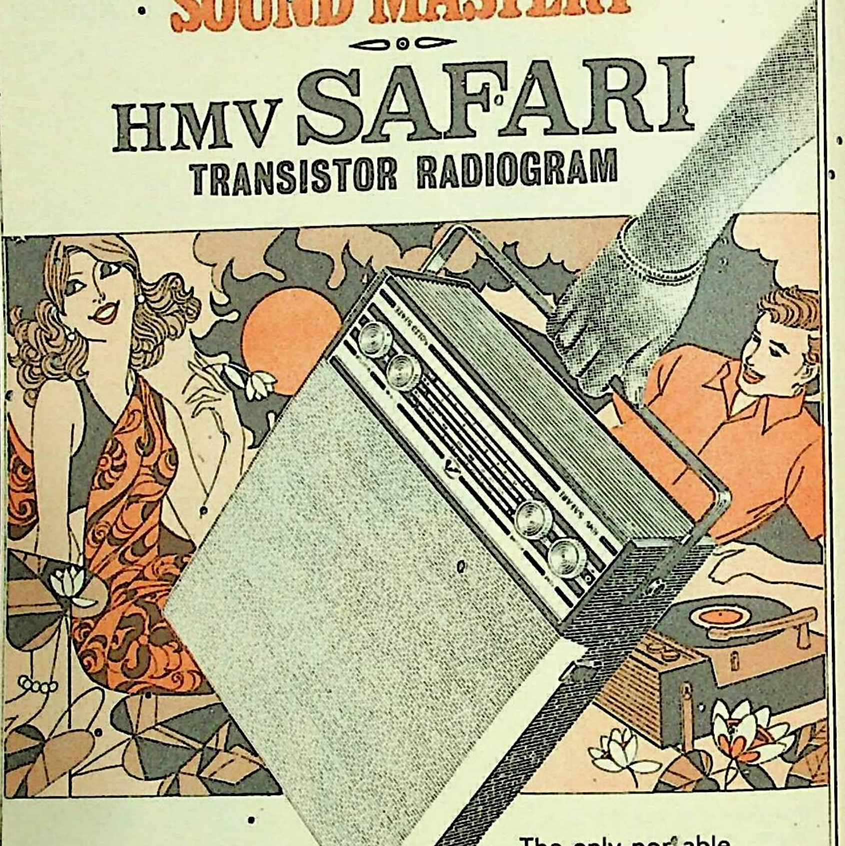

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musicians, singers and government employees to larger countries, where they can find more chance for advancement (though they all intend to go "home" again—and eventually most do).

For 120 years of comparative isolation and serenity, New Zealand—first as a protected crown colony, then as a self-governing dominion—was able to develop as a giant farm, producer of lamb and dairy products for British tables. She depended for both trade and defence on the mother country. Today, with Britain's inclination towards the Common Market and her anticipated military withdrawal from the Pacific by 1971, the umbilical cord has been severed, and the little country is casting about for both economic and military security.

She has launched trade offensives to find new markets for her meat and wool. In a vigorous promotion programme, canny New Zealanders enlisted the aid of the Japanese Housewives Association in adapting more than 200 traditional Oriental recipes for mutton. They then held cooking demonstrations across the whole of Japan. When it was found that Japanese cooks were not prepared to cope with bones, packers prepared the meat in the thin slices familiar to Oriental housewives, who are now happily converted to the pleasures of "mouton."

New Zealand is also embarking upon a programme of increased industrialization and attracting tourists. A string of resort hotels is being built, and one Kiwi official estimated that when the world's jumbo-jet fleet gets into operation it will mean "an economic revolution" in terms of increased tourism and world trade.

It is high time that the world got better acquainted with its remote South Pacific neighbour and with the real Kiwi—the resourceful, outspoken islander who has a country and a way of life of which he can justly be proud.

Add-Libs

WRITTEN on a wall in one small town is a sign which reads: "You must Pay for Your Sins." Underneath in smaller but still legible print, someone has added: "If you have already paid, please disregard this notice."

—P. S.

ARRIVING at a bookshop, I found it closed, with a sign on the door reading: "Open at two o'clock or whenever I feel like it." I decided to enquire at a near-by beauty salon, where they might know when the bookshop opened. But as I approached the salon, I saw a small sign in its window which read: "We don't know when he'll be open." —J. H.

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The Other Rape of Czechoslovakia

A grim story of communist brotherhood. How the Soviet Union forced an advanced and prosperous satellite into bankruptcy

By Lester Velie

In the autumn of 1949, Czechoslovakia's deputy foreign trade minister, Eugen Löbl, was accused by the Soviet secret police of a crime that would be hard to find in the law books. He had objected (among other things) to turning over Czechoslovakia's uranium deposits—one of the nation's few natural resources, besides coal—to the Soviet Union at a fraction of the going world price. His accusers wrested a "confession" from Minister Löbl and, after a stage-managed trial, he was sentenced to life imprisonment as "an enemy of the people."

The Löbl case is but a minor footnote to a larger tragedy that afflicts the peoples of Eastern Europe. For the Soviet rape of Czechoslovakia—and of East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Romania and Bulgaria, too—began long before Russian tanks rolled into Prague last year. While shouting "Imperialists!" at a Western world that has shed virtually all its colonies, the Soviets have created a twentieth-century anachronism—they have turned their "fellow socialist" neighbours into exploited colonies.

Pieced together, the Czech story provides a dramatic case history. Before the last war, Czechoslovakia was, in effect, the Switzerland of Eastern Europe. Like the Swiss, the Czechs were relatively poor in raw materials but rich in skilled and professional human resources; they transformed other people's raw materials into high-quality products such as shoes, drugs, measuring instruments, glass. The obvious road to postwar prosperity was more of the same, plus a thrust into such newer industries as electronics, plastics, computers.

After their "liberation" by Soviet troops, the Czechs were no longer their own masters. At the elbow of every government minister sat a Soviet "adviser" who passed on all decisions. (And woe to the minister who didn't heed his advice.) In the first, primitive phase of exploitation, the Soviets applied a kind of Marshall Plan in reverse: while the "imperialist" United States lavished thousands of millions of dollars on allies and former enemies to help them on to their feet, the Kremlin *deprived* its communist neighbours of the means of doing so.

Raw Deal. Consider the looting of Czechoslovakia's uranium. Forced to sell to Russia at give-away away prices, the Czechs lost over $1,000 million in hard currency that they could have earned from Western buyers. This loss deprived them of the ability to buy modern Western technology to maintain their advanced industrial status. Moreover, along with the uranium looting came a Kremlin *"Nyet!"* to all prospects of further Czech trade with the West. This brought the Czechs to a technological standstill. Now they no longer had to compete with the West; they could simply sell shoddy stuff to the East.

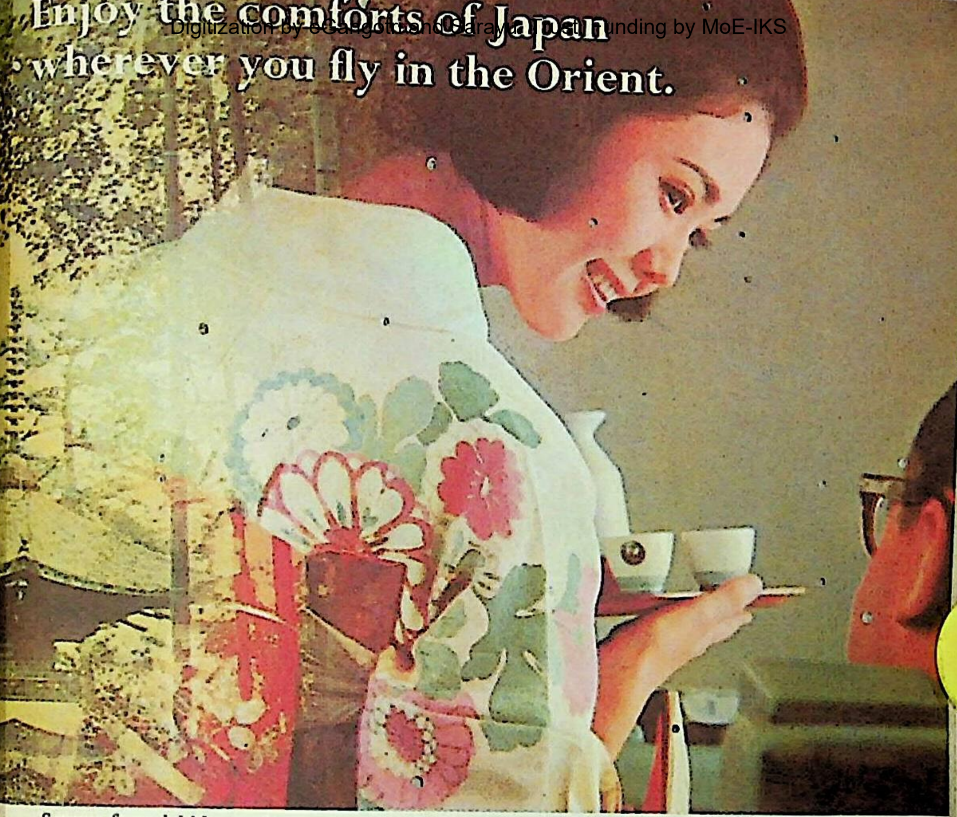
Listen to Eugen Löbl, who served 11 years of his life sentence for questioning the uranium deal and acting as an "imperialist agent" (he is now a self-exile):

"After the war, we had a chance to gain new world markets for our famous porcelain and glass industry. We were exporting at the rate of $100 million a year, and looked forward to trebling business. But our Soviet advisers said these exports would tie the Czech economy to imperialism. Our advisers also vetoed Czech exports of shoes, toys, motorcycles, chocolate figures, beer—whose sales would have come to hundreds of millions.

"In their determination to cut us off from the West, they even stopped our plans to develop an air terminal that could have been one of the most important in Europe. They did not want us to build a tourist industry. Why? Because the Soviet secret police regarded every foreigner as a potential spy."

No economist, Stalin had the primitive notion that every Socialist country must have heavy industry. Moreover, he was determined to turn war-ravaged Russia into an industrial and military power in a hurry. Why not harness Eastern Europe's workers to this job? And so the Czechs were soon pouring almost half their national wealth—the value of everything they produced over and above what they consumed—into new plant construction to produce steel and heavy machinery for the Soviets. This was a design for disaster.

For one thing, it takes time to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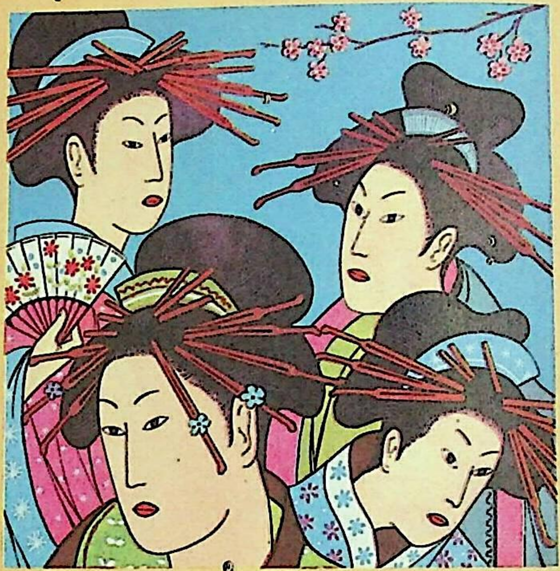

...that a temple was erected in Settsu to honour four concubines who introduced the art of sericulture to Japan? They taught the Japanese court and the nobility the art of making plain and figured woven-silks. And thereafter the silk industry made the tiny, isolated islands of Japan, a world power.

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build an industrial plant; materials and labour are tied up while no earnings come in. And the Czechs, driven by their Russian advisers, compounded this drain by starting new plants before they finished the old. By 1967, uncompleted projects were scattered like industrial ghosts over the Czech landscape, tying up a fantastic 100,000 million Czech crowns (some $14,000 million), in building materials and manufacturing equipment.

Old Iron. With this kind of economic housekeeping, little of the national income was left to maintain the going manufacturing plants. By 1967, two-thirds of the equipment in Czechoslovakia's once vaunted consumer-goods industries was obsolete. In some factories, goods were being produced on machines more than 60 years old.

Even the production of spare parts was neglected, and this forced desperate farm managers—as one example—to cannibalize new tractors to keep old ones running. All this worsened the waste of raw materials and labour, and widened the vicious circle of national impoverishment.

Where pre-war Czechoslovakia's foreign trade was almost wholly with the West, by the mid-1950s some 75 per cent of it was with the Soviet Union and its satellites. Thus tied firmly into the Soviet economic orbit, the Czechs were vulnerable to still more exploitation.

This was brought about by a Soviet creation called the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance (Comecon), to which all six satellites must belong. Headquartered in Moscow, and staffed by Russians, Comecon's chief task ostensibly is to facilitate trade between its members. Since none of the communist-bloc currencies, including the rouble, are freely convertible into other currencies, all Comecon trading takes on the character of primitive barter: so many Czech shoes or lathes for so many tons of Soviet oil or grain—all at "world market prices."

Fair enough?

Trouble is, it's easy to get the world prices of grain or oil or other commodities: the Western commodity exchanges quote them. But how do you estimate the world price of a Czech shoe or an East German bicycle that's traded only within the Soviet orbit? Communist retail prices don't reflect production costs; they are set arbitrarily by party and state bureaucrats to serve political ends. So, there is plenty of room for haggling. Not surprisingly, the Soviets have used "barter deals" to enrich themselves at the expense of their captives.

In recent years, for example, the Soviets have charged the Czechs 18 roubles a ton for the same grade of petroleum that they deliver to the Japanese, Italians and West Germans for eight roubles. A leading Western economist estimates that in 1965 and 1966 alone the Soviets short-changed their satellites to the annual tune of some $2,300 million.

Through the Comecon clearing bank, which the Soviets launched in 1964, the Kremlin even manages to squeeze a line of credit out of its impoverished satellites. For example: In the autumn of 1966, the Czechs told the Russians that they would need some 30 million tons of crude oil over the next eight or nine years. "Fine," said the Russians. "But, to supply the oil, we'll have to open up new wells in Siberia. This will call for a 4,000-mile pipeline to bring the oil to your refineries. You'll have to lend us the capital to build the pipeline."

The Czechs put up the capital by supplying the Russians with $500 million worth of knitwear, shoes, seamless pipe, pumps and other equipment. Deliveries of these goods were begun at once. But the repayment in oil would not start until 1970, and would be spread over eight years. For the Czech advance of goods, the Russians paid only two and a half per cent interest—the kind of "soft" or easy-term loan with which a developed country normally provides economic aid to an under-developed one.

The Kremlin has also drained its neighbours by demanding that they channel precious resources to faraway Soviet cold-war adventures in which they have no national interest. During the Korean War of 1950–53, for instance, the Czechs bore a major burden of arming the invading North Koreans, even paying the cost of transporting the arms across the U.S.S.R.!

Then, too, most of the MIGs, tanks and small arms that flowed to Nasser in the famous Soviet-Egyptian arms deal of 1955 came from Czech factories. During 1955–56, the Czechs, who until then had traded little with Egypt, suddenly shipped $88 million worth of goods, mostly armaments, to Cairo. But they imported only $37 million worth of goods, mostly cotton, in return. The $51 million difference was what economists call "unrequited exports." In other words, a gift to the Egyptians.

Hopeful Spring. The economy could not be bled for ever. In 1963, Czechoslovakia's gross national product fell below that of the previous year. This happened to no other advanced country after the war. Buying power, in real wages, also went down. Before the war, the Czech worker had earned about the same as his Austrian and German counterpart. But while the Austrian worker's real wages doubled in the 1954–63 decade, and those of the West German worker advanced two and a half times, the Czech worker's real wages were only 25 per cent higher.

In cars and housing, too, Czechoslovakia is now a backward country. Today there is one car for every 35 Czechs—as against one for every five West Germans, one for every

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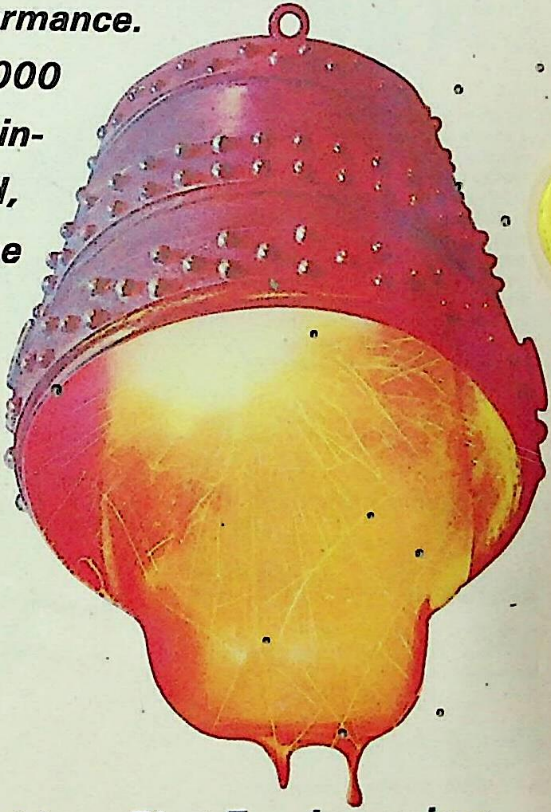

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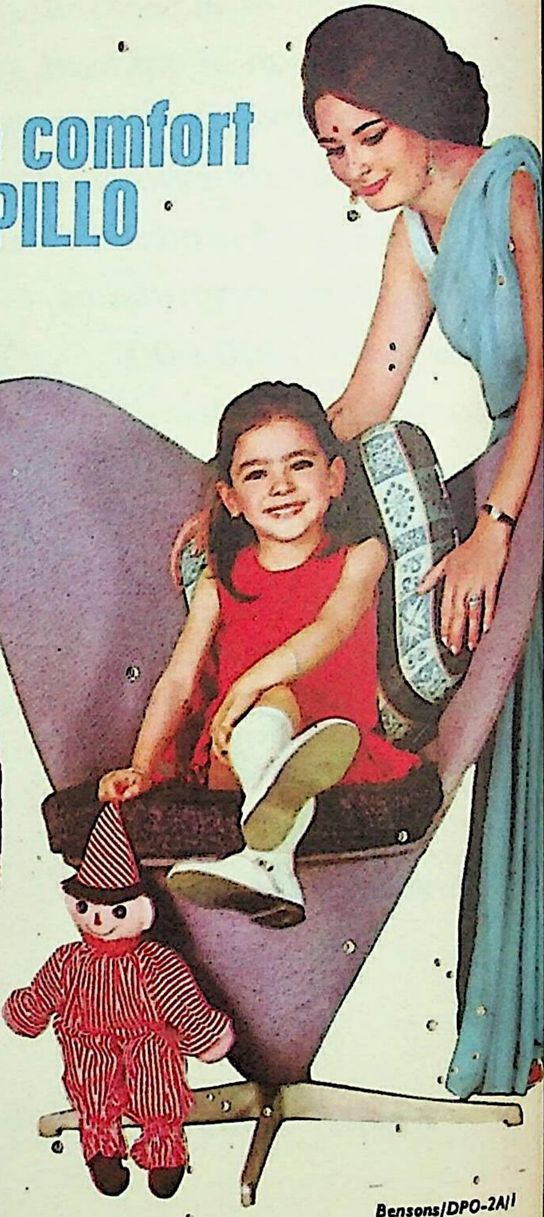

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six Frenchmen. And so few apartments have been built since the last war that nearly half of all Czech families are crowded into one- and two-room units.

In desperation, a group of young communist leaders started a drive in 1964 to force top party leadership to reform the mismanaged economy and decrease Czech dependence on the Soviets. When this drive stalled, the young leaders booted out the ageing head of the Czech Communist Party, Antonin Novotny. And early in 1968, with Oldrich Cernik as its new Premier and Alexander Dubcek as Communist Party Secretary, the country plunged into a period of reconstruction hopefully labelled "The Spring of Prague."

Cernik and Dubcek backed a 22,000-word "Action Programme" for Czechoslovakia's revival and rebuilding. It was also a declaration of independence and a challenge to dogma.

Tank Diplomacy. One heresy was that the communist model for running an economy, copied from Russia, "perpetuates backwardness." It stifles initiative, said the Czechs, because all economic decisions—what to produce, how much and at what price, how many workers to employ—come down from a handful of party men at the top. In the Czechs' new economic system, the Action Programme said, managers would become genuine businessmen who bought and sold, worried about costs and about what the customer wanted—and about profits for the state enterprise.

In another heresy, the Czech leaders proclaimed that if the economy was to produce more, people must have more freedom to criticize and innovate. "Free discussion and expression of conflicting views must be completely restored."

The Czechs further declared that they intended to resume their traditional trade with the West. As regards Comecon, they would "strive to see that economic considerations and profitability of exchange *are more fully emphasized.*"

In their springtime ebullience, the Czechs even dared to attack the very foundation of communist control: the dogma that the Communist Party speaks for all the people. The Czechs insisted publicly that the party often acted *against* the interests of the people—and this was the most dangerous heresy of all.

For the Czechs had forgotten something—they were a colonial people. In the nineteenth century, colonial powers used gunboat diplomacy to keep colonies in line. The Kremlin uses tank diplomacy.

On August 20, 1968, Soviet tanks crossed into Czechoslovakia. The Spring of Prague was over—before it could put forth a single blossom.

SIGN in a Sydney art shop: "Mona Lisa, by Leonardo da Vinci, 11 dollars (not original)." —"Column 8" in *The Morning Herald,* Sydney

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Subterfuge on a Sylvan Rally

By Clive Gammon

In which the author discovers that there is more to Orienteering—Sweden's most popular outdoor sport—than meets the novice eye

Not long ago, gaily enough, I had said I would try it. Orienteering, that is.

Theoretically, orienteering is simple. It is car rallying on foot, as John Disley puts it in his standard work, *Orienteering,** but with one individual being the driver, navigator and power plant as well. "A new and fascinating sport," Disley enthuses. "Guided by a map and directed by a compass, the competitor is cocooned in an aura of utter concentration as he makes his way across country. The mind rationalizes the body's progress, resulting in a complete and rewarding experience."

It sounds more like an LSD trip than an athletic event. But it clearly has its attractions. In Britain, some 2,000 orienteers venture forth most week-ends of the year. And even old ladies can compete.

The organizers choose a rough tract of ground, preferably with plenty of features such as streams, hills, forests and rock outcrops. They plot a course round it, with a number of control checkpoints situated en route. Competitors start at one-minute intervals, and the winner is the man who completes the course in the shortest time, having checked in at every control.

To make things a bit easier, you are allowed certain aids. Organizers tell you to bring along a red ballpoint pen, a thick plastic envelope and a compass. They provide you with a large-scale map of the area, a check-in card and a typewritten list briefly describing the control points such as "Bend in the Track" or "Boundary Stone." The plastic envelope is to protect your map against rain, mud and, I suspect, bloodstains.

The whole thing started in Sweden, way back in 1918, and at the present moment it is easily

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* Published by Faber, London.

CONDENSED FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, © 1969 BY TIME INC.

Sweden's most popular outdoor sport, apart from the one that the Swedes make all their films about. Orienteering reached Britain in 1963—and me some five years later, when, with only a little gulping, I telephoned Gerald Charnley, secretary of the British Orienteering Federation. "What have you got on this week-end?" I enquired.

"There's one on up in West Cumberland," he said enthusiastically. "A lot of the lads will be going up for that. It's going to be great fun!"

"Right you are, then," I replied. The last time I had run competitively was 25 years previously in the Swansea Grammar School cross-country run (during which I had been apprehended while thumbing a ride from a lorry). Moreover, my research showed that such events tend to be won by top-class British athletes like Chris Brasher and Gordon Pirie. Clearly, with a couple of days to go, I was going to have to develop a crash training routine.

Soon the solution hit me. When you exert energy, what do you use up? Calories. Where do calories come from? Food. Lots of good, rich food was the answer. At dinner in my overnight training camp, which not only happened to be halfway on my car journey to Cumberland but also holds the Good Food Award for High Distinction in Cuisine, I gave myself a hard 90-minute work-out with grapefruit baked in sherry, roast pigeon *à l'Italienne,* chocolate meringue, then some very rich cheese. My only worry was that I might be reaching my peak too early.

The next morning I packed my track suit, gym shoes, long woollen stockings ("protect the front of the lower leg against damage"—Disley) and took off, over some of the worst roads in Western Europe, for the Cumberland rendezvous at Santon

Bridge Village Hall. A curious concourse of people milled around there: women with loud, expensive voices; and men of all shapes and costume—some in little woolly sailing caps, some in football stockings, and one, indeed, in running shorts.

Then I saw Fred Travis, the muscular major-domo of the meet, getting everyone organized. He caught sight of me, and something clearly caused him to snigger. "Ah, you must be Gammon," he said. "I've been thinking about you. I've put you down to run in the Junior Women's class. Junior Women's and Novices," he added, evidently feeling a little compunction.

Suddenly I heard my name being yelled. I checked my equipment—compass, red ballpoint pen—and made for the road. But I was called back in a resigned, pitying tone and told to wait for the whistle. They handed me a map and a typed list of the control points. The first was "Boundary Stone." That shouldn't take too much finding, I thought. I didn't know then just how rich this part of Cumberland was in boundary stones.

Then they blasted me off. I had already decided that at this stage, in full view of the crowd, I was going to have to run. Clutching my documents, I moved off at a steady lope. All this first bit was downhill, and then you had to go through a field to a river bank, where the master maps were pinned up on a board.

I found the Junior Women's map quickly. Without haste, I settled down to copy the red route lines and control points on to my own map. There were one or two others who were dallying over the maps, including, I noted, a heavily built girl in a russet track suit. Clearly, this was one of the junior ladies. I saw with envy how efficiently she whipped out her compass, found the direction of travel and set off into the woods. I noted, too, the place where she entered the thick brush. After a discreet wait, I followed.

Pause for Thought. Once I had parted the foliage, I found a clear path. I sneaked along, trying to find a feature that might be included in the map, but nothing appeared. I found a good stump, all covered in soft moss, and sat down to consider the situation. Obviously it was going to be too humiliating to go back and confess failure so soon. Maybe if I had waited . . .

Suddenly I pricked up my ears. You could tell I was already becoming a forest creature. There came a noise of a heavy body lumbering through the undergrowth. Like the flight of some exotic jungle bird, a patch of russet flashed momentarily among the ferns. The junior lady! I might not be able to use a compass, but I could recognize a break when I saw one.

I rose and began a circumspect job of shadowing, holding out my compass for form's sake in case anybody was watching. The subject,

What do most industrial giants own in common?

1 Tata Steel
2 Indian Iron
3 Telco
4 Oil India
5 A.C.C. (d)
6 Delhi Cloth
7 Hind. Motors (d)
8 Scindia Steam
9 Hind. Aluminium
10 Imp. Tobacco
11 Guest Keen, Williams
12 Tata Power
13 Voltas
14 Indian Aluminium
15 Union Carbide (d)
16 Orient Paper
17 Dunlop India
18 Hindustan Lever
19 Century Spg. (d)
20 Esso Standard
21 Premier Auto
22 Calico Mills
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24 Burmah Shell Ref
25 Gwalior Rayon (

26 Ahmedabad Elect.
27 E.I.D. Parry
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29 South India Shipping
30 Ashok Leyland
31 Indian Tube
32 Philips India
33 Mahindra & Mahindra
34 Siemens India
35 Brooke Bond
36 Andhra Valley
37 ACC-Vickers
38 Jesso
39 Texm
40 Bomb
41

51 Caltex
52 National Rayon
53 Indian Oxygen
54 Standard Mills
55 New Central Jute
56 India Steamship
57 Kirloskar Oil
58 Rallis India
59 Tata Hydro
60 Rohtas Industries
61 Modi Spg. & Wvg.
62 Simon Carves
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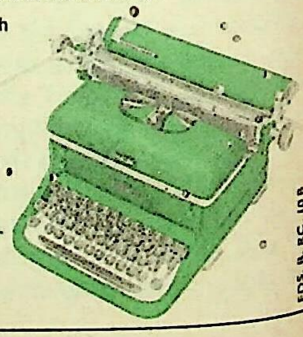

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fortunately, was not moving at high speed. She would cover a couple of hundred metres, then stop to consider. Then she was off again in short bursts. I waited until she had come to a clear decision, then set off after her, keeping low behind a wall.

She entered the woods, and now I could close the range. I was picking up distinct audio signals—heavy breathing and panting—as well as the visual one of the track-suit bottoms. Then she disappeared behind a tree and stopped. Something was happening. A 30-second pause ensued; then she was off again like a wild thing. I gave her a few seconds' start, then made for the tree myself. It was there all right. Control Point No. 1: Boundary Stone.

The control marker, a red-and-white plastic thing like a box kite, hung over the boulder. Two professional-looking runners were coming up fast. Hastily, I marked my card with the self-inking stamp, and melted into the foliage. Let them find their own russet track suit.

Alone Again. I had lost some time, though, and now my guide was out of sight. It looked as if I was going to have to return to legitimate orienteering. I got out my map. The description was: "The Ruin." I could hardly miss that, could I?

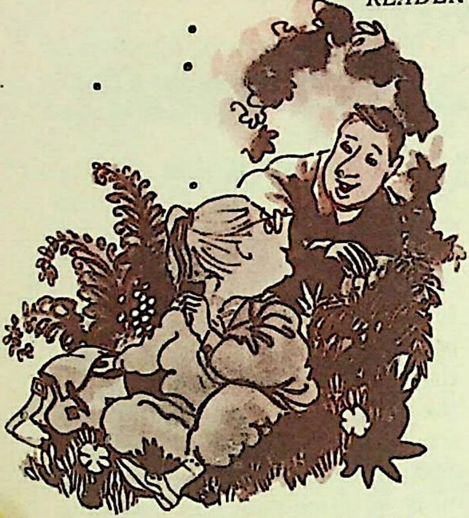
Clutching my compass, I lurched towards a small copse that looked promising. The Ruin turned out to be an old sheep pen. With the now familiar thrill, I found the red-and-white marker and stamped my card with some élan.

Next was Checkpoint No. 3: Stream Junction. I felt for my compass. No compass. I must have left it on top of a stone wall when spotting the copse. Should I go back? No, I decided bravely. The map would have to take me from here, that and my squalid disregard for the ethics of orienteering. But Russet Pants was nowhere to be seen, and without that banner advancing in front of me I was just fumbling.

In this last extremity I was saved by something that no orienteering organizer can ever legislate against: the yelps and small cries of triumph that escape from the inexperienced runner when he finds a control point. This time half a dozen of them must have found it together, judging from the baying that went up not many metres from me.

New life surged in me. I leaped up, homed in on the noise and stamped my card. Three down, two to go. Next objective: Bend in the Track. This time I didn't intend to let my guides get out of sight.

Yet, in fact, that is what they did. Somehow or other, one by one, they outpaced me on the muddy hillside and vanished in the trees. I was losing my early bounce, and knew what the trouble was, too. It was lunchtime. All that planning and I hadn't had the wit to bring sandwiches. I set out in the general



direction of Santon Bridge Village Hall, ready to concede defeat. Old Russet Pants had probably romped home by this time, anyway, with all the rest of the junior ladies.

If she hadn't moved suddenly I wouldn't have seen her, even though she was within ten metres of the track I was following. There was the good old flash again as she sat up in the ferns and eased herself into a more comfortable position. I went straight up to her.

"Could you tell me," I said politely, "where North is?" She didn't answer. She couldn't. Her mouth was full of chocolate. She waved the bar at me. I took a bite.

When she could talk she said, "I don't think the Senior Men are supposed to come this way."

"I'm a junior lady," I confessed. She gave me a sharp look. "I'm just a novice," I explained, "so they put me in with the Junior Women."

"We're on our own, the two of us," she said, and it was my turn to look uneasy. "I mean, I'm the only real junior girl."

"I lost my compass," I said. That won me another bite.

"I know where Bend in the Track is," she said, "you passed it."

"Then I'll just nip up and stamp my card," I said. This heavy, kindly girl raised no objection to a clear breach of the orienteering code. In a moment I rejoined her, rubbing my hands briskly. "Rock Outcrop. That's the last one, isn't it? You got a course on it?"

I could see my way clearly to winning the Junior Women's trophy now. Home on the last control point with Russet Pants' aid, then make a break for the finish. She was too big a girl to be able to run very fast.

Control Point 5 was easy, actually. It was open ground, and there was only one limestone crag in the area. We got there together and searched around it. "Here it is," she called out trustingly.

In the last resort I just couldn't do it. I was going to have to voluntarily lose the fight. "You go ahead," I said, and sat on the rock for a minute. I didn't stamp my card, but walked easily back to the village hall and conceded.

Which is why, in the published results of the West Cumberland Orienteering Club, you will see: C. Gammon, unattached, retired.

That was one way of putting it.

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—says Angela Fernandes, private nurse

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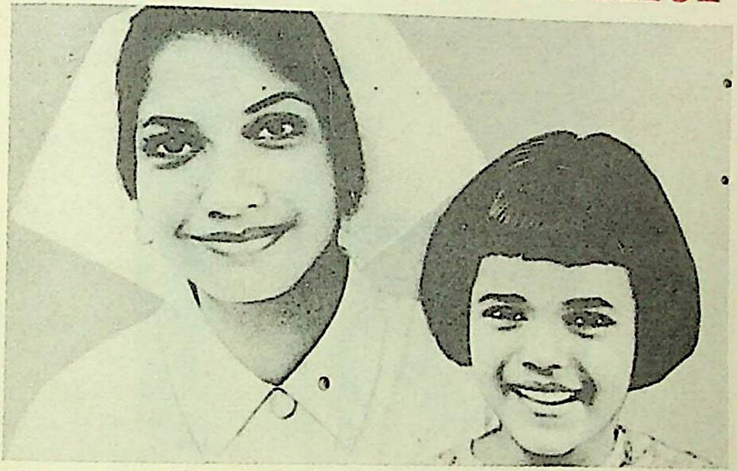

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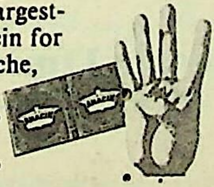

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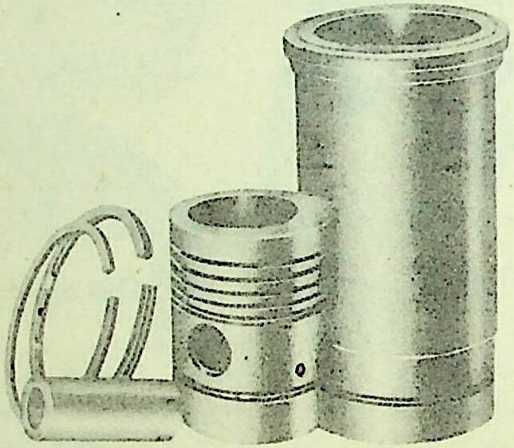

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These fat people have found
that what they couldn't achieve alone,
they *can* achieve together

How 'Weight Watchers' Lose Weight

By Jean Pascoe

Anna Seiler's hands were trembling as she took off her coat. She wasn't upset—just excited. For this was an important day in her life. She was going to celebrate the loss of 45 kilograms.

Exactly 50 weeks before, Anna had puffed and panted up a flight of stairs to the second-floor meeting-room of a group called Weight Watchers and enrolled in a class for losing weight. At the time, she wore a size 50 dress, (142 cm. hips), and was grossly heavy. Moreover, it wasn't the first time she had tried to slim. She had taken injections and pills until her doctor had finally told her to stop. The treatment wasn't working, and her body was taking too much punishment.

But, somehow, the Weight Watchers idea had worked for Anna. Today she was wearing a size 18 dress. Her figure, though still heavy (she had another 20 kilograms to go before she reached her goal), was trim, solid and curvy. And she had fairly run up the stairs to Weight Watchers to weigh in. She stepped on to the scales in the weighing-room, then rushed to the class leader. She had lost a total of 46 kilograms. The celebration could begin.

There are many stories of people like Anna who, through Weight Watchers, have slimmed down and stayed that way. The stories usually go like this: a chronically fat person had been slimming on and off for years. But she had never stuck to it long enough to get down to her

CONDENSED FROM WOMAN'S DAY

ideal weight. Or, if she did, it wasn't long before she got fat again. Now, so the story went, she not only was thin, but had been thin for a whole year or two and seemed content to stay that way. And all thanks to Weight Watchers.

Why, I wondered, does the group approach work when seemingly all else fails? I decided to go to some meetings to see what the secret was.

At the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City, I sat in on a weekly session of one of the groups organized just for employees. The members, 34 in all, were being weighed in behind a pair of screens, and their weight loss or gain since the last meeting was being jotted down.

Most of them were middle-aged women, perhaps 15 to 20 kilograms overweight, but there was a sprinkling of younger girls and three portly men. They had paid a three-dollar registration fee at the start of the course, and now paid two dollars every week as dues. Nobody had to sign a contract. And no one paid for more than a week at a time. But they were supposed to turn up once a week for at least 16 weeks.

With the paying and weighing over, a husky man stepped to the front of the room and introduced himself. He was Sam Greenstein, the "lecturer" for the group, a lawyer and ex-Weight Watcher who had lost 29 kilograms and was teaching three evening classes a week. He talked about his own experiences as a former fat man. "I'm a compulsive eater," he explained. It was nothing for him to eat a whole cake and drink a litre of milk in one midnight snack. He reminded the group that slimming down is a lifetime project, that you can't change your eating habits temporarily and expect to stay thin. "We all know how to lose weight," he said. "The problem is to keep it off."

Then he whipped out cards on which the individual weights for the week had been recorded. Josephine M. lost half a kilogram. "Good." Dorothy O., more than a kilogram this week. "Very nice." Helen J. gained a quarter kilogram. "Do you know why, Helen?" Several women and one of the men got a round of applause for their rather spectacular losses—six to seven kilograms for the four weeks the class had been meeting.

Do's and Don'ts. After the meeting, new members stayed behind to get instructions from Greenstein. He handed out menu programmes (see box, page 145) and explained the Weight Watchers' rules:

- Eat three meals a day.
- Follow the menu *exactly*. No changes; no switching items from one meal to another.
- Weigh every portion after it has been cooked and—in the case of meat—boned and de-fatted. There is no calorie counting at Weight Watchers. That just breeds diet tinkering.
- Show the menu programme to

a doctor within a month and get his permission to continue it.

- Except for beverages and sweeteners, don't use dietetic foods. The whole point of the programme is to learn to choose the right amount of the right kinds of food from any menu—whether you're at a party, in a restaurant, or sitting at the family dinner table.

A la Carte. The Weight Watchers menu is an up-dated version of the one used by the Obesity Clinic of the New York City Department of Health, where Jean Nidetch first got the idea for Weight Watchers eight years ago. Until then, she was just another fat housewife who had been slimming unsuccessfully since the age of ten and excusing her failures with words like "glandular" or "metabolic."

Her excuses got short shrift at the Obesity Clinic. She was given the choice of following the diet to the letter or getting out. In desperation, she got six fat friends to follow the diet with her. And they decided to meet once a week to egg each other on.

In two weeks, there were nine women in the group; in three months, 40 women. Then the phone calls started. People who had heard about the group's success knew of others who needed help. Could Jean go and talk to them? So started a strange, three-year odyssey. With missionary fervour—and some scales in the back of her car—Mrs. Nidetch travelled all over New York City, visiting people she had never met before, recording their weight, handing them the diet, making them go to their doctor to get permission to use it, coming back again and again to check weight and talk over slimming problems.

In 1963, its four founders, Jean and Mortimer Nidetch, Felice and Albert Lippert, turned Weight Watchers into a company. Today the organization has its headquarters in Great Neck, New York, and has 72 franchises in 38 states, as well as franchises in Australia, New Zealand, Israel, the United Kingdom, Puerto Rico and Canada. They all propound the same message: mutual support, lavish encouragement, week-by-week accountability, re-education of eating and thinking habits, undeviating honesty, and rewards. Total membership is now nearly 1·5 million.

No Nagging. Encouragement is what a fat person needs, according to Mrs. Nidetch. And encouragement—tons of it—is what Weight Watchers get. There are no failures, only "errors in judgement." Weight gainers are urged to try again. Drop-outs are welcomed back like returning soldiers. And every bit of weight lost is cause for celebration.

Lecturer Jean Seltzer—a size 10 who took off nearly 20 kilograms four years ago—tells her class: "We don't talk about will-power or self-control. We talk about courage. We're a courage bank. When you have some, you give a little. When

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What Weight Watchers Eat

No substitutions are allowed on this menu. All the asterisked items *must* be eaten at the meal specified. (Men may add another slice of bread at breakfast and lunch, another 50 grams of meat at dinner, and two extra fruits during the day.)

BREAKFAST

100 cc orange or grapefruit juice, or ½ grapefruit or other high vitamin C fruit (one of three daily fruits)
* 1 egg or 25 grams hard cheese, or 50 grams fish, or ¼ cup cottage cheese
* 1 slice bread
Beverage if desired

DINNER

* 150 grams lean meat, fish or poultry
* 100 grams portion any vegetable not on free list (except no corn or potatoes)
All you want of free vegetables
Beverage if desired

LUNCH

* 100 grams fish (tinned or fresh), lean meat or poultry, or ⅔ cup cottage cheese, or 50 grams hard cheese, or 2 eggs
All you want of free vegetables
* 1 slice bread
Beverage if desired

SOMETIME DURING THE DAY

2 200-cc glasses powdered skim milk or buttermilk, or 1 200-cc glass skimmed evaporated milk
3 fruits
300-cc glass tomato juice (optional)

FREE FOODS

bouillon
non-caloric beverages
coffee
horse-radish
mustard
salt, pepper, paprika
tea
unflavoured gelatine
asparagus
broccoli
cabbage
cauliflower
celery
cucumber
lettuce
mushrooms
peppers
pickles
radishes
spinach

FORBIDDEN FOODS

alcoholic beverages, beer
bacon
biscuits
butter
cake
cereals
chocolate
coconut
maize
cream
cream cheese
doughnuts
fizzy drinks (except non-caloric)
French-fried foods
fruit-flavoured gelatine
gravy
honey
ice-cream or water-ices
jam, jelly
ketchup
mayonnaise
nuts
oil
pancakes
pie
popcorn
potatoes
pudding
rice
rolls, special breads
salad dressing
sardines
smoked fish or meat
spaghetti
sugar, syrup
sweets

you need some, you draw a little out."

The weekly recital of weight gained and weight lost is, for many members, the essence of what works for Weight Watchers. One girl, who lost nine kilograms, said she often skipped the lecture and just weighed in. "When I know someone is checking up on me every week, I make sure I've lost some weight in the meantime," she said.

Most Weight Watchers aren't ever able to abandon the menu programme completely. When they reach their goal, they "go on maintenance," adding perhaps slightly larger portions, or some forbidden foods—whatever they can manage without gaining weight.

Weight Watchers who complete the 16-week schedule and lose four and a half kilograms receive an attractive Weight Watchers pin or tie clip. When a member reaches his goal, he becomes a life-time member and can attend meetings at any time, anywhere, free of charge—provided he checks in at one or more meetings a month and doesn't gain back more than a kilogram.

A photograph was taken of Anna Seiler to mark her weight loss. She stood up in front of her group, glowing with pride, and told the members what her success meant to her. "One of the nicest things that happened to me was at my cousin's fiftieth-birthday party last week-end. The wives all complimented me. But the fellows *chased* me," she said, with a tiny note of awe in her voice.

That night Anna's husband had promised to bring out the champagne. But Anna, remembering the 20 kilograms she still had to go, was planning to stick to her non-alcoholic diet.

"I'll take a bath in my champagne," she said. And nobody in the room doubted her for a moment.

The Heart of the Matter

AMERICAN oceanographers making underwater recordings in the polar regions kept picking up unaccountable noises. Loud enough to drown out all other ocean sounds, these thumps occurred regularly at the rate of one beat every ten seconds, with occasional mysterious interruptions.

The scientists were stumped until Dr. Walker came up with a simple explanation: they were listening to the heartbeat of a whale. A blue whale's heart generates seven kilowatts of energy and can keep as much as eight tons of blood on the move.

And why the interruptions? Because the sound can only be heard when the whale's mouth is open. When it is shut, the fleshy mass of his head effectively absorbs the rumble of his heartbeat. —*Science et Vie*, France

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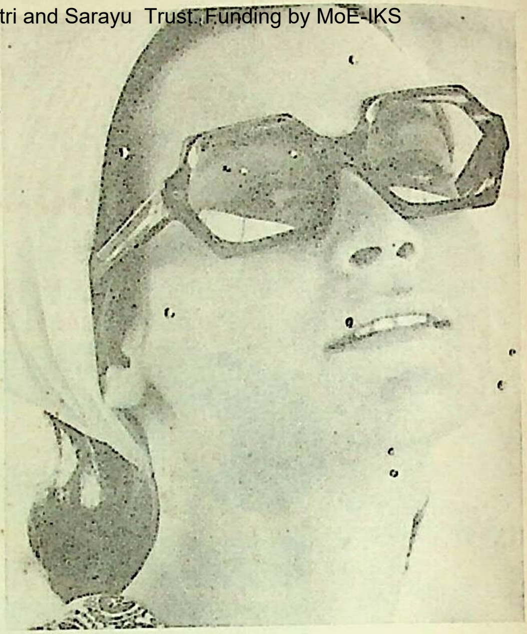

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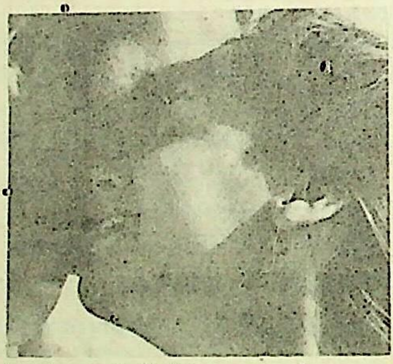

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Surprising Animal-Talk in the Wild

Many of the ways in which animals communicate amongst themselves are only beginning to be understood—and put to good use—by man

Squirrel signals: tail-flicks and chases

BY JEAN GEORGE

IN ENGLAND some years ago, an energetic scientist could be seen morning after morning hiking down an oak-lined path to a hide-out deep in the forest. Wedging himself into the small enclosure, Dr. Jan Taylor, of the British Ministry of Agriculture, would settle himself on a stool with notebook and binoculars.

Presently, out of leaf nests and the hollows of trees, grey squirrels emerged. They scrambled down trunks, flicked their tails and chased each other gaily through the leaves as grey squirrels do. Taylor was trying to learn why squirrels strip bark from trees—but gradually he was discerning something else, something startling that has been observed by almost everyone but seldom comprehended. The squirrels were not playing; they were *communicating* with those tail flicks and chases.

It might go like this: a male would approach another male and raise his tail. The second replied by drooping his tail. The first flicked his tail and squinted his eyes. The second widened his eyes. When squirrel number one's ears went up, the other's went down—and a noisy chase was on. Such tableaux, Taylor

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decided, were messages that told all the squirrels that squirrel number one was dominant. He would now be given preference in feeding and mating.

As Taylor continued his studies around a complete annual cycle, he found that the meaning of the signals seems to vary with the season. In autumn, the chattering and chasing served to pass a different message: "time to bury the nut crop." From all over the forest, the commotion attracted other squirrels. It seemed, in effect, to be a period of measuring the squirrel population against the amount of available food for winter storage.

Taylor is one of a worldwide group of scientists who since the turn of the century have been breaking through in the fascinating field of animal communication. Many creatures use many varied signals to convey messages. And, as in the case of the grey squirrels, many signals have quite different meanings at different times.

J. C. Brémond, of the Laboratory of Acoustic Physiology, Jouy-en-Josas, France, has been investigating bird signals for years. He taped some 1,300 motifs, or musical phrases, sung by the European robin. Using a loudspeaker, he played bits and pieces of these songs to other wild birds—the "territorial song," for instance, which a robin sings to proclaim his ownership of a piece of land. That song, when played on a male robin's territory in spring, would bring him flying to attack the intruder. The same song got no reaction at all in the autumn—yet an entirely different song could then produce the aggressive behaviour.

Animal signals are by no means obvious. Psychologist-anthropologist C. Ray Carpenter, of Pennsylvania State University, found this when he studied the tree-shaking macaque monkeys of Takasaki-yama, Japan. Journeying into the mountain jungles in 1966, Carpenter literally took up residence with the monkeys for a whole month; he wandered their trails with them, observed them during rest and feeding periods.

In time he was able to identify three distinct groups—A, B and C—and he noticed that only certain monkeys within each group shook trees. Off and on during the day these monkeys would rush up certain of the tallest trees, clutch the trunks, and shake with such vigour that the tree-tops were soon nothing but stark stumps. Finally he grasped the pattern. "When group A was on the feeding grounds," he says, "and a C group male shook a tree, A group would quietly steal away. C group would then enter the feeding area without conflict. In this case, tree-shaking is a signal that prevents group conflict."

Signals may just communicate animal emotions. Zoologist Robert Ficken discovered that every time he held a grackle in his hand the

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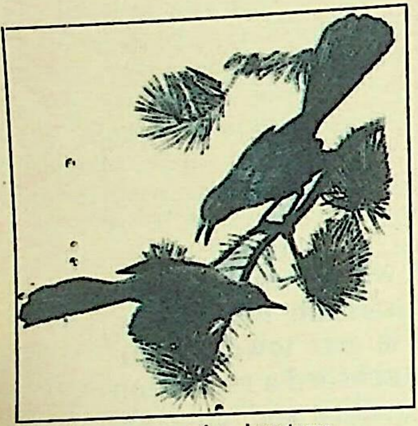
black bird would flash special membranes across its bright-yellow eyes. If the bird batted its eyes rhythmically, making them look like blinking lights, this indicated danger from which it could not flee. If it was confronted with another male, its eyes blinked



Grackles use eyes and various poses

rapidly and at random, showing conflict between the desires for escape and battle.

Ficken, by going over and over films of grackles' behaviour, also interpreted their posing signals. A grackle's head pointed up meant that a rival male was near by. Wings drooped forward like an opening fan announced that a fight was imminent. Grackles also signal with their feathers in flight—a male declares that he is courting a female by holding his tail feathers in a V-shape.

Signals are not necessarily two-way; sometimes they are of value only to the sender. For instance, it has long been known that urine or scent marking by members of the dog family is a social phenomenon that brings mates together and warns of strangers.

Recently, British zoologist Devra Kleiman studied 14 species of dog and discovered a one-way system. She introduced unfamiliar objects into their cages at the London Zoo—wooden boxes, posts, pieces of cloth. These objects were sniffed suspiciously, then doused with urine. After that they were accepted and little attention was given to them. Miss Kleiman concluded that dogs familiarize the landscape *for themselves* through this scent signal. It helps them "see" their way round a territory.

Not all signals are as easy to study as those of squirrels, monkeys, birds and dogs. The porpoise, for example, makes some beeps, clicks and whistles, many of which are too high for our hearing range. But scientists in California have recorded them and tuned them down to our level. Now they are trying to correlate the various sounds with porpoises' observed activities, and thus discover meanings.

The signals of insects are also difficult to interpret, for many of them are sent through chemicals. The late Phil Rau, for example, experimented with the female cecropia moth, which, during its breeding cycle, emits daily from 3.30 to 4.30 a.m. a powerful chemical call to males. Entomologist Rau discovered that the signal could travel not only far on the wind but quickly; one male he had released five kilometres from a female found her in less than half an hour.

Ants, too, signal one another with chemicals. Have you ever wondered how a piece of food discovered by one ant suddenly becomes covered with its relatives? Recent work with leaf-cutting ants helps to make it clear.

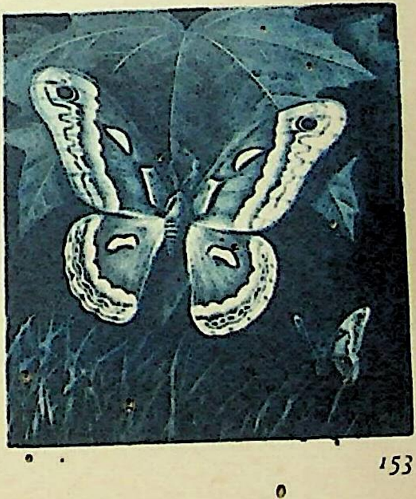
In the abdomen of this particular species of ant there is a chemical, the nature of which is not yet known. When a forager discovers a crumb of food, he returns to the colony, leaving behind him a trail of the mysterious chemical. Ants who come within range of it are excited, and follow it back to the food. Scientists now have ants running along lines of this chemical that have been painted on sterile glass. To the ants, the lines say, "This way to the food."

Porpoises beep, click and whistle

Today there are important practical applications of these signal studies. Every autumn in the wine town of Oppenheim, Germany, a watchman climbs a tower that rises above the rural landscape. When a flock of destructive starlings begins to descend on the ripening vineyards, he pushes a button. The birds shoot up into the sky, whirl in agitation, then re-form and drop into a second vineyard. Another button is pushed. The birds dart up again, give up and disappear. The starlings are being signalled off by a recording of their own alarm cries.

A similar technique is being used at airports. In 1966, after a nearly disastrous collision between a plane and a herring gull at a metropolitan New York airport, authorities called

The female cecropia calls males chemically



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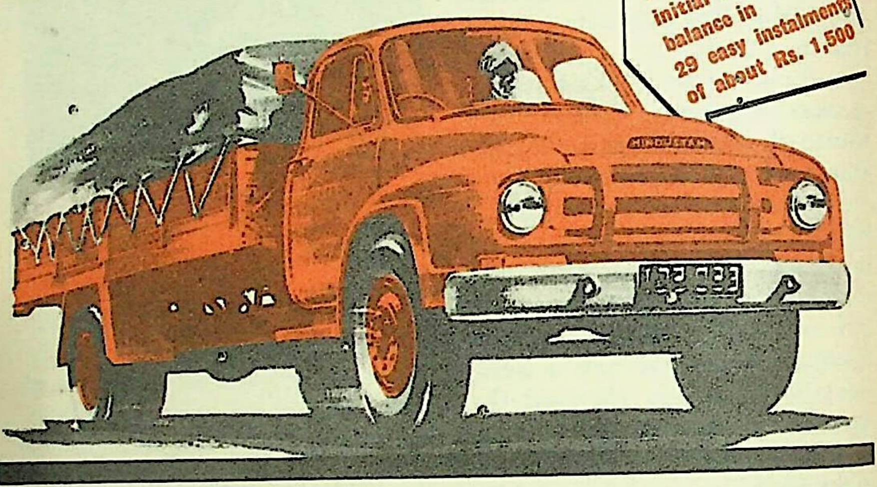

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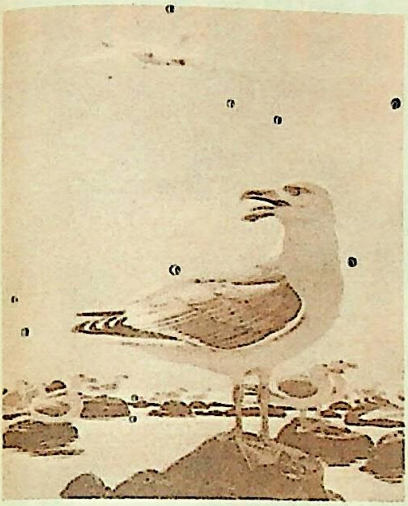


Airports scare off gulls with gull cries

in bird-signal expert John Kadlec, who had been working on the use of taped distress calls to prevent such accidents. He brought tapes of the distress calls of herring and black-headed gulls, mounted a loudspeaker on a car, placed a tape-recorder in the boot and drove round scaring off the gulls.

One misty dawn in January 1969, I joined David Morris, an operations supervisor at the airport, in the mobile unit. After half an hour of cruising over the desert of tarmac, we finally saw five young herring gulls overhead. Morris pushed a button and the air vibrated with the ear-splitting "zwaraakkkkk" of a terrified herring gull. The birds braked on their wings, turned, and shot off into the mist.

Later, telling this story to a researcher friend, I remarked, "We can now herd birds in the air like animals on the ground. What next?"

"Ants? Porpoises?" he replied. It did not seem impossible.

Solution to the puzzle

WHO IS THE ENGINE DRIVER? (See page 69)

The guard, who lives half-way between London and Manchester, also lives near Mr. ...., who earns seven times as much as he does. Mr. .... can't be Mr. Robinson, as Mr. Robinson lives in Manchester. He can't be Mr. Jones, as Mr. Jones' £4,000 a year isn't divisible by seven. Therefore the guard's neighbour must be Mr. Smith.

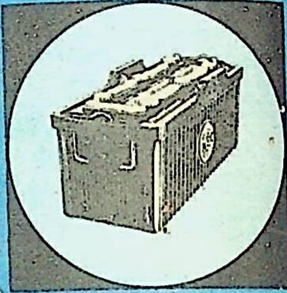
The passenger whose name is the same as the guard's lives in London. He can't be Mr. Robinson, as Mr. Robinson lives in Manchester. He can't be Mr. Smith, as Mr. Smith is a neighbour of the guard, who lives half-way between London and Manchester. Therefore he must be Mr. Jones.

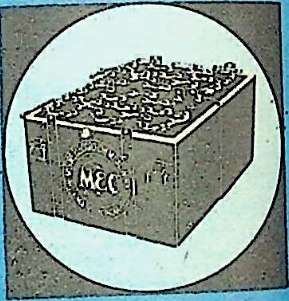
Therefore the guard's name is also Jones.

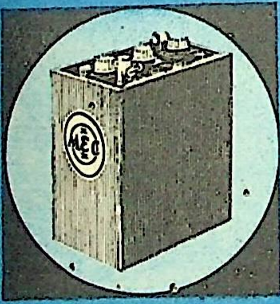
Smith beats the fireman at snooker, so the fireman must be Robinson.

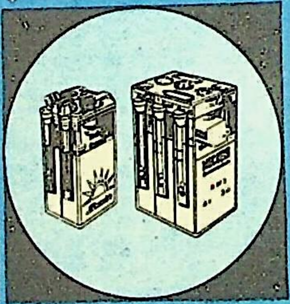
Therefore the engine driver is Smith.

MEC BATTERIES









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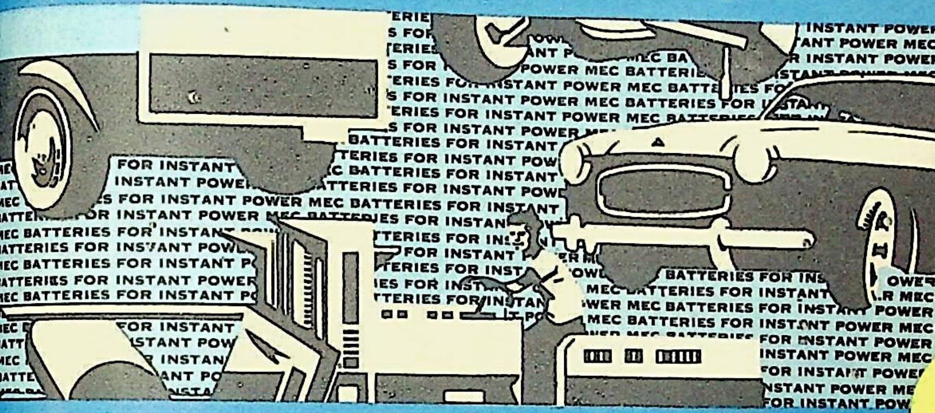
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Presyn

When America Took the Road to Independence

As British armies battered the infant nation on three fronts, it made its first and greatest decision; to challenge for freedom

By Thomas Fleming

Thomas Jefferson awoke as usual with the first faint streaks of dawn. From his second-floor rented rooms, above Seventh and Market Streets, the tall, redheaded Virginian looked out over the city of Philadelphia with foreboding.

Today, July 1, 1776, he would find out if for the last three weeks he had wasted his time in the writing and rewriting of a document he had entitled: "A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled."

Doubting the future of the Declaration of Independence seems almost laughable now. Could there really have been any question? The fact is that history as men experience it is totally different from the way those who follow them relive it.

Standing at his window that July 1, the 33-year-old Jefferson could not be sure that his Declaration was even going to be read, much less ultimately immortalized. The Continental Congress had first to decide whether the very idea of independence was acceptable; only then could the members worry about how to phrase it.

Down at the City Tavern, 26-year-old Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was also awakening. His thoughts and feelings were dominated by an inflexible detestation of

Bitterly opposed to independence, John Dickinson of Pennsylvania argues powerfully before the Continental Congress

a declaration of independence. On June 7, when one of Jefferson's fellow Virginians, Richard Henry Lee, had introduced a resolution declaring that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," Rutledge had leapt to his feet to heap scorn on the idea. It was, he shrilled, "a blind, precipitous measure." It would accomplish only two things, both bad. It would reveal America's intentions to the enemy, and it would make the unborn nation look "ridiculous in the eyes of foreign powers."

In a manor house eight kilometres outside Philadelphia, was an even more powerful foe of independence—43-year-old John Dickinson, political leader of Pennsylvania. A year before, Dickinson, almost single-handedly, had beaten back a surge towards independence, persuading the Congress to present instead a petition to King George III, begging His Majesty to redress America's grievances. Although the king had callously rejected the petition, Dickinson believed that to make a declaration now would be like "destroying a house before we have got another, in winter, with a small family."

Thus Dickinson had joined Rutledge in vehemently opposing the June 7 resolution. After three days of wrangling, the Congress had compromised. It ordered Jefferson to begin drafting a declaration—but there would be no vote on independence until July 1. By then, perhaps, opinions might be closer to unanimity.

Both sides were acutely aware that near-unanimity was called for. John Dickinson had already threatened John Adams, of Massachusetts, one of the most outspoken independence men, with a weapon that could make a mockery of the whole idea of independence. "Concur with us," Dickinson had snapped, "or we'll break off from New England."

If powerful Pennsylvania made such a decision, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware might follow suit. Thus, instead of uniting the colonies, independence might well destroy them.

Deep Gloom. These thoughts were in the minds of Thomas Jefferson and his fellow delegates as they made their way down dusty Chestnut Street to the handsome redbrick Pennsylvania State House, where Congress was sitting. There, as the tower clock struck nine, tall, elegant John Hancock strode to the President's chair and gavelled the Congress into session. (Jefferson, with his scientist's curiosity, noted that the temperature stood at 81·5 degrees.)

First came reports from American armies in the field. None of them was likely to inspire a waverer to vote for independence. In the north, the once-proud army that had invaded Canada was in headlong retreat, ridden by disease and dissension. In New York, Commander-in-Chief George Washington's army of 19,000 men was desperately short of ammunition—and a huge British fleet had been sighted off Sandy Hook. In the south, a British army supported by a naval squadron was battering at Charleston. British forces attacking from three directions—and some men of Congress wanted a vote for independence!

By noon the tension in the room was almost unbearable, and the Congressmen gratefully escaped into the State House yard for an hour's recess. On their return, they resolved into "a committee of the whole," under the chairmanship of Virginia's Benjamin Harrison, so that everything said or voted would be unofficial. The purpose was to encourage every man to speak his mind.

Instantly, John Dickinson was on his feet. What was there to gain from declaring independence, he asked. Would it add a single man to the cause? Would it impress the nations of Europe? Or would it make them think that the Americans were blustering windbags, proclaiming as a fact something they had yet to prove against the British armies? .

Outside, nature added to the drama of Dickinson's powerful speech. Huge clouds had formed above the city. Now thunder

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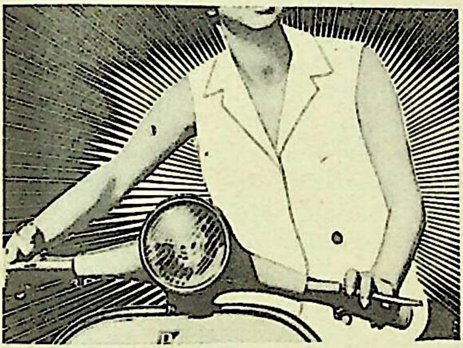

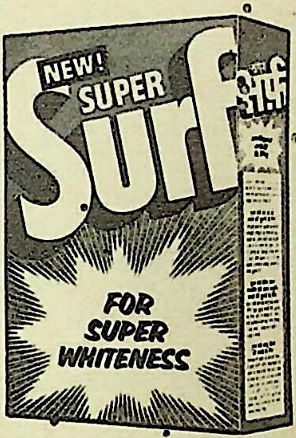

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crashed, and lightning streaked the sky. Candles were lit in the room's sudden gloom.

Dickinson spoke on. A declaration of independence was a declaration of all-out war. Did the members know what that meant? War against the richest, most powerful empire in the world. Could America depend on her own people to stand firm in a war "rendered more cruel" by this declaration? "In bitterness of soul, would they not complain against it as madness, rashness?"

In the momentary stillness that followed these ringing words, rain could be heard lashing against the windows. John Dickinson sat down. All eyes in the silent room turned to the stumpy, 41-year-old delegate from Massachusetts, John Adams. Only he could answer Dickinson.

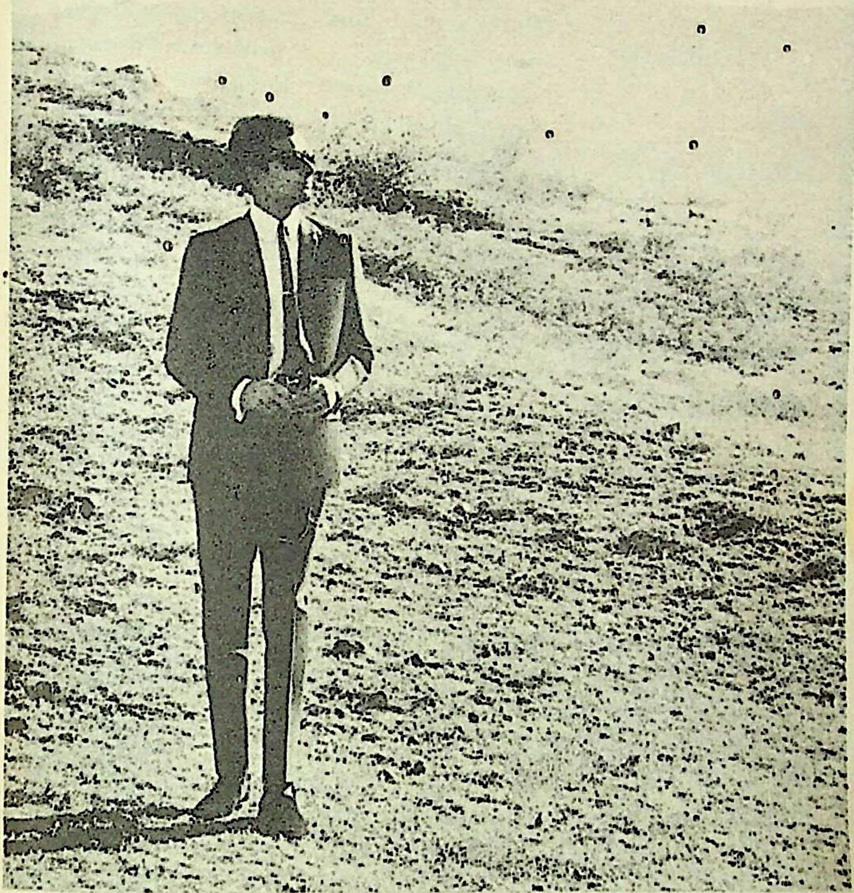
Weary Champion. Adams rose to his feet. He had been living on four hours' sleep a night, serving on more committees than anyone else in Congress, writing endless letters and reports, battling each day on the floor for independence. For a moment he wondered if he could go through with another repetition of "what had been repeated and hackneyed a hundred times, for six months past."

But the moment he began, the immense importance of the subject gripped him again, and weariness vanished from his voice. In the pounding, vehement style that had made him one of the dominant voices in Congress, he gave the greatest speech of his career. Of that speech, Thomas Jefferson would later say that it had "a power of thought and expression that moved us from our seats."

How many times, Adams asked, did Americans have to see their humble petitions scorned, before they realized that George III was an enemy? With armies invading from three directions, who could still be deluded by rumours of reconciliation? The hour had come, said Adams, for the people of America to decide whether to submit as slaves or to fight as free men.

At the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, George III had destroyed the loyalty of most Americans for ever. A declaration would tell this to the world, win friends, perhaps allies. More important, it would rally thousands of men and women who were temporizing. As for himself, Adams cried, "All that I have, all that I am, and all that I hope for in this life, I am now ready to stake on this resolution. Live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration."

Benjamin Harrison called for a vote. The results were grim: only nine colonies were in favour of a declaration. Pennsylvania and South Carolina had followed their leaders into opposition. Delaware had split, one to one, thereby cancelling its vote. New York had abstained. Four delegations, almost a third of the 13, not voting for independence! Quickly, Edward Rutledge moved



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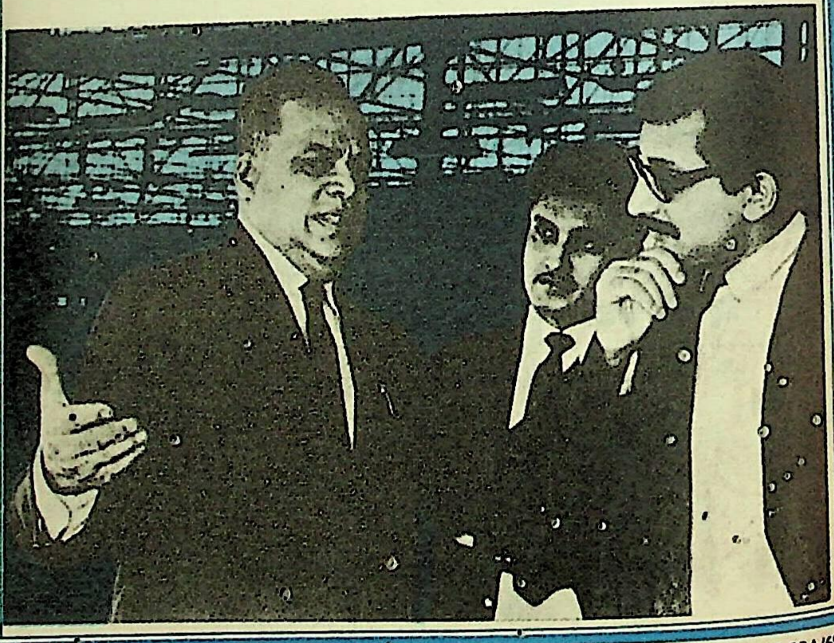

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that an official vote be postponed until the following day.

A night of frantic negotiation and desperate action began. Thomas McKean, of Delaware, hired an express rider with the fastest horse in Philadelphia to cover the 128 kilometres to Dover. There he was to find Caesar Rodney, a pro-independence delegate who had gone home on business. If he could be got back to Philadelphia in time, he would swing Delaware's vote.

At the City Tavern, Edward Rutledge debated far into the night with his fellow Carolinians. He was still against a declaration of independence. But he was statesman enough to see that a split of even one colony could be the first step towards disunion and disaster.

New Yorkers, conferring with pro-independence men, admitted that they were in favour of a declaration. But they were under specific instructions from home *not* to vote for independence, so they would continue to abstain.

This left Pennsylvania. For sleepless hours, John Dickinson struggled with his conscience. One of his chief Pennsylvania supporters, Robert Morris, had urged him to submit to the will of the majority. But Dickinson, brought up as a Quaker, could not vote war's suffering on his people, whatever the majority willed.

He sent word to Robert Morris that he was staying home from Congress on July 2, and that perhaps Morris should do the same thing. This meant that Pennsylvania's delegation would be reduced to five. Two were for independence, two opposed; one, John Morton, was undecided.

July 2 dawned rainy and cooler. Through the muddy streets the delegates walked to the familiar chamber. The absence of Dickinson and Morris was instantly noted. But the independence men grimly noted another absence: Caesar Rodney's. Had the messenger failed in his mission? All morning and into the afternoon, President John Hancock delayed the vote with other business. Finally, further delay was impossible.

Casting Votes. Secretary Charles Thomson called the roll of the delegates. The nine yeas of the previous day caused no suspense. New York politely declared its abstention. Pennsylvania's vote split two-two until John Morton rose, weak from the disease that was to kill him a few months later.

Morton shared John Dickinson's dread of the impending war. Only a month earlier, he had said: "The contest is horrid. Parents against children, children against parents." But now he voted, in a voice tight with anguish, for independence. John Adams had convinced him.

And Delaware? Outside, Thomas McKean had spent most of the day straining eyes and ears for sight or sound of a horseman. As the vote went on inside, McKean at last saw what he was praying for. Covered with mud after an all-night ride, Caesar Rodney slid off his horse. Minutes later, in the meeting room he stood up to declare, "The voice of my people at home is for independence. I concur."

Now it was South Carolina's turn, and the independence men sighed approval when Edward Rutledge announced that his state was joining their ranks.

In a voice that trembled with suppressed excitement, President John Hancock read the result: for independence—12; against—none. The great decision had been made.

On the evening of July 4, Congress, after debating various deletions and additions to Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, voted approval of the edited document.

"I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration," John Adams wrote to his wife, Abigail. "Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not."

Paper-Weight

Barbra Streisand is currently one of the biggest draws in show business. An Australian producer was so eager for her to do a concert in Australia that he wrote to her recently in a contract offer: "We'll pay you in pounds, or dollars, or in pounds of dollars!"

—E. W.

Hook, Line and Sinker

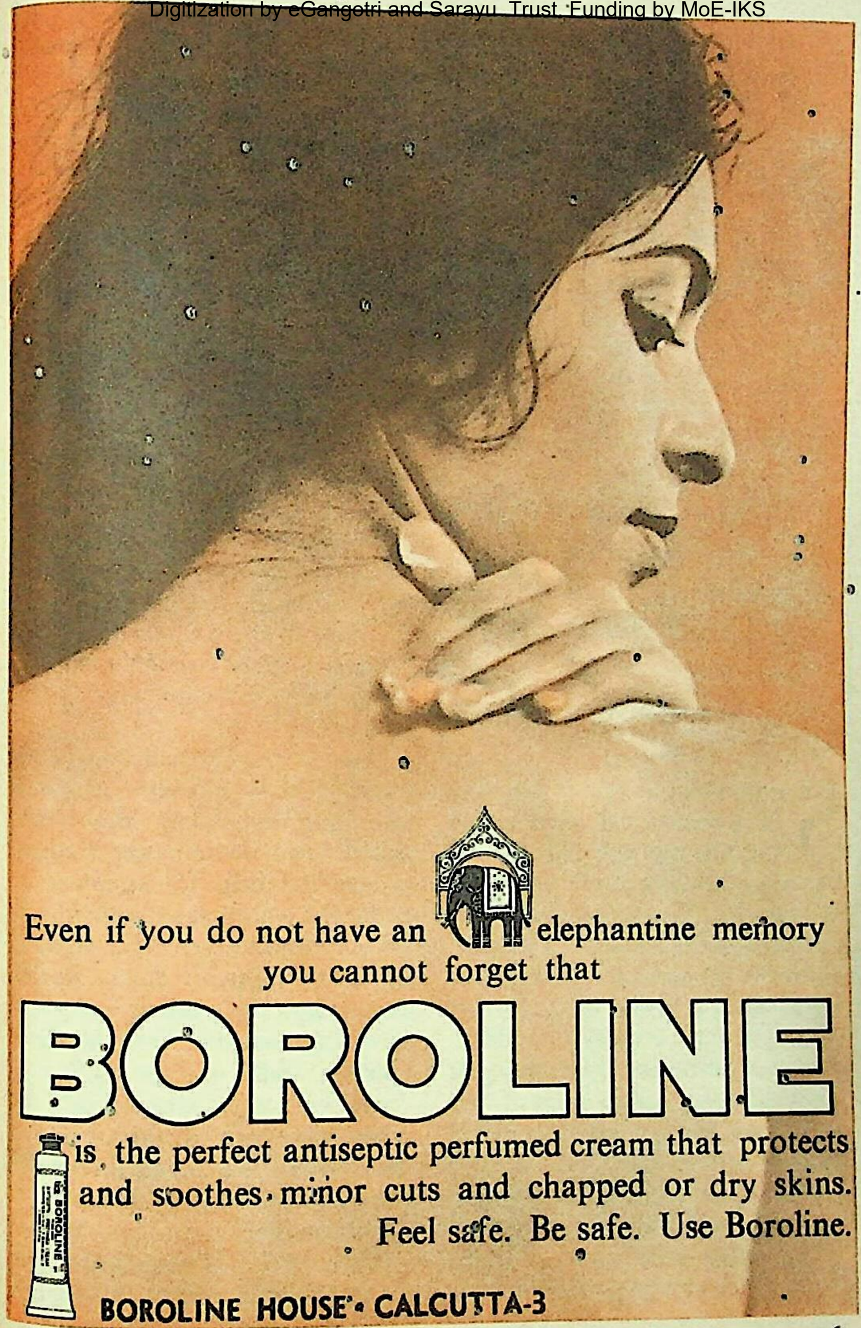
The sailors on the French trawler *Fomalhaut* had been sweating at their windlasses for three hours, but the net refused to come up. And the vessel was beginning to list dangerously.

All that time, Captain T. D. A. Thompson of the Royal Navy wondered, 30 metres below at the same spot, why his submarine *Grampus* sat like a log in the water. "Nothing out of order, sir," reported the frantic crew, "but she won't move."

Occasionally the calm was shattered, and Her Majesty's sailors were shaken like coconuts in a tree. When the submarine surfaced, ignominiously tangled in the net, both crews were furious.

By the time a naval air force interpreter arrived, everyone had calmed down a bit. The net was cut loose and the two vessels drew apart, coldly but politely.

—*Paris-Presse L'Intransigeant*, Paris



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The Good Samaritans of Wales

By Oscar Schisgall

Working with down-to-earth good sense, these ten ordinary men achieve miracles of charity

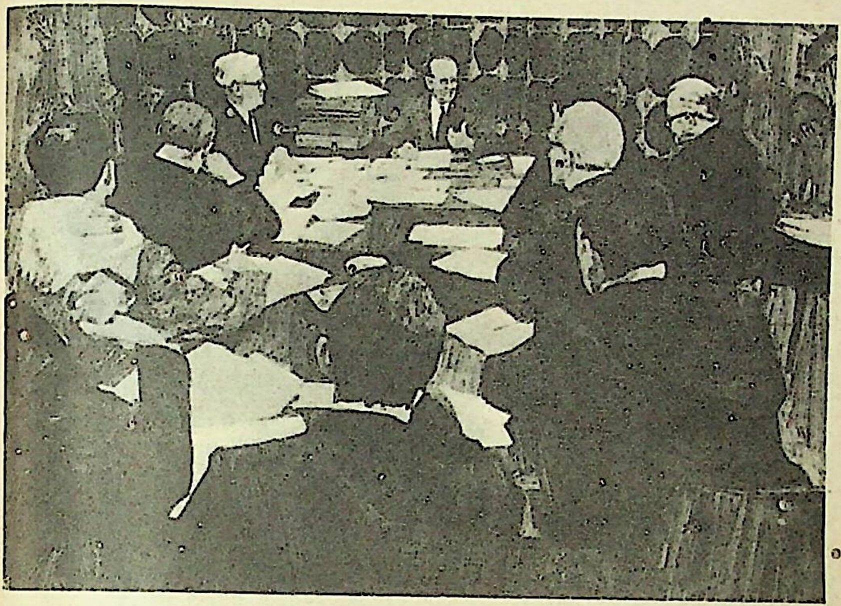
Speaking at a recent gathering of international scientists in Cardiff, the Rt. Hon. George Thomas, Secretary of State for Wales, said, "Tenovus is one of the most inspiring groups I know. Theirs is the spirit that makes this world worth living in." He was talking about a remarkable philanthropic organization that in the past quarter-century has raised well over £2 million (Rs. 36 million) and distributed it to notably good purpose among deserving institutions and countless needy individuals.

Tenovus was the creation not of tycoons but of ten average-income Cardiff businessmen. Today's members are all men one might face any day across counters and desks. Using common sense and the means at anybody's disposal, these men can list among their achievements the building of the Tenovus Institute for Cancer Research in Cardiff, a vast radiotherapy laboratory, a home for blind babies, and a new wing for a school for spastic children.

For some years the original ten had been meeting once a month for a convivial luncheon. Then in 1943 one of the group became critically ill and entered Cardiff Royal Infirmary. When he was able to rejoin his friends, they decided, as a gesture of gratitude to the hospital that saved his life, to raise enough money to equip every bed with wireless earphones.

None of the ten had ever before participated in a fund-raising venture, but they asked local newspapers to invite contributions, turned for help to organizations with which they were individually associated and urged their wives to appeal to women's clubs. As the money began to come in, the group needed a name for its effort. Businessman Tolla Curitz suggested, "Since we are ten, why not call ourselves Tenovus?" In a few weeks the money was raised, and the earphones were duly delivered to the infirmary.

Then the William Nicholls Convalescent Home at St. Mellons



Tenovus in committee. Members include a gas board executive, two bank managers, a company secretary, a managing director, a builder, garage owner, insurance broker, cargo superintendent and ex-journalist

asked if Tenovus would get earphones for *its* patients. The ten began to wonder if they were not letting themselves in for more than they could handle. Each had his business to run and could devote only odd hours and occasional evenings to Tenovus. But on the basis that nobody else was helping the convalescent home, they agreed to raise the needed funds.

Other requests began to arrive, among them a letter from a local almoner. "I know a poor widow who has seven young children," wrote the social worker. "Some time ago she lost an arm, and one of her big problems is doing the family laundry. Would Tenovus give her a washing machine?"

The ten men exchanged uneasy glances. Were they to act on *every* call that came to them? In the midst of doubts about becoming enmeshed in their own generosity, one man's voice rang out: "Oh, let's give her the washing machine!"

He slapped a £5 note on the table. The others quickly followed suit, and the next day a new washing machine was delivered to the one-armed widow.

The incident set a precedent: members of Tenovus have never solicited outside help before contributing themselves and every meeting begins with a contribution from each member. If any of them is tempted to complain about these demands on his wallet, he reminds himself of the group's favourite quotation: "I cried because I had no shoes—until I met a man who had no feet."

When Tenovus was able to raise £50,000 to establish a home for blind babies in Southerndown, members became convinced that few goals were out of their reach—if they were energetic enough and, above all, *concerned* enough. Two years from the start of the Tenovus campaign the Welsh Sunshine Home was opened by Princess Margaret, who commented admiringly that "such a small number should accept such a great responsibility."

At Cardiff's Royal Infirmary, the Tenovus Spina Bifida Unit is the first of its kind in the world

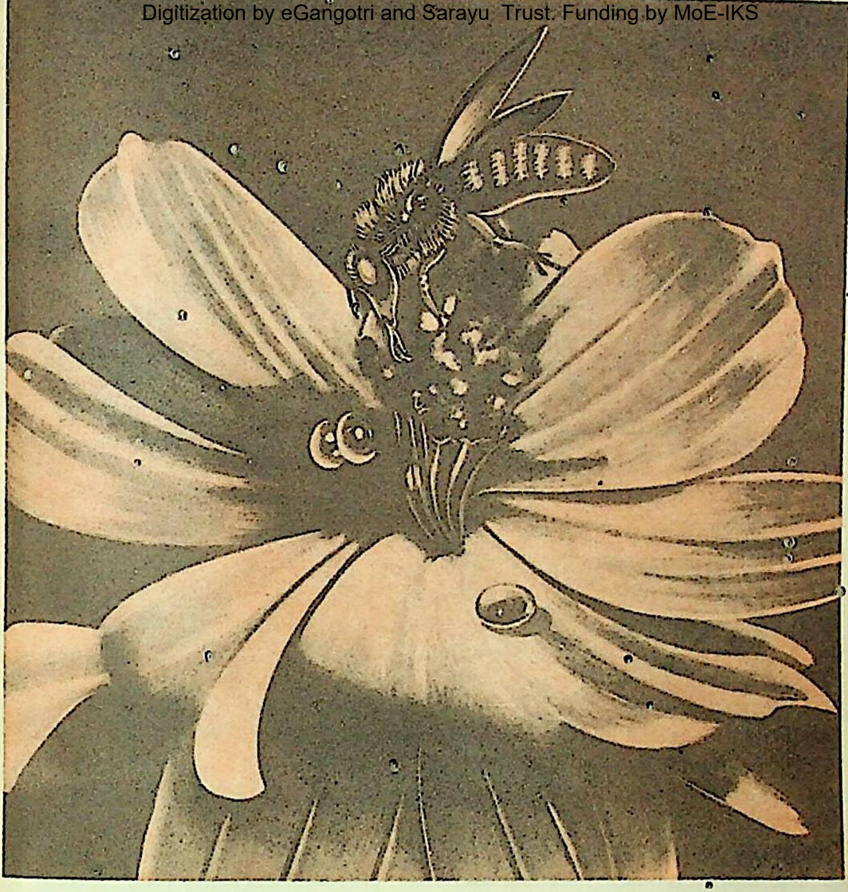
Tenovus Spina Bifida Unit

I asked how these men decide which requests are most worthy of their attention. Their president, David Cole, explained: "We seek advice from experts—lawyers, social workers, engineers and architects—just as one does in business." Medical specialists sit on an advisory committee with four Tenovus members. Thanks to Tenovus's enthusiastic aid, the Craig-y-Parc Spastic School has a new £7,000 wing, Cardiff Red Cross headquarters has a £2,000 addition, and the Royal College of Nurses has received funds to help establish a Welsh branch.

When a plea for aid in research on and treatment of the disease called spina bifida first reached the Tenovus conference table, one member asked, "What *is* spina bifida?"

No one knew. Chairman C. E. Banham and Organizing Secretary Bryn Calvin-Thomas were delegated to make enquiries at the Welsh Board of Health, from which the request had come.

What they found out stunned them. Spina bifida, for some unknown reason, was more prevalent in South Wales than anywhere else in Britain. Babies with this disease are born with a cleft in the spine. Until recently, some 90 per cent of children suffering from this



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Now, because of the all-out efforts of the Tenovus well-oiled fund-raising machinery, the Cardiff Royal Infirmary has a fully equipped spina bifida unit—the first of its kind anywhere in the world. There are signs of hope: babies are responding to operations in which skin from other parts of the body is grafted over the protrusion.

Such large expenditures depend on income from donations, and that these are continuously forthcoming indicates how deeply the Welsh appreciate what Tenovus is doing. "People trust us to apply the money where it will do the most good," says Calvin-Thomas. The obituary columns in Cardiff newspapers bear daily testimony to this with the oft-repeated request that, instead of flowers, a contribution be sent to Tenovus.

The group organizes fashion shows, coffee parties, raffles. But their example sparks off the unexpected. Four young apprentices raised £1,700 by walking from John o'Groats in Scotland, to Land's End, Cornwall, for Tenovus—900 miles in 33 days.

Tenovus may well be the only philanthropic organization in the world whose administrative overheads total less than one per cent of its income. Recently a London newspaperman visited its offices, two small rooms in a Victorian building on Cardiff's Cathedral Road. He asked the shirt-sleeved man he found at a typewriter if he could see the director. The typist led the visitor to the other room, sat down and said, "Now you're talking to the director." For the Tenovus office staff numbers only two: grey-haired Bryn Calvin-Thomas and his secretary, Mrs. Kathleen Cook. Rigid economy is practised, the realistic thinking of small businessmen who, as a Cardiff tobacconist put it, "know the importance of sixpence."

Over the past 25 years four of the ten founders of Tenovus have died and the other six have retired. Each vacancy has been filled by a new participant chosen by the group. As new member Stanley Milsom confided to me, few honours are more eagerly hoped for than to be invited to join. "Next year I shall be retiring as bank manager," he said. "I can think of no more rewarding way to spend the years ahead."

Most of the present members, however, are men in their forties and early fifties. Nothing short of illness keeps them away from the monthly conferences. What makes these meetings so compelling is the number of small, touching requests that arrive endlessly. Seldom do these come from people who are themselves in need, but from social workers, doctors, vicars—anyone who has discovered real distress.

It was a window cleaner for instance who alerted Tenovus to a wheelchair-bound girl in one of the buildings where he worked. She was totally paralysed and mute, as much out of touch with the world as a prisoner in a dungeon. Her family with whom she lived had little money beyond bare necessities. So, Tenovus sent the paralysed girl a television set. Its very presence, bringing the world into her room, transfigured her. It was as if life had been breathed into her whole highly intelligent being.

Helping individuals in such ways costs little. But the building of research centres is a wholly different matter. "Nine years ago," a Tenovus member told me, "Wales needed a modern centre for cancer research and treatment. Yet nobody was doing anything about it." It was the most challenging need Tenovus had ever faced, requiring hundreds of thousands of pounds. But today an impressive modern building, fully equipped and staffed by 35 research workers, stands as a monument to the £250,000 effort.

Tenovus has also endowed a Radiotherapy Laboratory for Cardiff's Velindre Hospital and broken ground for another £150,000 cancer-research centre at Southampton. Today the Cardiff Post Office stamps letters *Tenovus Fights Cancer.*

Cardiff's pride in the Tenovus fight against disease is readily understandable, but when you talk privately with members of the group they are apt to tell you about small things like the blind children's home that used to give its children rides in a donkey cart. One Sunday afternoon a visiting Tenovus member noticed that the donkey, grazing in a field, was becoming fat. When he commented on this, he was told the donkey had been missing its accustomed exercise because the cart in which he pulled the children had collapsed. Next morning a Cardiff newspaper told the story, mentioning that Tenovus wanted to provide a new donkey cart. By noon, a dozen offers of free carts had been received from manufacturers and private individuals, and one was quickly sent to the home.

Many people have pondered on the significance of Tenovus. Certainly it has demonstrated the vast power for good that lies in the hands of ordinary citizens, the spirit of co-operation that can be roused for a worthy cause. When I asked one of the members what *he* thought of their success, he said modestly that, "the whole history of Tenovus is one of being led from project to project by man's obvious needs." And, with characteristic Welsh humour, he added, "I think we've proved that if you own a fat donkey you can get a free cart."

A FLORIST in the Place du Tertre, in Paris, doubled his turnover by dreaming up the following sign for his window: "My roses are so cheap today that even husbands can offer a few to their wives."

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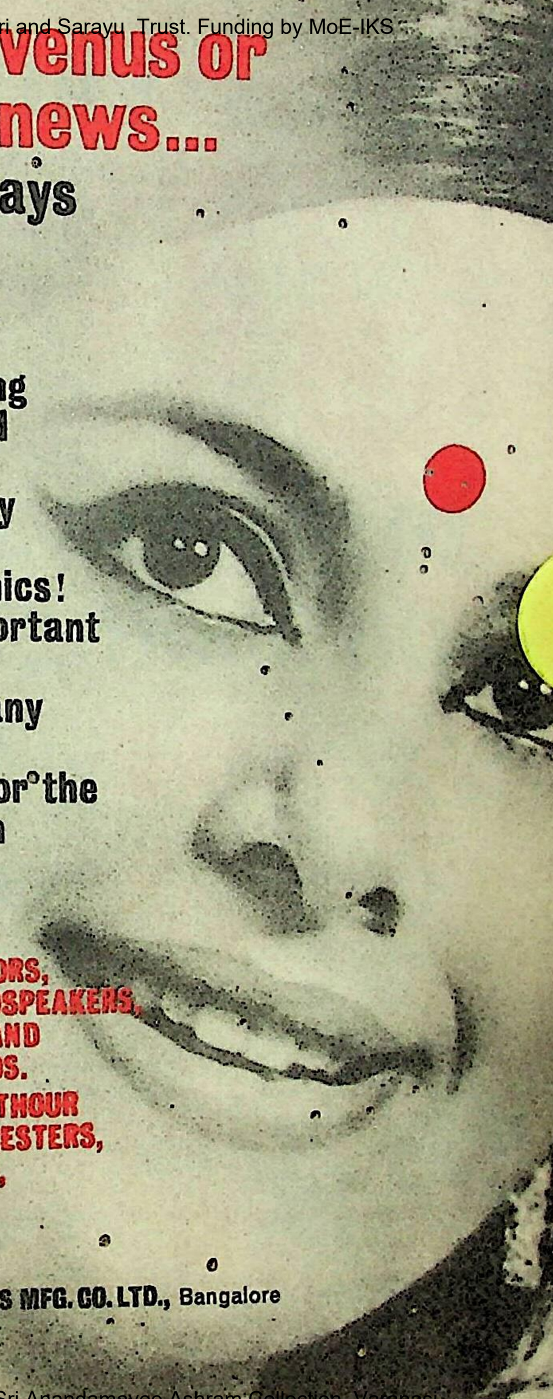

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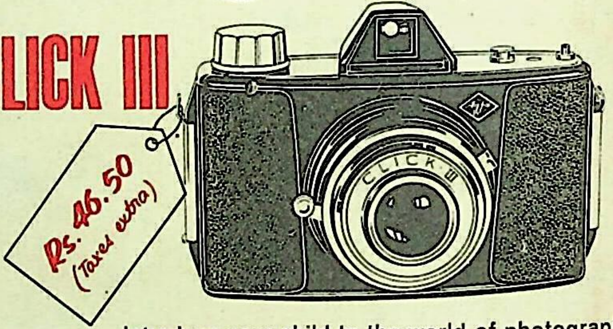

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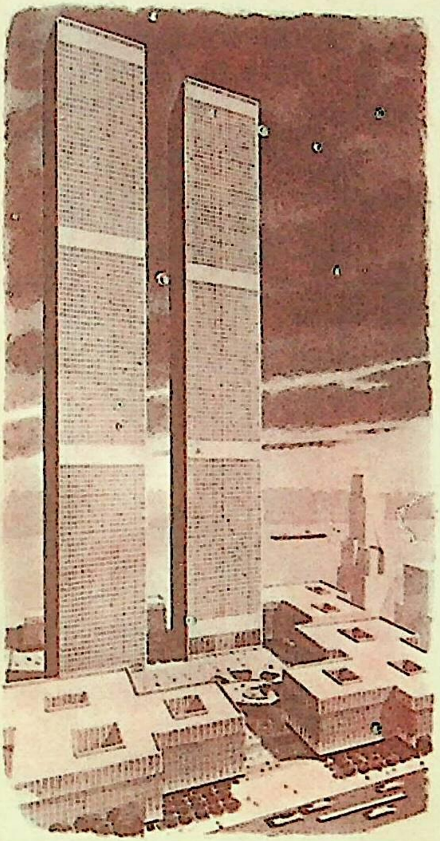


Greatest Skyscraper of Them All

Under construction in New York, the new World Trade Centre will feature the two highest buildings ever erected by man

By J. D. Ratcliff

"This is the first building of the twenty-first century."

The speaker, an architect, was referring to the World Trade Centre now rising in lower Manhattan, to be finished in 1973. Radical in concept, daring in design, it is a dazzling engineering achievement.

The Centre will have the *two* tallest buildings in the world—110-storey towers more than 418 metres high. (The current champion, the Empire State Building, rises almost 380 metres.) Never has so much construction money ($600 million) been laid on so small a table—16 acres along the Hudson River. Yet its six buildings will provide an incredible 230 acres of rentable space, 80 acres more than the world's largest office building, the Pentagon.

In effect, the Trade Centre will be

CONDENSED FROM THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

a world supermarket for importers and exporters, where the sale of *anything* from *anywhere* can be negotiated. While big companies, well staffed with trade experts, have long profited in the global market, smaller companies have largely shied away from such far-flung activity. Unthreading the ins and outs has been just too difficult. The World Trade Centre promises to fix this—by on-the-spot matching of buyers and sellers, and by providing instant information on marketing opportunities and technical and logistical requirements. The Centre will also provide a unique opportunity to view extensive permanent exhibits of products from all over the world.

Meeting All Needs. Let's tour this complex, some of which will be ready for occupancy next year. First, stroll through the Centre's "park"—five acres of plaza complete with flowers, fountains, sculpture. And then the Centre itself —the two towers, plus four low-rise (eight-storey) buildings. Fifty thousand people will work here, and 80,000 more will visit the Centre daily.

There will be a 600-room hotel, and enough restaurants to feed 20,000 people at a sitting. Shopping? A customer will be able to buy virtually anything, in eight acres of shops on a mall below the plaza. Six under-street floors will provide space for 2,000 cars, storage and operating machinery.

Plans for the vast undertaking were born in 1960. The Downtown Lower Manhattan Association, a kind of regional chamber of commerce, decided that a trade centre—like those built, being built or planned in New Orleans, Seattle, Rotterdam—would increase the volume of international trade and help rejuvenate a decaying portion of the city.

The obvious place to turn for help was the Port of New York Authority. Created by the legislatures of New York and New Jersey in 1921 to promote the commercial welfare of both, the Port Authority has provided 23 such facilities as the George Washington Bridge, the Holland Tunnel and Kennedy Airport. It issues its own bonds to pay for self-supporting projects that cost the taxpayer nothing.

The Port Authority acquired a 13-block area of ramshackle buildings, 60 per cent of which were over 100 years old, and in August 1966 began construction. Engineers knew they would encounter trouble right at the start. The site was spongy—land reclaimed from the Hudson over the years by the dumping of garbage and excavation refuse.

Over three centuries ago, Dutch fur traders had anchored their vessels on this very spot. Diggers had to pass through the fill, the old sea floor, and on to solid rock 21 metres down. But if they simply started digging, the sea would seep in from the Hudson, only a block away. The pumping job would be impossible.

Fortunately, Italian engineers had invented a means of dealing with such a situation. Before any excavating you simply dig a huge trench around the entire area, down to rock. As you dig, you fill the ditch with a clay slurry—soupy and heavy enough to hold water out. Next, you pipe concrete to the bottom; this forces the slurry out—to be used again for the next section. When the $8 million perimeter wall was finished, the site was, in effect, a giant bath-tub.

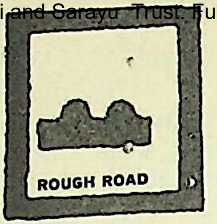
In late 1967, emptying the bath-tub began—one of the biggest excavation jobs ever undertaken. How to dispose of 840,000 cubic metres of debris? Hauling it any great distance would be extremely expensive. So steel coffer-dams were driven into the Hudson River to make a huge, rectangular enclosure. Soil was dumped here to create 23 acres of new land—a gift worth $90 million to New York City.

No Disruption. Meanwhile, a tangle of power, telephone, sewer and water lines had to be repositioned. Another problem: buried seven metres below the surface on the site were two tubes of the Port Authority Trans-Hudson System, through which trains carry 80,000 commuters a day. As the pit grew deeper, the tubes were exposed, and finally left suspended in the air, supported by elaborate shoring. Not for a minute was service interrupted.

Two architectural firms had been signed on to guide the massive project. Minoru Yamasaki & Associates, of Troy, Michigan, would be responsible for the aesthetic aspects. Emery Roth & Sons of New York, which had built dozens of Manhattan skyscrapers, would be mainly responsible for working out the details.

Meticulous Planning. For Yamasaki, the assignment meant personal involvement for ten years, and a fantastic amount of designing and selection—even down to door-knobs. Yamasaki's first year went mainly into deciding on the basic outlines. For this, he made a scale model of the plot. Next, he made a number of small cardboard boxes, each representing a specified amount of building space. Stacking blocks in different arrangements began. He made more than a hundred arrangements before he found a design that suited him: two soaring towers, four low-rise buildings, and ample plaza space.

There are limiting factors in building any skyscraper. Cost of steel is one—the higher you go, the more massive the lower supports must be. Lifts are another problem—go high enough and virtually *all* lower floor space will be occupied by shafts. Several things helped Trade Centre architects and engineers over these hurdles. Since the Empire State Building went up in the early 1930s, steel three times as strong had come along, so less would be needed. Also,



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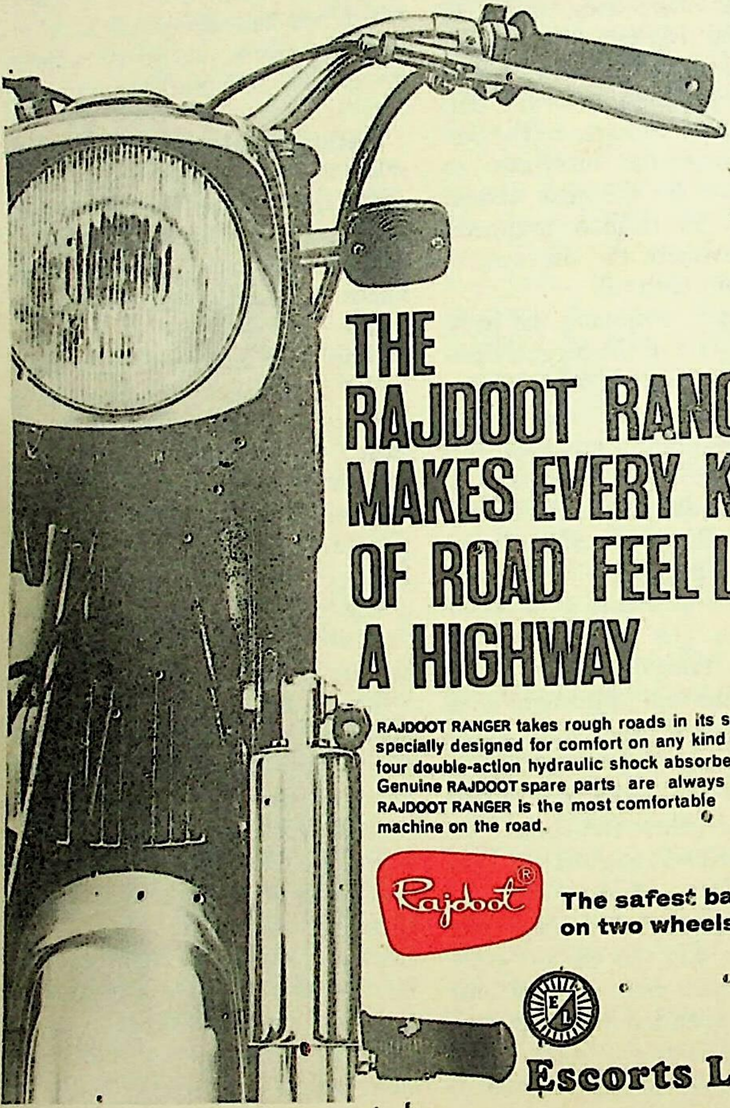

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a new structural design in which the exterior walls bear most of the load was used. The exterior vertical columns are tied together by massive horizontal beams and linked to the inner core of the building by floor trusses, providing greater rigidity with less steel.

To devote as little space as possible to lift shafts, each tower was "zoned," creating what amounts to three skyscrapers, one piled on top of the other—with "sky lobbies" on the 44th and 78th floors. If you want to go to, say, the 50th floor, you take an express to the 44th, and there change to a local. Thus, there will be *three* locals operating in a single shaft: 1 to 43; 44 to 77; 78 to 110. In each tower, only three lift-cars will go from bottom to top. Because of this arrangement, the 104 lifts in each tower occupy only 13 per cent of the space—as against 23 per cent by conventional design.

Vertical Transportation. This vast system will carry a quarter of a million passengers a day. It will be computerized to minimize waiting and to make certain that you can reach any point in either tower within two minutes. Express lifts, twice normal size and equalling the world's fastest, will hold 55 passengers.

Housekeeping tasks in the Centre will be staggering. How, for example, to wash the 21,800 windows in each tower? A newly invented automatic washer will drop rapidly down the side of a tower, on tracks set in the building, cleaning five floors of windows on its track per minute. A rotary brush will do the scrubbing; a squeegee will dry. Washing water is sucked up, filtered, used again and again.

Steel for the North Tower is climbing skyward now, and steel work for the South Tower is under way. The steel sections weigh up to 56 tons and are lifted into place by ingenious "kangaroo" cranes imported from Australia. One sits at each corner of each tower's inner core. When steel work on one floor is finished, the cranes hoist themselves to the next on hydraulic legs. When the steel is topped out, one crane will lower the other three; then that crane will be dismantled and taken to the ground in a lift shaft.

In designing the great towers, wind load was a major consideration. Powerful gusts might shatter windows. For safety, tempered glass eight times as strong as usual glass is specified. The towers themselves are designed to withstand sustained winds so far never encountered—up to 250 k.p.h. To double-check their figures, engineers built scale models of the towers and tested them in wind tunnels.

In a high wind, any big building sways through a small arc. Here it will be a maximum of 20 centimetres. The sway must be undetectable. So, the planners of the Centre built a mock-up office, suspended it in one of the huge ventilating rooms of the Lincoln Tunnel under the Hudson River, put people inside it, and reproduced the predicted sway of the towers. People in the room reported no sensations of motion.

What will the Centre—"a U.N. of trade"—offer the small businessman? Suppose you are a manufacturer of power garden tools in Lima, Ohio, or a plastics moulder from Darmstadt, Germany. You have rented small display and sales space in the Centre. The Nationalist China purchasing mission sees your product there and shows interest.

You want all possible information on trade with Taiwan—import restrictions, market potential, availability of shipping and so on. You dial the Centre computer, which will have one of the largest data storage banks ever constructed. Trade facts will start pouring in on a picture-phone screen. They can be photo-copied. You may want payment as soon as the goods leave your plant. This, too, can be arranged on the spot: so far, 33 major world banks have signed up for space in the Centre. For drawing up the final papers, you may want to call on the pool of multi-lingual translators and typists. Thus, a deal can be made in hours or days that might have taken weeks or months, or might not have taken place at all.

More than 700 tenants have already signed leases for 90 per cent of the space available. Some reservations extend to the year 2070. The biggest trade-orientated lessee is U.S. Customs, which will centralize activities now scattered through four New York buildings. When tenants move into the first 24 floors of the North Tower, in the autumn of 1970, construction will still be under way on the 86 floors above—while work on the South Tower follows eight months behind.

Until now, 60 floors have appeared to be the most desirable economic limit for big buildings. If the World Trade Centre is the financial success it promises to be, the sky may well be the limit in the future.

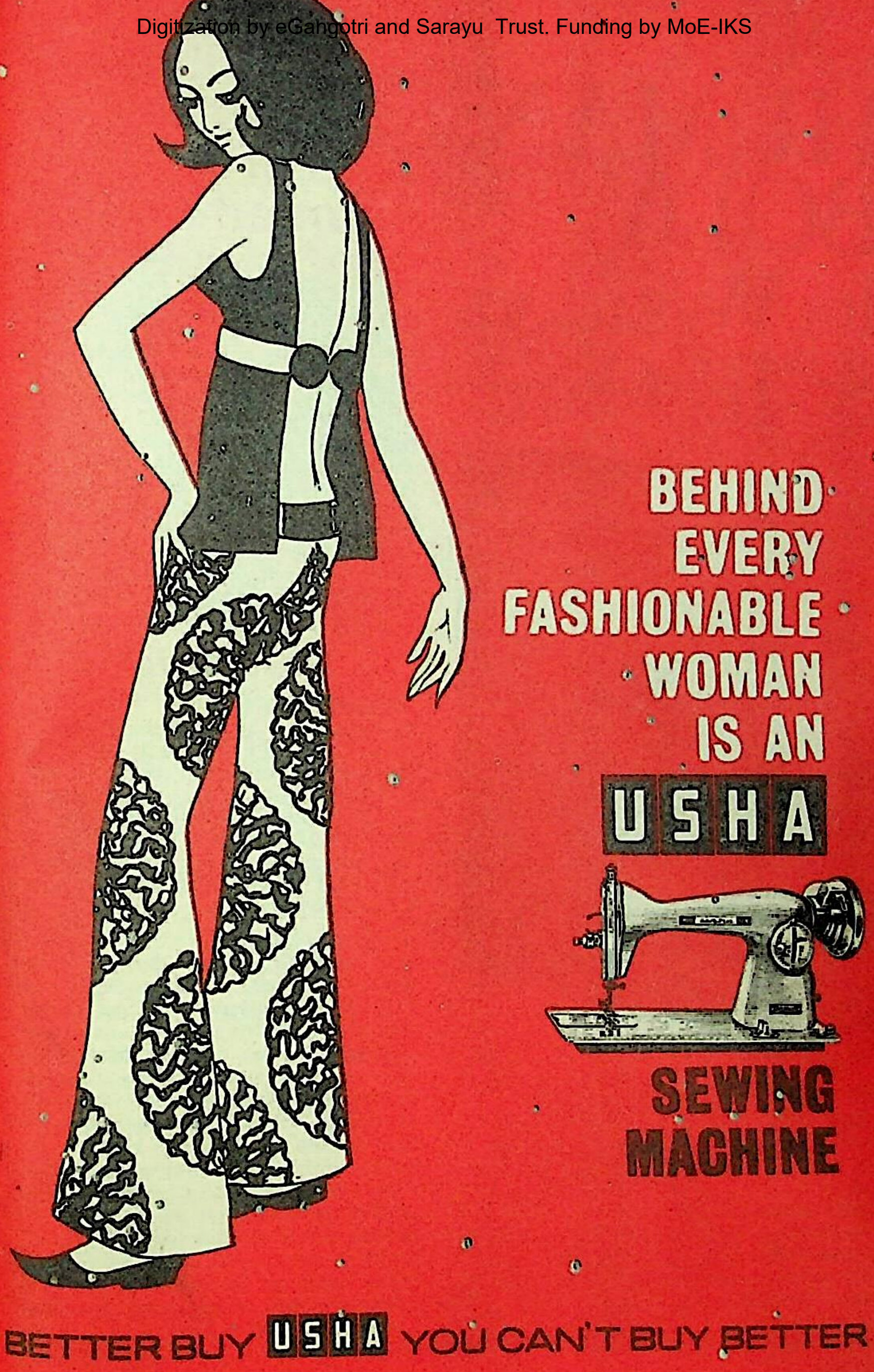
What Was That?

A DRIVING school in London advertises: "Crash Course for Wives."

HEADLINE in the Muncie, Indiana, *Press:* "UNIMPAIRED SIGHT VITAL TO THE LEARING PROCESS."

FILMDOM'S newest teenage sex symbol, gowned and coiffed like a contemporary of Marie Antoinette, heaved a visible sight from the depths of her décolletage.

—Greensburg, Pennsylvania, *Tribune Review*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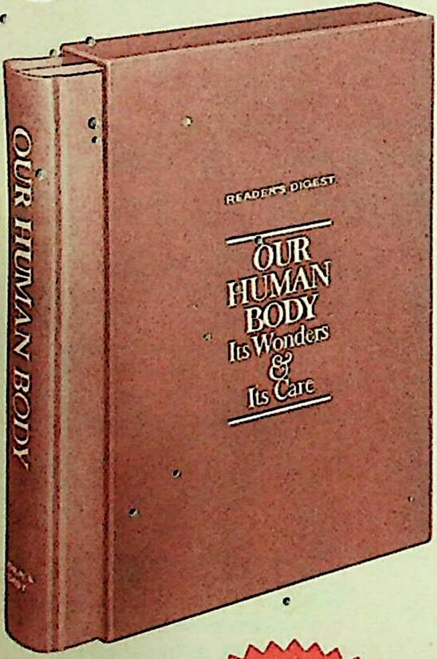

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Tune In to Your Husband's Wave-Length

A strong, storm-proof understanding can
smooth many of the bumps, and
bring increasing joy to married life

By Catharine Menninger, with Margaret Lane

Years ago, as the bride of a hard-working young psychiatrist, I shed a good many unnecessary tears. The problem was communication. I'd expected, once our marriage vows were said, that the sort of profound communion the poets speak of would burst forth magically between us and flow, constant and serene, from that day forward. I had a lesson to learn: that it takes more than marriage vows, and more than time, to build a strong, storm-proof communication line between husband and wife. It takes, also, selfless *effort*.

My late husband, Dr. William Menninger, understood this. Since communication is the breath of life to marriage, he believed that even the busiest couples must find time to talk together. Moreover, although he was a taciturn person by nature, he practised his belief. No matter how busy he was with patients or his work at the Menninger Clinic, he always managed to make time for us to talk together every day. Often, this was late in the evening; we'd pull our chairs up in front of the fire-place, and perhaps share a nightcap. "Now," he'd say, "let's talk for a while."

What can *wives* do to make truly satisfying talk a part of their daily lives—for themselves and their husbands?

First, it's important to keep in mind that talk is not the only form of communication. Non-verbal communication is sometimes the

CONDENSED FROM WOMAN'S DAY

most effective, for it sets the stage for every word that passes between a husband and wife. For instance, what are you saying to your husband when you cancel a dinner date because he's especially tired? When you cook his favourite supper? Or when, on a gloomy evening, you light a fire to cheer him when he comes in?

On the other hand, what is communicated by the wife who always has time for what *she* wants to do? Who is extravagant when her husband is worried about making ends meet? Who finds getting up to make his breakfast just too much work?

At certain times, the mere touch of a hand can speak volumes. I cherish, still, a memory of the day our middle son was born. As I was wheeled from the delivery room, too groggy to know much of what was happening around me, my husband reached out, took hold of my big toe and squeezed. More clearly than any words could have said, the pressure of his hand told me, "I love you! I'm proud of you! I'm happy about our baby son!"

Beyond any of these in importance, of course, are the intimate moments in marriage. The most powerful form of communication between a husband and wife is the act of making love. Or rejecting love. Forget this, and you risk everything else besides.

But vital as non-verbal communication is, talk is vital, too. Most ideas have to be put into words: what we expect of ourselves and each other, our problems, plans and goals. But how?

While I claim no magic formula for *quick* success, here are some steps to try. In my own marriage they helped, through the years, to build a communication so complete that even now—because I knew my husband's thoughts so well—I am sustained and guided by it.

- *Begin by becoming a whole person.* Too many wives (and I was one of the too many) expect a weary man to come home at night and make up for the monotony of their lives; they demand that he be wit, sage, comforter and counsellor all in one. "You owe me this!" they seem to say, instead of asking themselves, "What can *I* contribute to make conversation more pleasurable for us both?"

Will was often at the hospital day and night. Sometimes I felt so desperately cheated that—after hours of housework and nappies—I wished wildly that I could be his mistress instead of his wife. But being a wife wasn't the problem. It was the *kind* of wife I'd become, depending totally on my husband to bring in the outside world.

In time, I discovered that to be a partner, instead of a parasite, I had to go out and bring in some of the world for myself. Not easy when you have children, I remember! But worth whatever effort and ingenuity you can muster. Try to take an active part in your community. Keep up with events at home and abroad, even if this means ignoring a little dust under the beds. Expand your interests, and resentment will vanish. *You'll* be the one who has something to talk about.

- *Find a meeting ground.* If communication is to be meaningful, a couple must find something (besides physical space) they can share. For instance, there was Will's stamp collecting—a hobby I once scoffed at as being "for little boys" until I discovered what most wives must: if I really wanted his conversation and companionship, I had to go *more* than half-way. Often, after dinner, much as he hated washing up, my husband used to help so that we could work on our stamps together. Now that he is gone, of all the reminders round our home, our stamp collection is the one I cherish most. Over those little stamps we settled problems, shared joys and sometimes mended sorrows. Without our stamps, how much would have gone unsaid!

- *Develop a sensitive antenna.* Be aware of your husband's needs. If he comes home depressed and discouraged, shelve whatever home problems you may want to discuss and give him a little mothering.

Wives sometimes complain that their husbands won't talk about their work at home. This may be a man's way of creating for himself a haven away from the pressures of the day. A wife should respect that haven. There was a time when Will was under deep strain. To talk about his work would have been not an outlet, but only another nagging reminder of the problems that he tried to leave at the office. I made a great effort during this period to find other subjects to discuss in the evenings.

- *Be available.* When your husband is in the mood to talk, whatever the hour, be there! On nights when Will worked late at the hospital, it was worth missed sleep to share thoughts with him over a midnight snack—thoughts that neither of us might have had the courage to express at another hour.

- *Do some preliminary thinking.* When you have a problem, instead of simply dumping it in your husband's lap, do a little "homework" first. Assemble the facts. Consider the broader goals for your family and how to achieve those goals. Then, together, you can decide what specific action to take.

But give him time to "change gear" first. When I was young, my mother used to caution us, even before Dad reached the front door, "Now, let your father get settled before you start telling him all that happened today!" This is good advice for wives, too. Most men need a little time to unwind after a tense, demanding day. This is when silence may be the most considerate form of communication.

- *Respect his confidences.* How often you hear wives complain, "He

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never tells me anything." There may be good reason. One woman I know cost her husband his job by repeating something he'd told her in private. A man on his way up is on a lonely road; he needs someone to confide in. Your husband may feel that you are the only person in the world he can trust. This is a high compliment. If you want it often, never betray his trust.

- *Learn how to listen.* In much the same way that a psychiatrist helps his patients, wives and husbands can help each other resolve conflicts. I remember one night when I lay in bed fretting for hours over my humdrum existence, and envying the exciting, worthwhile lives of the (to me) glamorous nurses who worked with Will. Sensing that I was awake, my husband asked what was wrong. I burst into tears and began pouring out my frustrations.

He listened quietly and then asked, "Do you really believe that bringing up our three boys, helping them develop into men with healthy minds and bodies, isn't important work? Nurses can try to cure illness, but you have a chance to prevent it. What could be *more* important?"

His patience, his quiet wisdom and his expressions of love were all that I needed to make life seem right again. Remember: most conflicts can be resolved if a husband and wife will only learn to listen—with their hearts.

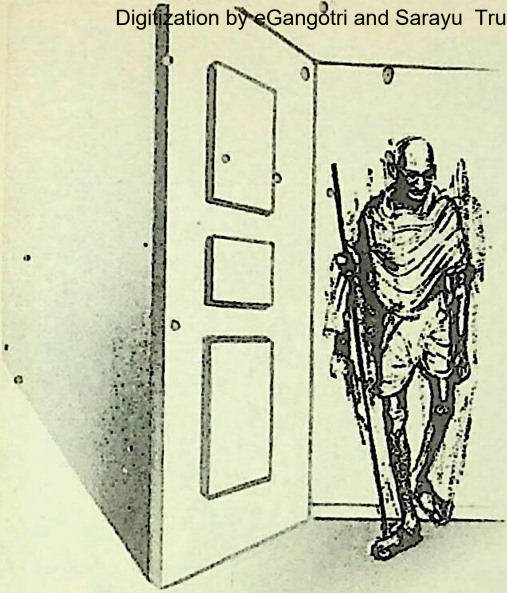
- *Show appreciation.* Will always thanked me for every small service, even if it was no more than ironing a shirt for him. When he had been away, he would thank me for caring for our boys in his absence. In those two words, "Thank you," he made me feel needed and appreciated. "Thank you" is like a road sign. It shows your mate he's going in the right direction.

- *Three words to remember.* Although much can be said in a glance or a gentle touch, affection needs to be spoken, too. And the finest words of all for that purpose are "I love you." Say them often. They help build an all-weather communication line between husband and wife that makes bad times bearable, and good times infinitely more joyous.

Short and Sweet

JOHN SALTMARSH, historian of King's College, Cambridge, has reported that mini-skirts are an unexpected bonus to the musical acoustics of King's College Chapel. "In the past, too much of the sound was absorbed in women's long dresses," he reported. "With girl students' skirts well above the knee, choral music and organ music are much more resonant and rich-sounding."

—NANA—WNS



> “I do not want my house
> to be walled in on all
> sides and my windows to be
> stuffed. I want the cultures
> of all lands to be blown about
> my house as freely as possible.
> But I refuse to be blown off my feet
> by any. Mine is not a religion of the
> prison-house; it has room for the least
> of God’s creations, but it is proof against
> insolent pride of race, religion, or colour.”

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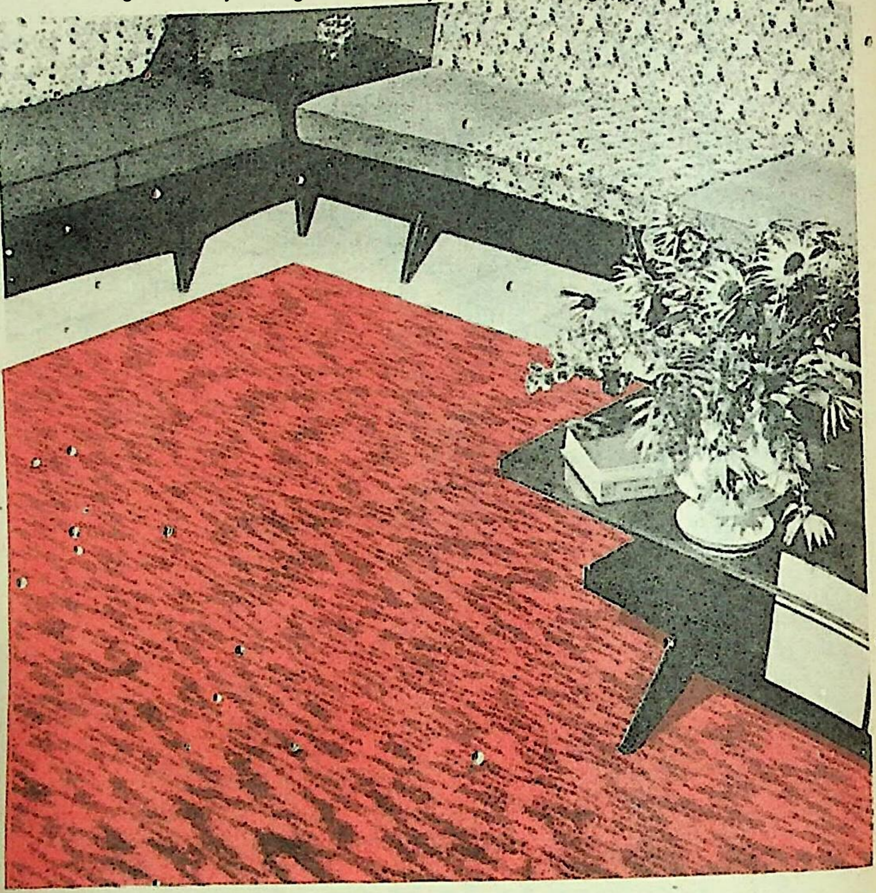

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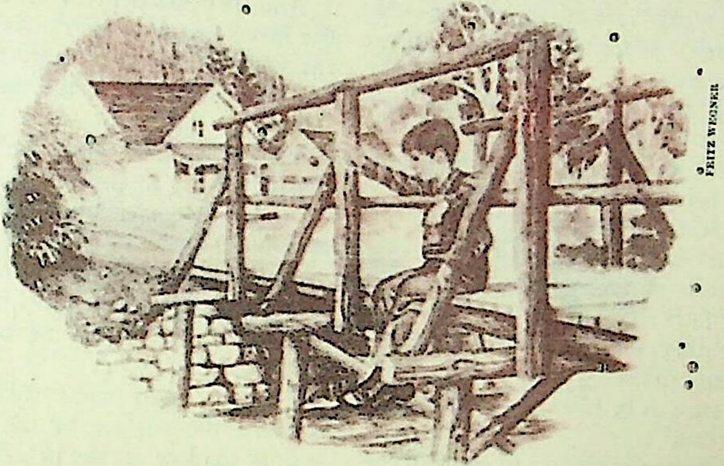
Death comes to a young boy's snug world—and a terrible question hangs in the air



Seven Crows a Secret

By Ernest Buckler
Canadian novelist and short-story writer

I was ten and I had never seen a dead person. I did not think about any of it with these words, but this is the way I remember it . . .

I AWAKEN. It is early summer, and the sun is just coming up. Light, finding things, draws their shadows from them slantwise on the ground. Dandelions dazzle themselves with yellow. Swallows shimmer, hills kindle. A hush of freshness walks on the air like Christ.

My blood springs with the hallelujah of downstairs and outdoors. I race downstairs.

My mother is scalding the wooden churn. The steam from it glistens in the sunlight from the open door.

She cools the scalded butter tray

CONDENSED FROM "OX BELLS AND FIREFLIES," © 1968 BY ERNEST BUCKLER

with water pumped from the deep well in the cellar. As I eat, I watch the mesmeric motion of the dash in her hands and listen for the "breaking" sound that means the kernels of butter have begun to separate.

Lit velvetly with food, I don't know whether to stay with her or go out with Father. It is a morning for being with everybody.

I watch Mother press the shining butter into the mould that has the pattern of acorns carved on it by my father.

Father comes into the kitchen and pumps himself a drink. "Aaaaaah!" he says, as he takes the dipper from his lips.

I go out with him to work in the garden. In a little while Mother comes out with us. I can see that this is a day when Father and Mother too like to keep the perimeter of their presences touching.

I pick up a marigold head. Its seeds are like little commas. They radiate from the centre to form a perfect circle.

"Do you want to save this?" I ask Mother.

"No," she says. "I never have to worry about planting marigolds. They seed themselves."

"I'm glad," Father says. "I like yellow flowers."

It is not like Father to say anything like that. He never says anything like that. He puts his hand on my shoulder for a moment and draws me against his leg. He never does that. I am almost trembling with self-consciousness, but I've never felt so alive and happy in all my life.

And then, suddenly, I have to see the brook. As if to stamp its voice, the voice of the very morning, on me, like the acorn on the butter.

I walk down the road to the bridge and sit and watch the brook. It is never for an instant the same, yet more than anything it stays itself, close and chatting. I shred pieces of bark off the bridge rail and drop them into the chuckling current. I drop pebbles, one by one, into the water.

I see a small trout suspended between the surface of the water and its shadow on the pebbled bottom beneath, more electric with motion than if it were moving. Once or twice it flicks itself an inch ahead, like an impulse to certainty that sees itself as soon mistaken. And then, hitting the right answer, it flashes straight into a dark cavern beneath the bank.

I open my shirt and let the sun touch my chest. I listen to the brook, and my own flesh and I are such snug and laughing brothers that I know we are for ever mingled with the sun's pulse (or the wind's or the rain's) and for ever unconquerable.

I WALK back up the hill. I hear a strange voice in the kitchen. The way Father and Mother are talking sounds strange, too. I have a funny, still feeling, as when you hear a clock stop. I go in.

A neighbour is there. All three are standing, or moving purposelessly about. The neighbour's eyes are out of breath. His face looks as if he were carrying it rather than wearing it, like a garment snatched up.

He is still white with the news he has brought: Jim Stedman just fell off the staging on his barn roof and broke his neck on the stones beneath.

I look at Father. He looks as if his breath had toppled. And then he looks at Mother as if otherwise his look would have no place to go. Her look locks hands with his in the same way.

There seems to be some sudden terrible question in the air. In this great stroke of silence from the dead, it shrieks to be answered.

I am stunned. I go outside.

I look at things. And look at them. But they don't tell me anything.

They've retreated inside themselves, inside that ring of deafness where they talk only to each other. In silences. The wild roses seem bowed with their own helpless colour. I pick up a stone. I stare at it. It doesn't tell me anything. I drop it.

That night we go to the dead man's house. Its windows do not speak.

Mother has cautioned herself not to "break down." Father opens the kitchen door as Mother slips off her overshoes to leave them on the porch. Jim's wife, Annie, is sitting by the stove, pleating her handkerchief, her stricken face almost a childlike pink from tears parched dry.

"No, Mary," she says to Mother, with a faint smile of greeting even now, "don't leave your overshoes out there."

There's something about this being so much their ordinary exchange that Mother breaks down. She controls herself, but later when she says to Annie, "If you want that black hat of mine . . ." she breaks down again.

The men sit in the kitchen, cumbersome with solemnity, looking like children who don't know their lessons. They spring up too quickly to offer their seats to a newcomer. They do not look at their wives, in a way that is suddenly like the way they hadn't looked at them in a crowded room when they were first courting.

The family of the dead are awesome to me in their grief, almost regal with it.

Visitors are shown into the parlour, where the coffin is. They move as if walking is a precarious thing they've just learnt. Their eyes are kept in sober check, as if to take notice of anything in the room but the dead man would be shameful.

I stare at the dead man. His face is whiter than water could ever wash it. The lamp is turned down to the colour of his fingernails. I stare at his hands. They don't tell me anything.

THE afternoon of the funeral, I sit on our veranda steps. I hear Mother and Father talking inside the house. My father is to be one of the pall-bearers.

"Mary," he calls to her from the bedroom. "Where's my best shirt?"

"It's in the second drawer there," she calls from the kitchen, "under the . . . just wait a minute. I'm coming up to change now, myself."

"These the right studs?" he says to her in the bedroom.

"Yes. Here, I'll put them in for you." It is strange, this feeling they have today for each other's clothing. They never help each other dress.

"Which dress are you wearing?" my father says. He never says anything like that. "The blue one or the brown one?"

"I think the blue one'd look better today. It's old, but . . ."

"I always liked that dress."

"Did you like that old dress? You never said."

"Yes. It always looked good on you. What's my boots look like? Are they shined all right?"

"Yes. They look like new. That sock don't hurt where I darned the heel, does it?"

"No. Not a bit."

"Poor Annie!" Mother says. "She's taking it so hard. Some said she drove her pigs to a poor market when she married Jim, but . . ."

"I never saw nothing wrong with Jim," Father says. "Do you remember that morning it darkened up so when I had all the clover down and Jim never said a word, he just come over and started raking with his own horse?"

"Yes, I remember. And those children certainly thought there was no one like him," Mother says. "You never saw Jim anywheres without you saw young Jim at his heels."

"I know. Do you want your beads?"

"Yes, I think so. They don't look gaudy at a time like this, do they?"

"No, they look nice. Here, I'll fasten that catch for you." Father never does anything like this. "Do us bearers sit all the time, like the mourners," he says, "or do we stand up for the singing?"

"No," Mother says, "you sit all the time. Oh, Joe . . . when I think . . . if it was you . . ."

Father doesn't say anything for a minute or so—and when he does speak his voice sounds different. "Well," he says, "I better get my coat on and walk along. I'm supposed to be there a little early. Maybe if you and Mark go out in a bit and stand by the gate you'll get a ride with someone."

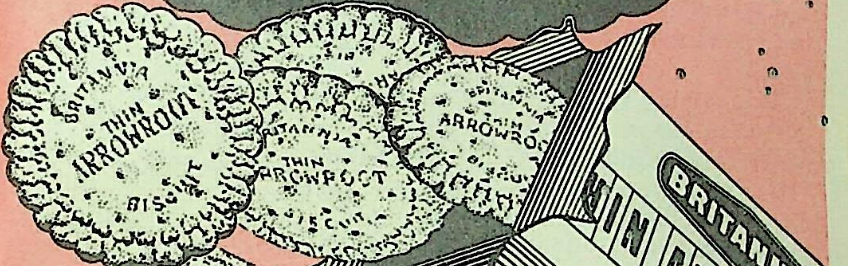
"No," Mother says. "I want to go with you. We'll walk along with you. And wait."

"Maybe you'll get a lift back."

"No. We'll walk back with you. Unless *you* get a lift. You've been

For you and the family

BRITANNIA THIN ARROWROOT


BRITANNIA
THIN
ARROWROOT
BISCUIT
BRITANNIA
THIN ARROWROO
BRITANNIA
ARROWROOT

Wholesome
Nutritive
Family
Favourite

BRITANNIA *means quality*

BBC. 8887

working up there in the graveyard ever since daylight. You must be tired."

"No," Father says. "I'll walk back with you."

THE FIELDS are still. Even the nostrils of the coal-black hearse horses are still. The mourners, in the front pew, are still.

And then when the first notes of the organ sound, the mourners themselves seem to break a little at the neck. It seems as if the clouds I can see through the church window are black-capitalled with the word NEVER.

The singing begins. "Shall we gather at the river/Where bright angel feet have trod . . ."

I close my eyes and try to see, really see, the river "flowing by the throne of God." They sing "In the sweet ('In the sweet,' the two splendid basses echo) by and by ('by and by') We shall meet on that beautiful shore . . ."

I cry.

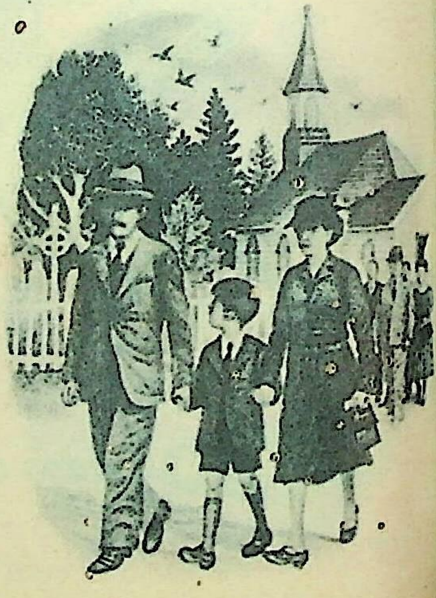
At the grave a poplar leaf blows on to the coffin and dances the length of it. The bearers pay out the straps that let the coffin sink. I see my father's hands tremble. I notice a wrinkle in my mother's face that the sunshine seems to engrave there.

WE WALK home together. Father and Mother look the way they do when they are working in the fields together, sowing seeds. When something comes out of them that is neither one of them but more than both. I take both their hands. I have never done this before.

"I remember when Jim and I was kids," Father says. "We used to put green apples on the end of a stick and flick them at a bottle we'd set up on the stone wall. And every time there was a fresh snow we'd go back and try to track a fox to its den . . . And hot afternoons I remember we'd wade into the lake for the white water lilies."

"I remember those lilies," Mother says. "You used to bring them to us girls."

I look back at the churchyard. A flock of crows is circling overhead. I count them. One crow sorrow, two crows joy; three crows a wedding, four crows a boy; five crows silver, six crows gold; seven crows a secret never to be told.



BOOK OF THE MONTH

MY TESTIMONY:

Six Years in a Russian Slave Camp

from the book by ANATOLY MARCHENKO

MY TESTIMONY:

Six Years in a Russian Slave Camp

This document was smuggled out of Russia on microfilm. The author, former labourer Anatoly Marchenko, was convicted in 1960 on a trumped-up charge of treason and wrote *My Testimony* after six years in Soviet prisons and labour camps. His book is a grim record of what men and women still suffer behind barbed wire: the semi-starvation diet, the back-breaking labour, the brutal punishment—often driving prisoners to self-mutilation and suicide.

Marchenko emerged from the camps deaf, and suffering from intestinal bleeding and severe headaches. His freedom lasted only 20 months. In July 1968 he was re-arrested, and the question was asked in Moscow and elsewhere: would he become one of the "eternal prisoners" of Soviet justice? The Russian Civil Rights Movement appealed to the United Nations on his behalf; and Larissa Daniel, wife of imprisoned Soviet author Yuli Daniel, wrote in an open letter:

"Marchenko is an uncompromising man, courageous for all our sakes, for each one of us . . ."

WHEN I was in the Vladimir prison, I was often seized by despair. I was ready to jump at my jailers, my only purpose being to perish—just as other prisoners before my eyes had committed suicide. Only one thing stopped me and gave me the strength to live: the hope that when I got out I could give my testimony and tell all that I had witnessed.

In the last few years, various literary and documentary works have shed light on the political prison camps of the Stalin era. This is all to the good. Yet these works, referring only to the past, may create the impression that nothing like it is—or can be—happening today. This is not so. How many forgotten people are still prisoners! How many new victims are coming into the camps! In fact, the camps today, if less numerous, are just as horrible as in Stalin's time—in some respects better, but in others worse.

I do not consider myself a writer. These notes are not a literary effort. During my six years in prisons and camps I just tried to see and to remember. There is not a single fictitious character here, nor one invented story. Every incident, every fact, can be confirmed by hundreds, sometimes thousands, of witnesses. My friends and fellow prisoners could, indeed, supply details and facts more monstrous than those I am going to relate.

MY NAME is Anatoly Marchenko. I was born in 1938 in the small Siberian town of Barabinsk. My father worked on the railway. My mother was a cleaning woman. Both are illiterate.

After eight years at elementary school, I became a construction worker and travelled all over Siberia, wherever new hydro-electric stations were being erected. It was in Karaganda, in Kazakhstan province, that I first tangled with the law.

There was a fight in our barracks. By the time the militia came to break it up, most of the leading brawlers had run away, but they grabbed all those still there—me among them. They tried us all in a single day, without making any effort to find out who was guilty or innocent. So I had my first taste of Russian justice in the Karaganda camps.

After my release, I decided to escape from the Soviet Union. I simply could not see any alternative. A young man named Anatoly Budrovsky joined me, and on October 29, 1960, we tried to cross the Iranian border. Soviet guards captured us 50 metres from the frontier.

For five months the KGB (secret police) held me in solitary confinement. Every day two interrogators grilled me, determined to obtain an admission that I was a traitor to my country. But I did not break down. Though there was no real evidence

CONDENSED FROM "MY TESTIMONY." © 1969 BY THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION. ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN BY MICHAEL GNOUCHEFF AND RAY NACHT. PUBLISHED BY PALL MALL, LONDON

supporting their charge, I was tried for treason.

On March 3, 1961, the Supreme Court of the Turkmen Soviet Socialist Republic reviewed my case. For two days, behind closed doors, they asked me the same questions that I had been asked during the interrogations, and I answered them, denying that I was a traitor. However, my comrade Budrovsky testified against me to win leniency for himself. I asked the court why they ignored other witnesses favourable to my case and believed him. I was told: "The court decides for itself which evidence is correct and which it should believe."

In the end, Budrovsky was given two years for trying to cross the frontier; I was sentenced to six years for treason. I was then 23 years old.

Much later I would realize that by branding me a traitor they had mutilated not merely six years of my life but my entire future. At the time I had only one feeling: something had happened which made a mockery of justice, and I was powerless to fight it.

I was told I would be sent to a "Komsomol [Young Communist League] building site," and shortly after my trial I was shipped out. I travelled by *stolypinksy vagon,* a special railway carriage used since the tsars' time for transporting convicts, and by KGB vans known as "Black Ravens." In the latter there is room for about ten prisoners, but some thirty of us were crammed in, so tight that even a dead man could not have fallen down.

I was shipped through several staging points: Tashkent, Alma Ata, Novosibirsk. At the end of May, after nearly three months in transit, I came to Potma, in the infamous Mordovian camps about 500 kilometres south-east of Moscow. A vast area here is criss-crossed by high barbed-wire fences, studded with watchtowers, flooded at night by searchlights, patrolled by soldiers with police dogs. Everywhere there are warnings: "Halt! Forbidden Zone!"

In this region one sees more soldiers, officers and secret police than local people; more dogs than in the sheep-raising regions of the Caucasus. The statistics here are curiously out of balance. There are vastly more men than women, for instance, and there is a remarkable diversity of national groups: Russians, Ukrainians, Latvians, Estonians. Members of many other nationalities have been coming to this camp complex for years. From all corners of the Soviet Union, children of today's prisoners gather to be near their parents.

Now I, too, would contribute my mite to the Mordovian statistics.

The Curfew Tolls

FROM the Potma receiving centre I was sent to Camp No. 10, a large compound of wooden buildings behind barbed wire. In one of the overcrowded barracks, I located a bunk, then obtained a straw mattress, pillow and blanket. I was given threadbare black trousers, jacket and cap, undershirts, a quilted coat, boots and two sets of underwear—the regulation work clothes.

When the dinner hour struck, I followed the other men to the mess hall. It was filled with closely placed tables made of coarse boards, with benches on either side, and already it was crowded and noisy. I joined a queue for food and slowly progressed up to a window, where a bowl of soup was handed to me. The thin liquid was called *shchee,* meaning cabbage soup, but it was a parody of the national dish. The second course was a watery gruel, about three tablespoons in all. It took only a minute to swallow.

In time I learned that the diet was scientifically designed to keep us barely alive. The daily portion was 2,400 calories, including 700 grammes of bread and 50 grammes of meat. (The police dogs on guard duty received 450 grammes of meat.)

This diet is far less than a man requires if he is doing hard work. And even so, we didn't get all we were supposed to. When the meat was brought to the kitchen for preparation, you looked at it in bewilderment. It was blue; and bones, sinew, tendon were all you could see. If we got 15 grammes of real meat a day we were lucky. When the cabbage was brought in—black, slimy and putrid—we could not at first even guess what it was. In summertime, the stench could knock you out. Much of the food had to be thrown away.

Following my introduction to this diet, the chief of my compound summoned me to his office. His room was small and neat. On one wall was a portrait of Lenin, on another Khrushchev.

He examined my dossier and went through the usual questions: my name, birth date, the statute under which I had been convicted. Then, in a dry official tone, he listed the camp rules. I must come to work in regulation clothes. I must attend political indoctrination classes every Thursday. "The prisoner is obliged . . . obliged . . . obliged . . ." If I broke the rules, I might be deprived of the once-a-year visit from my family, of the right to receive food parcels, or to write and receive letters. For serious infractions, I could also be put in solitary confinement.

"All right," he concluded. "Tomorrow you begin work in the fields. You can go."

In the barracks the platoon leader, himself a prisoner, asked me how long I was in for. When I told him, he remarked, "Six years. That's child's play." Others smiled too.

They wanted to know about my trial. Had I been allowed to read my formal sentence? I answered no. "Yes, that's how they still do it," they said. Almost all of them had, like myself, been tried and condemned behind closed doors. "True, there are some people here who had public trials," they said, "but they are ordinary criminals, embezzlers and the like."

After supper, I took a walk in the compound enclosure. It was a warm spring night. The grass was beginning to grow. But soon, even before it was completely dark, the searchlights in the watchtowers went on. I returned to the barracks to make up my bunk.

At ten o'clock I heard the curfew—a length of rail struck ten times. Even before the ringing stopped, I could hear another rail, far away in another compound; then more and more, still further off. Suddenly it was as if I could hear this same signal even in Moscow, echoed by the clock in the Spassky Tower in Red Square. In my imagination a curfew was pealing from the Far East to the frontiers of Europe—from camp to camp, across the entire country.

A Plan to Escape

THE NEXT morning at 7.30, after twice being thoroughly searched, we were marched under armed guard through a sort of no-man's-land to the work zones. In the fields, red flags marked the area beyond which we were forbidden to step. I performed simple farmer's chores, such as planting cabbages, tomatoes, potatoes and carrots. But after a long day, without a minute's rest, few of us had met the work quota. Failure to reach it, or poor work (as judged by the administrators), meant penalties, including a special famine diet.

The first month I worked very hard. We were paid as much for this labour as on the outside—between 70 and 75 roubles a month. The difference was that a free worker has only his taxes deducted. In camp we also paid taxes but, in addition, 50 per cent of our wages went for camp maintenance. From what was left, a few more roubles went for our prison uniforms, and another 13 were deducted for food. (As a free man, I spent 50 roubles a month for food, and cannot honestly say I ate well.)

Ironically, notices all over the camp exhorted us to "Save and buy a car!" Yet we were lucky if during our entire prison term we could keep enough for a suit and a pair of shoes when released. The first month I was credited with only 48 kopecks (about Rs. 4). The next month, nothing.

I was tempted to say to hell with the backbreaking labour, let them put me in solitary! But long ago I had decided that, no matter how tolerable the camp, I would not sit behind wire. I would escape somehow. Thus I had to make friends with other prisoners, and learn all I could about the camp. Perhaps I would find a comrade for the attempt.

One of the first persons I met was Anatoly Burov, a short, baldheaded man in his thirties. He had been a

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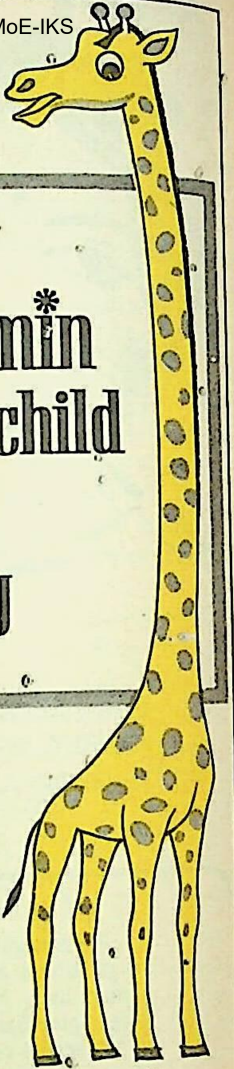

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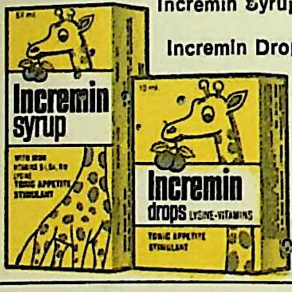
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child of only two or three when his family were deprived of their land and belongings because his father was considered a kulak, or rich peasant. (During the forced collectivization of the 1930s, anyone who had two cows or refused to join a collective farm was included in the term.) One spring a number of kulak families were rounded up and taken by boat down the Ob River. After a while they were simply dumped in a deserted area and told to make a life for themselves.

The outcasts dug some mud huts underground, then cut trees to build cabins. Slowly the Burovs and other exiled families began to work together. They made homes, tended the fields. Then three or four years later the government boat returned. The community was a great surprise to the communist officials. "You are supposed to be dead," they said. "But here you are, kulaks again!"

A month passed, then a detachment of soldiers arrived. Once again the families were uprooted, deprived of land—and belongings—"They didn't even let us have a spoon"—and set down in a wilderness. Taken into the army in 1945, Burov ran away, was caught and given a five-year sentence. Twice after that he tried to escape. When I met him he had been a prisoner for 16 years.

I liked Burov, and together we planned to dig a tunnel. Cautiously enlisting the aid of a third prisoner, we began to scout for the best site. We had the hours between curfew at 10 p.m. and a bed-check at 2 a.m., and from then on until dawn, in which to work. However, our efforts were in vain. We dug first under our own barracks, but soon struck water. The following nights we examined all the other barracks with the same results. Yet we were so determined to escape that we kept on looking.

Meanwhile, our strength began to give out. It was not easy to go without sleep most of the night, then work all day, while subsisting on camp fare. In June I fell ill with an inflammation of the ears. Several times I went to the doctor, only to be told that since I had no fever I was only trying to avoid work. By the end of June, I was no longer fulfilling my work quota, and so I was put in solitary confinement, the usual punishment.

Solitary in 1961 was an ordinary barracks, some 750 metres from Camp No. 10, divided into various types of cells. Some were literally for solitary confinement; others held two or as many as 20 persons. All the cells had bare boards for beds and a peephole in the door. In one corner stood a rusty *parasha,* the slop pail or toilet, found in all Soviet prisons. For the prescribed daily walks, there was a tiny yard—not a blade of grass, since anything growing would have been eaten by the prisoners.

The principal punishment in solitary was the food. For breakfast we got a cup of boiling water and the day's bread ration of 450 grammes. At lunchtime we might get a container of soup with bits of putrid sauerkraut swimming in it. Supper might be a rotten piece of codfish the size of a matchbox. There was no sugar or fat.

Even the regular camp food, although a semi-starvation diet, began to look like a feast, and I waited for my stretch in solitary to end more eagerly than for the end of my whole prison term. I sat in solitary for seven days and came out so weak I had to hold on to the walls to support myself. Despite that, I was required to go to work the next day.

"Save Us from This Happy Life"

As soon as I began to feel better, Burov and I and our friend decided on a new escape attempt: a tunnel beneath a new barracks just being erected. We chose a night when films were being shown outdoors in the barracks yard. After the newsreel we were able to slip away unobserved, and met inside the partly finished building. It was very dark.

As we dug, a ray of light from the tower would now and again cross the building. Each time, we quickly stooped and waited for it to glide away. We dug away eagerly, and then—failure! As before, we struck water. Suddenly Burov rushed in. He had been standing watch outside.

"The guard has just passed the window!" he whispered excitedly.

Had we been discovered? We filled the hole quickly, but as we emerged from the building, the entire area was suddenly flooded with light. We were completely blinded. We tried to hide but the guards dragged us into the open and showered us with blows. For fear of being overpowered, these guards carried no guns, but each was equipped with a pointed stick. They also used their metal-tipped boots, kicking our legs.

"Killers! Torturers!" the other prisoners shouted at our tormentors. To scare the prisoners, guards from a tower fired several volleys over their heads.

We were taken before a major for questioning, then handcuffed, marched to a special cell, ordered up against a wall and beaten again. Afterwards the guards threw us to the floor and kicked us.

"That's the way!" the major kept saying. "Let them remember and tell others how they tried to run away!"

After a time they removed the handcuffs and dragged us into another cell. Here we lay, bloodied, bruised and barely able to move, for three or four days. The door would open occasionally and food would be shoved in. But at first we could not get up to take it.

We were now in the zone of special security—or *"spetz,"* in prisoners' lingo. What kind of wild beasts are confined here, under seven locks, behind heavy bars and

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rows of barbed wire outside? All those who plan to escape, or resist the guards, or repeatedly fail to fulfil their work quotas.

The cells here are much like those in solitary, and again the main punishment is hunger. But, in *spetz*, the prisoners are forced to work even harder than before. If your quota is not met, the already meagre food ration is reduced—and with less nourishment you're sure to drop further and further behind. You do not die of starvation outright, but are gradually drained of all strength.

Men kept in *spetz* for years are reduced to animals. They forget what self-respect, honour and morality mean. In every cell are one or more informers ready to squeal on other prisoners in order to gain a bit of extra food or some small privilege for themselves. Others, more desperate, hang themselves. Or they cut their veins under the blankets at night. Or they mutilate themselves.

One day while I was there three prisoners decided to commit suicide. During working hours they left the brick factory and went to the fence that surrounded the compound.

"Don't climb! I'll shoot!" a guard in a tower shouted.

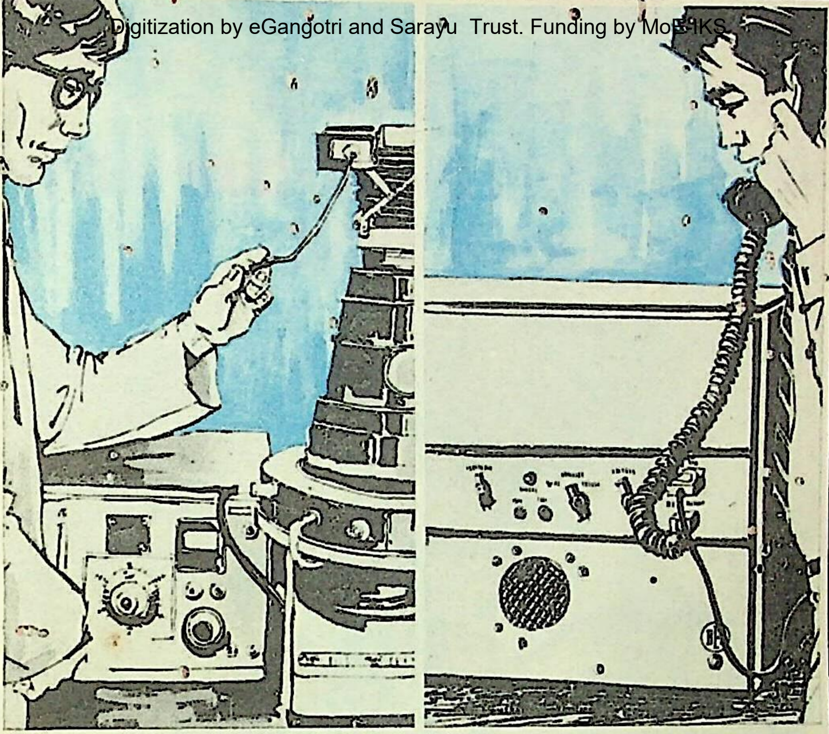
"Please do us that favour. Save us from this happy life!" a prisoner called back, and began to climb. As he reached the top an automatic weapon chattered, and he was hit. His corpse, entangled in the wire, remained hanging on the fence. The second man began to climb, calmly inviting a similar death. Again the tower guard obliged. Then the third went up and also drew fire. I was later told that he was not killed and was seen at the hospital in Camp 3. Thus he got away from *spetz* only for a time. The other two had escaped for ever.

The Tattooed Man

In *spetz* I witnessed things I never would have believed if I had not seen them. Worst of all were the tattoos with which some prisoners covered themselves. I saw two men, for example, who had tattooed on their cheeks and foreheads such phrases as "Communists are executioners" and "Communists drink the people's blood." In large letters across his forehead, another prisoner had tattooed, "Slave of Khrushchev."

Usually these people were ordinary criminals who, in prison, had deliberately planned to get into political camps in the mistaken belief that conditions there were more tolerable, the work easier, the treatment more humane. Such men may write a leaflet attacking the Party; they have been known to make an American flag out of rags and hang it in some public place.

Of course they face rapid disillusionment, for in the political camps they go even hungrier than before. They are more apt to get solitary, more likely to get beaten up by the guards. Soon some of them begin to



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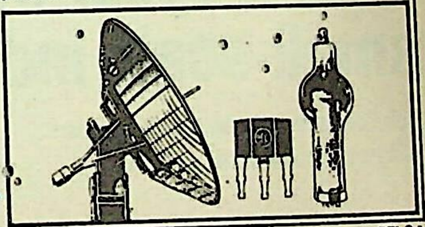

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voice complaints, only to realize that it is useless. And so they resort to other forms of protest—such as tattooing, a practice learned in the criminal camps.

In our *spetz* barracks I saw a young man, Nikolai Shcherbakov, who did not have a single spot of unmarked skin on his face. On one cheek was tattooed the inscription, "Lenin is an executioner," and on the other, "Because of him millions suffer." Under his eyes the tattoos read: "Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Voroshilov—all executioners."

One evening in September, word spread through the barracks that Shcherbakov had cut off one of his ears. Before the amputation he tattooed a message on it. Then he banged on the door of his cell and when a guard opened the peephole, he threw the ear at him. It read: "Gift for the 22nd Congress."

How do prisoners tattoo themselves? I have seen it done many times. A man pulls a nail out of his shoe, or picks up a piece of wire, and patiently shapes it into a sharp pin by rubbing it against a stone. To make ink, he burns a piece of black rubber, usually from the sole of a shoe, and combines it carefully with urine. With these materials he then begins to puncture his skin.

Why did these unfortunate people mutilate themselves for life? To mark your face, you must have given up all hope of a normal existence. You must begin to feel, as a camp song puts it, "like an eternal prisoner." I wondered about Shcherbakov. Why had he cut off his ear? What for?

And yet in moments of helpless despair I, too, found myself thinking: why not throw a piece of my own body at the torturers? At such moments you don't ask yourself, "What for?"

Cell No. 54

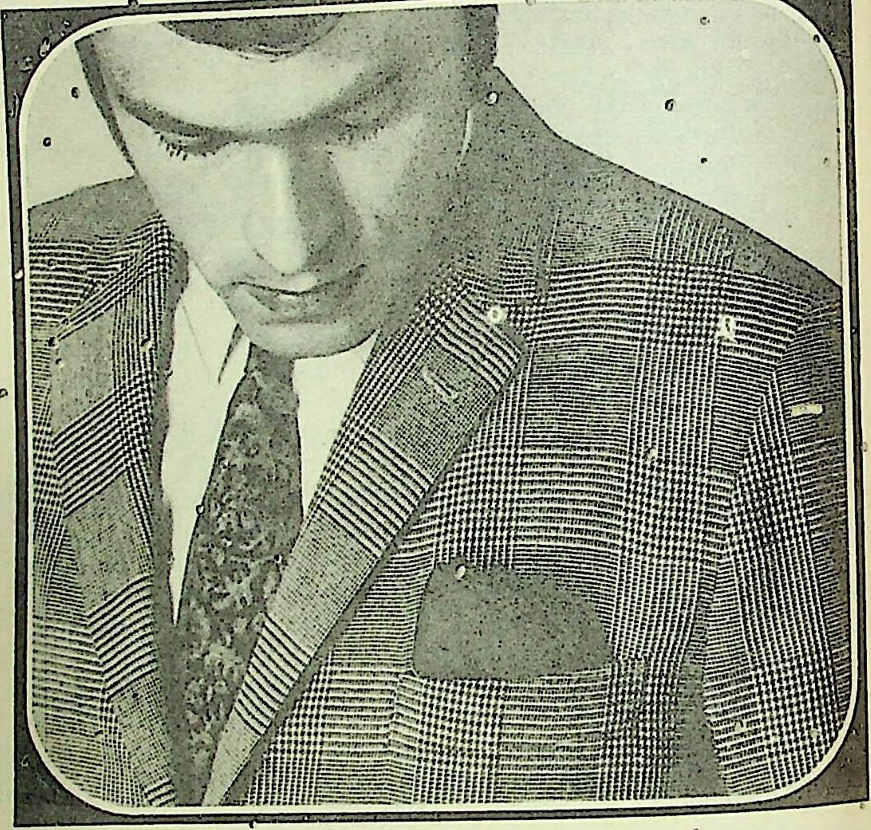
I SPENT three months in *spetz,* plus 15 days in solitary. Then I was called before a "people's court" for trial. There were a judge, some spectators—mostly camp officials—and two associate justices, an elderly man and woman, representing "the people." They were just dummies and no one addressed a word to them during the entire affair.

When the judge began asking me questions, I announced that I refused to take part in this comedy. In the end, he declared that three years of my sentence in camp were to be replaced by three years in prison.

I was to be moved to Vladimir, a city about 180 kilometres east of Moscow where there is a prison dating from tsarist times. The trip, again by *stolypinsky vagon* with many other prisoners, took several days. At one station we were lined up in columns of fives and, surrounded by dogs and guards, marched across a footbridge over the tracks.

A crowd had gathered, watching the scene, and some people shouted, "Fellows, where are you going?" Several packets of cigarettes were

checks handsomely interpreted



'Chequer': the newest idea, handsomely interpreted in checks in various sizes—regular, bold, hound's tooth, plaid and tartan. A black-and-white 'Terene'/cotton weave, spruce in all seasons, comfortable in any weather. Tailors into a trim suit, keeps it's shape through the day. Goes about town smartly, lounges casually—you've never seen checks as good as 'Chequer' before.

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tossed into our column, also cigars and even money.

Then an official rushed up and began shouting at the transport commander, "You were warned not to make prisoners walk in open daylight so everybody can see them! You've attracted a crowd."

I recalled how many times I had read that, throughout Russia's history, the simple people, the plain folk, were filled with pity for prisoners and always gave them bread. Dostoevsky has written that on holidays prisoners in Siberia were showered with gifts of bread and cakes. Now the rule is to hide prisoners away and not even let the people look at them.

At Vladimir, as before, I was interrogated, made to undress, inspected minutely, and issued with prison garb. Then I was taken down a passageway with cells on either side. The warden opened the door of No. 54, and I entered to begin the next three years of my life.

My cell was small, 4·5 metres by 2·5 metres. It held five people. On the far wall, opposite the door, there was a tiny barred window covered by a kind of shutter on the outside; scarcely any daylight filtered through. Along each blank wall was a double bunk, with a fifth bed below the window. Here, too, was a large iron container. It was divided into sections, one for each inmate, to store eating utensils and the bread ration. In the centre of the cell was a little, dark-red table on iron legs welded to the floor, and next to it two small benches. And of course there was the everlasting *parasha* by the door.

The prison routine was about the same as in *spetz*. The main difference was that we did not work. From reveille at 6 a.m. to curfew at 10 p.m. we were not allowed to lie down on our bunks—7 to 15 days of solitary confinement was the punishment if we were caught. And all day long in the corridor between cell blocks, the wardens patrolled silently up and down in soft felt boots, constantly peeping in at us.

What can prisoners do for 16 hours? We were permitted to write—one could buy a notebook of 12 pages once in two weeks—although everything you wrote was checked by a warden. Each cell also had a chess set and dominoes. Books and newspapers could be borrowed from the prison library—two books per person for ten days. However, after a while reading loses its attraction for hungry men.

I find it impossible to describe the tortures of continual hunger. Every morning we were awake long before reveille, thinking of the bread to come—reduced to 400 grammes for one's first two months at Vladimir. Finally, when the food trap in the door was opened, all of us were there, trying to spot the biggest portion, as if an extra ten grammes could save us from starvation.

The more prudent prisoners broke their bread into three equal portions for the day's three meals. But often a prisoner was unable to restrain himself and consumed the whole ration at once, even before he received the rest of the breakfast—a few decayed sardines and a mug of hot water.

It is so difficult, suffering pangs of hunger hour after hour, knowing that in your little iron compartment there is a piece of bread! You think about it continually; sometimes you can bear it no longer. You break off a tiny crust. You tuck it inside your cheek and try to prolong the pleasure, like a child sucking a last sweet. But soon the crust is eaten.

In helpless protest many a prisoner was driven to bizarre behaviour. Some cut their stomachs open; others filled their eyes with ground glass; a few pulverized sugar (if they had any) and inhaled it until abscesses formed on their lungs.

Another common practice was to swallow strange objects. If the doctors in the prison hospital had made a museum of the things pulled out of our insides, it would have been an amazing collection—spoons, toothbrushes, pieces of wire. They also operated frequently to eradicate tattoos. The procedure was primitive: simply cut out the tattooed skin, pull the edges together and sew them up. I recall one prisoner who was operated on three times. First they excised a ribbon of forehead skin on which he had the popular "Slave of Khrushchev" inscription. Shortly after he returned from the hospital, he again managed to tattoo his forehead, so again the inscription was removed. Once more this happened—until now the skin was stretched so tight across his head that he could scarcely close his eyes. We called him "the ever-seeing one."

An American for a Neighbour

ONE DAY we learned that the American U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, shot down over Russia in 1960, had been freed before the expiration of his term. This, we were told, was in consideration of his wholehearted repentance, his good behaviour and pleas from his family.

This touched off discussion and argument in our cell. Powers had not completed even a quarter of his term, yet they had let him go! And here we were—obviously considered more dangerous than a capitalist spy! But it also occurred to us that there must be more realistic reasons for his release. Probably, we surmised, the Americans had caught one of our spies and Powers had been exchanged for him. Subsequently I learned that this was so.

We had known all along that Powers was in the Vladimir prison with us. He had been brought straight from Moscow by car. Some prisoners even managed to see him during his daily walks in the yard. They said that Powers wore his own clothes, not the tawdry, threadbare prison uniform; that his face was clean-shaven, not like us, who were

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scraped with hair clippers every ten days; that his head was not shaved as ours were.

Powers had a cellmate who shared his easy life. He was an Estonian or Latvian, apparently an educated man who spoke good English. He was serving a 25-year term, but had been promised his freedom if he fulfilled certain instructions. He was to divert the American with conversation about films, literature and sports, saying as little as possible about life and customs in the Soviet Union. And he was to make Powers believe that his own treatment was enjoyed by all political prisoners.

It was in vain that some of us hoped he could tell the truth about this hell on earth when he went back to his country. He had not even come close to the real prison existence at Vladimir.

There was one disbeliever, named Gennady, who argued with his cellmates that there could not possibly be two different sets of circumstances for political prisoners. He vowed that he would get a look at Powers and prove that he was right.

Some days later a cellmate told the wardens that Gennady had swallowed two spoons. A search of the cell showed the spoons were missing, and Gennady was taken to the hospital building for X-rays. As he was led through the passageway where Powers' cell was located, Gennady broke away from his dumbfounded wardens, opened the peephole to the American spy's cell and glued himself to it long enough for a good look.

In due time Gennady was brought back to his cell, before being removed to solitary. (The X-rays showed he had not swallowed the spoons.) He told his cellmates that he had seen the American, and what others had said about him was correct. Powers had his own natural haircut, wore a civilian suit, and appeared to be well fed.

Thirty Below

PRISONERS were taken out for a walk once a day. You'd think that everyone would be overjoyed to get out of the stuffy, smelly cell into the fresh air. But in the cold months, the wardens had to drive us out forcibly. Temperatures ranged from 15 to 30 degrees below zero, and we had only a small poncho to wear over our cotton uniform, ancient clothes falling apart after many washings.

Besides, everyone was famished, emaciated, with little body heat. We walked round the yard, stamping our feet and slapping our hands. The doctors excused only those completely unable to walk. The old and the sick would sit in a corner by the fence, huddled up, shivering, for the entire hour.

After returning to the cell, we could not get warmed up. The cell itself was so cold that at night we covered the teapot with a poncho or blanket to keep it from freezing and covered ourselves with all the rags we had, including the mattress covers meant to serve as bedsheets.

It was the same story with baths, which we were permitted to have every ten days at the bathhouse. In summer we waited for the day impatiently, craving a rinse and the chance to walk a little extra in the fresh air. But in winter, bath day was a torment. New arrivals hoped to get washed and warmed by hot water. Nothing of the sort! The water was so cold that even a young man like me, brought up in Siberia, had his hands frozen numb. And the bathhouse itself was so cold the walls were often caked with frost. You were furious, standing there naked, with the cold piercing your innards.

"Let God Cure You"

In Vladimir, there were many "religionists," confined because of their faith in God. Among them were Baptists, Evangelists, Jehovah's Witnesses, Russian Orthodox. Sometimes in the Press we read about crimes committed by religionists—ritual murder, torture of children and the like. I cannot believe this. I have met many of them in camps and prison, and they were all opposed to violence.

Consoled by the belief that they were suffering for God and faith, they bore their torments more patiently than most. Though they were submissive in all things except those pertaining to their faith, they were sent to Vladimir in great numbers, usually for failure to fill work quotas or refusal to work on religious holidays.

The administration always tried to humiliate the believers. When one asked to see the doctor, he was taunted: "Why a doctor? Try to see your God—let him cure you."

And Lent! All of us prison inmates were half dead from lack of food. Yet most religionists wanted to follow the rules of their faith—including fasting—even here. "You're lying," the wardens would say. "You're just pretending." But during Lent many believers lived on bread and water.

Now a word about the mental cases. The prisoners often said that there were no sane or normal people among us. And indeed, under the conditions, it was hard to remain psychologically sound.

In one cell at Vladimir some prisoners obtained a knife blade and collected some paper. Then each cut off a piece of his own flesh, some from their abdomen, others from a leg. They threw the pieces into a dish, made a small fire with the paper, and began to cook the flesh. When the wardens noticed what was happening and rushed into the cell, the prisoners grabbed the half-raw meat, burning their hands in the process, and tried to cram it into their mouths.

I know it is hard to believe, but it really did happen. Subsequently I talked to some of the prisoners involved. The remarkable part of it is

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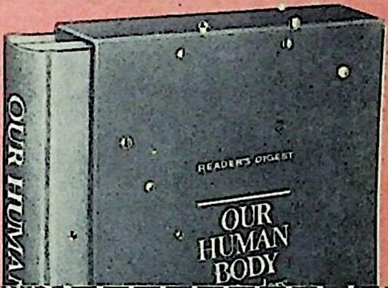

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that they seemed entirely normal. One was Yuri Panov. There was hardly an unscarred spot on his body, for he had cut pieces from himself on several occasions. Yet Panov did not appear to be psychopathic.

In camp we often discussed such incidents. If the men involved *were* abnormal, what were they doing in prison? Even Soviet law requires that abnormal people be sent to a psychiatric ward or placed in the custody of relatives. If they were normal, then what must be said of the conditions that drive normal men to such actions?

Fruits of Labour

QUITE unexpectedly, a year before my prison sentence was up, I was returned to camp.

I reached Potma in early summer, and with several others was sent to Camp 7. From the railway station of Sosnovka we went on foot, with dogs and armed soldiers surrounding us. It was so pleasant walking on a road, through small towns and villages. Grass was growing on the roadside. I hadn't seen grass for two years.

The minute we got inside the camp gate, other prisoners gathered round, asking who we were, how long we were in for and why. "You're from Vladimir?" they said. "Buried people look better!"

They took us to the mess hall, where I was given a full dish of noodle soup and a plateful of bread. "Eat, eat!" they urged. The soup was thin and without fat, but it seemed to me that even at home I had never eaten better noodles.

"Well, friend, is it like the soup at Vladimir?"

"No," I assured them. "One portion here equals five at Vladimir."

I emptied the dish and they brought me another. "Eat!"

So I returned to the world of the forced-labour camps. There had been changes since I left. Wherever you looked there were photographs of Khrushchev and quotes from Khrushchev's speeches. In the previous camp we had worn a uniform "Stalin hat." Now we wore a black cotton "Cuban cap." Even here, the prisoners said jokingly, Nikita was trying to root out the Stalin personality cult.

After two years in prison I was in bad physical shape, but I had to go back to work. I was assigned to a loading brigade, handling logs, coal and various raw materials in the freight yard. After unloading one freight car, I thought I would be unable to walk back to the barracks, and in the morning my entire body ached. I could not walk straight, and reeled from side to side.

In time, I sampled all the jobs in Camp 7. Virtually all work was done by hand, even pushing 62-ton rail-cars. On paper we were listed as having "mechanical aids," but these were only picks, hooks, and a couple of boards for a ramp.

Almost all of the camp's 3,500

prisoners worked in the large furniture factory. It had a mill and a foundry—which was real hell—where we made machine parts out of zinc, aluminium and copper alloys. The ventilating equipment was defective so that we inhaled fumes and gases. Often we had to rush outside for a breath of fresh air.

It was impossible to fulfil the quotas set for us; they were constantly increased while wages were lowered. In the finishing section, where radio cabinets were polished, the norm used to be six Yugdon radios a day, but in my time this was increased to 13. Likewise, in 1964 a worker had to polish four television sets a day. The next year it was raised to six, although the labour on each remained the same. The polishing was done by hand, using a cotton pad soaked in acetone, until the set glistened.

But the main evil of camp work was not the hard labour, or the fact that we toiled for a pittance. We hated it because it was slave labour, degrading work, supporting parasitical officials who did nothing but make us feel worthless.

Later, when I was released and returned to freedom, I often walked past furniture stores and radio shops and looked at the window displays. Here was a nicely polished table, there a beautiful dresser. Here were the radio sets I had worked on.

You buy yourself a television set for 360 roubles, and you sit in the evening in a cosy room enjoying the lawful fruit of your labour. But this set cost me and my fellow prisoners many hours of hard labour. Look at its nicely polished surface. Can you see the reflection of a shaved head, a yellow, emaciated face, a black camp uniform? Maybe it is a former friend, someone you knew.

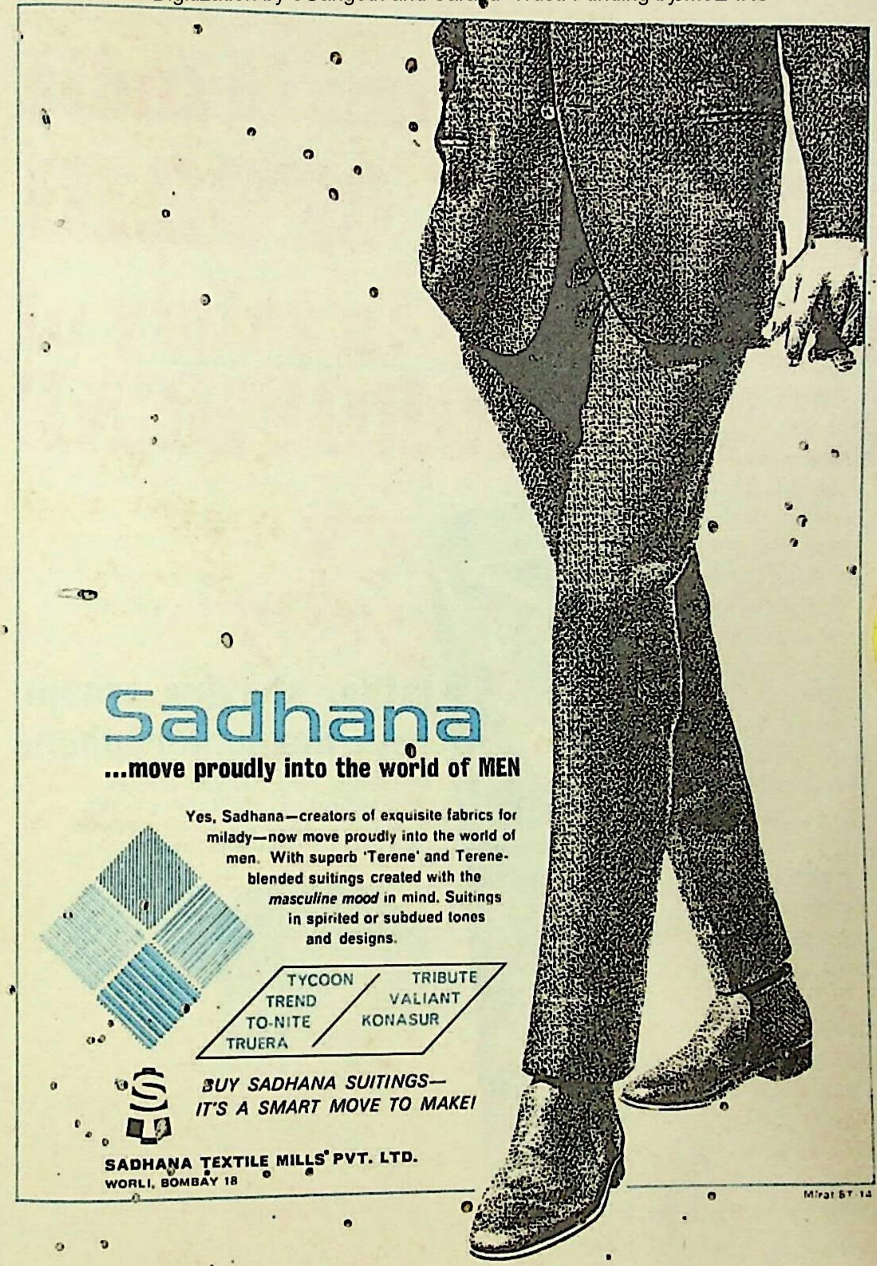
Bouquet for a Commissar

IT IS Thursday, the day of political classes. Attendance is mandatory, and at 7 p.m. everybody must be in his barracks for the lecture.

All of us try to avoid going. What can we learn from such lessons? Everyone is tired of communist verbiage, the slogans, the notices. Besides, some of these prisoners are even university graduates, and many have studied Lenin, Marx, Engels, Hegel, Kant and contemporary philosophers. After all, we *are* "political" prisoners.

As the hour approaches, the library and the mess hall close. We have nothing to do but play volleyball and dominoes or walk in the yard. Then the headquarters door opens, and a detail of some 30 wardens emerges to round us up.

Refusing to attend is lawful ground for punishment—the withdrawal of such privileges as family visits (once a year) or the right to receive packages from the outside (one every three months). But these privileges are allowed only after we have served half our term, and even then most of us would probably be



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deprived of them for some infraction. I never received a single package, and I had only two visitors.

Before each class the camp director, Major Sveshnikov, dictates the lesson to our platoon leaders, most of whom are nearly illiterate. They conduct the classes, trying to teach politics from their notes. It can be quite funny. Often the pupils, having been forced to come to class, take it out on the teacher with a barrage of questions.

One night my friend Kolya Yusupov demanded, "You say one must live honestly and not cheat the state. But how *can* a family live on 50 to 70 roubles a month? What is *your* pay? How do you reconcile that—and the higher work quotas, and the rising prices of all foodstuffs—with the rise in living standards?"

Our lecturer hemmed and hawed, then answered, "Yusupov, you purposely draw attention to minor shortcomings, which are mostly temporary." All the prisoners laughed.

I spoke up. "How long *will* these conditions last?" I asked. "We all know that the decree on censorship was only a 'temporary' measure. That was nearly 50 years ago, and we still have censorship."

"You, Marchenko," the harassed platoon leader replied, "were given too short a term. It should be made longer. As for the rest of you, I see that some of you are begging for solitary."

"All right!" we shouted. "You've convinced us! You've convinced us!"

From time to time we were also asked to attend "discussions" by government officials who were visiting the camps. At first very few prisoners could be persuaded without threats, but later the authorities began to present programmes with folk songs and poems in conjunction with the meetings.

One day representatives of a Baltic republic visited us, and we were promised a concert after the usual lecture. Quite a large number of us turned up. At the close of the talk a young prisoner from the Baltic area suddenly stood up and went to the speaker's platform, carrying a tightly wrapped bouquet. This had never happened before—flowers were given to performers, never to lecturers. A dead silence fell over the audience.

"In the name of our countrymen," the prisoner began, "allow me to present you with the garden flowers that grow here, so far away from our native land."

His words caused a commotion among the prisoners. Exclamations were heard from all sides: "Scum! Stool pigeon! Toady!" I myself was boiling over with fury.

The prisoner finished his little speech and presented the bouquet. But when the speaker began to remove the wrappings, we saw that it was a bouquet of barbed wire! At first the crowd was stunned. Everyone, on stage and off, stood with his mouth open. Then the storm broke out. Never before or since have I heard such wild applause.

That evening the prisoner was taken off to solitary for 15 days, and then sent to *spetz*. Soon after the episode we read in the camp newspaper that the concert-meeting had taken place in "an atmosphere of friendliness and warmth"!

Exit Khrushchev

ONE DAY in the autumn of 1964, as we were going to lunch from work, we saw three wardens dragging a prisoner to solitary. Many of us knew him, and we called out, "Why did you get solitary?"

"Because of Khrushchev!" he answered. Nikita Khrushchev had just been ousted, and the camp administration was rushing to erase every trace of him—all the posters, banners, portraits and glorifying slogans.

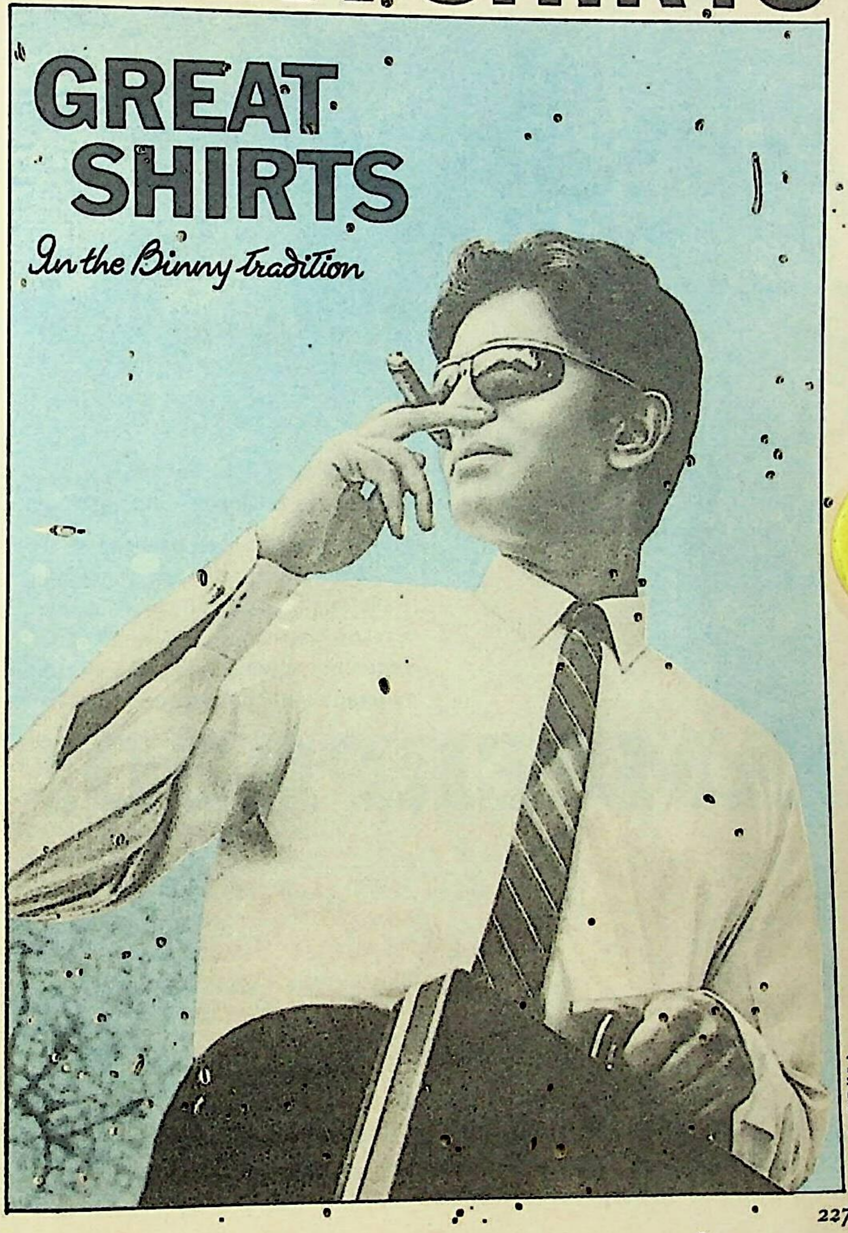
Our friend had been summoned to headquarters with a contingent of the most venal prisoners, human wrecks who for a price would do anything. Sveshnikov, the camp director, placed several packages of imported Indian tea in front of him—an invaluable commodity on the prison black market.

"Go into the library reading room," Sveshnikov instructed our friend, "and get rid of everything concerned with Khrushchev."

The prisoner's eyes went from the officials to the tea and back again. "For tea," he finally said in a businesslike tone, "one does anything. But you know, Director, you have a huge backside. You have fattened yourself at our expense . . ."

He was immediately hauled away. But he continued to shout: "You dirty bastards! I got seven additional years because of Khrushchev! Now you ought to *release* me! Instead you're putting me in solitary, once more because of him."

This was the scene we encountered as we went to lunch. (We had been working all night loading freight, so we hadn't heard the news.) The authorities had begun eradicating Khrushchev's name and face immediately, in the early hours, hoping to complete the job before



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the prisoners awoke. But it was too large an undertaking, and soon those who had sold themselves for the Indian tea were accompanied by a chorus of jeering prisoners as they set to work cleansing the camp of everything that had the slightest connexion with the fallen leader.

As soon as all signs of Khrushchev were gone, a new business started. Prisoners who had been sentenced because of Khrushchev began to clamour for their freedom. It was said that at Camp 2 some prisoners got all their belongings together and marched to the sentry post. "We were jailed for criticizing Khrushchev," they explained. "And now it turns out we were right. So release us!" Needless to say, they were hustled back to their barracks.

To avoid trouble, camp officials called the anti-Khrushchev prisoners, one by one, to the KGB offices, where they were told to write to the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet and ask for a pardon. Apparently officialdom figured that it would take time for the prisoners to write, more time for the letters to be sent, still more before an answer came, and by then all this excitement would have died down.

"Letter Loves"

DURING all these years I continued to have trouble with my ears and often suffered intense pain and dizzy spells. At last I was sent to the hospital zone in Camp 3. Afterwards I obtained a temporary assignment there as a hospital *aide*.

It is difficult to imagine that love can flower under the forbidding circumstances of camp life. But it does. Our hospital and the women's hospital were next to each other, separated by a forbidden zone. Not only could one see women, but it was even possible to talk to them secretly or throw a note over.

Some of these "letter loves" lasted a week, others for years. Often the first note was sent to anyone, at random. Simple self-introductions led to declarations of love and visions of meeting some day. Thus the prisoner in his dreams embraced not just "a woman," but his own Nadya or Lusia, who had told him that she loved him. He waited impatiently for the next note—the camp, the loneliness, the barbed wire all temporarily forgotten—to learn if she was still "his" or if she had found another phantom lover.

Nikolai Semyk had such a beloved: Luba, a first-aid specialist. Both of them had worked in the hospital for five years, and they maintained their correspondence through a nurse. Occasionally, when he helped carry women to the operating theatre and back again, Nikolai even had a chance to see Luba. We tried to abet him by distracting the attention of wardens, so at times Nikolai and Luba remained alone for as much as two or three minutes.

Luba had a husband, a nice fellow, and Nikolai had even seen him when he made a visit. The existence of a husband, however, did not mar the prison love. Here were two different lives: freedom, a husband who might come to visit once a year, and the camp life, the notes, the day-to-day dreams of a meeting. It was impossible to say which life was real, which imaginary.

The vast majority of prisoners, however, live without any sort of love, not even the correspondence type. In consequence, homosexuality is widespread, especially among the criminal offenders. The young single men suffer most, and there are many of them in camp because more young men are being arrested these days. Many lived with sweethearts before imprisonment, but common-law wives may visit only if they obtain a document attesting to the relationship. Demeaning as it may be, many girls ask for such a document.

Once, one of my girlfriends suddenly visited me! Luckily I was not guilty of any infraction of rules at the time, and I was granted three days to spend at the visitors' barracks. What good fortune!

But afterwards I decided not to write to her any more. What happiness could she have meeting me for three days once a year?

The Arrival of a Celebrity

WHEN I returned from the hospital zone to Camp 11, I had only eight months left to serve. Now a major topic of discussion was the

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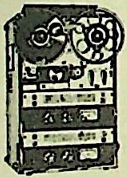

public trial of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, whose satirical writings had been smuggled out of Russia and published abroad under pseudonyms.

When the first news stories appeared, nearly everybody in camp had decided that these men must be scum. They were to be tried under Article 70 of the Russian criminal code, which was interpreted as a ban on publication abroad of "anti-Soviet propaganda and agitation." A *public* political trial under this article was unheard of, so we assumed that Sinyavsky and Daniel would obediently play prearranged roles and confess that they had worked on orders from the West, that they had sold out for dollars. "We didn't know the whole world was talking about the men's arrest, and it was for that reason the government couldn't keep the affair under cover.

Now the trial was over. The defendants had not pleaded guilty. They did not confess and beg for mercy, but argued with the court and insisted on freedom of expression. Sinyavsky and Daniel were brave fellows, we decided, and pretty soon we might hear about the case from the writers themselves, for we were sure that they would come to the Mordovian camps. With our expertise, we even correctly predicted their sentences: Sinyavsky would get seven years, Daniel five.

As it turned out, the two men were separated, but Daniel came to

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our camp. I met him the first day. He appeared to be about 35 or 40 and had obviously prepared for prison life, for he had on a quilted jacket, warm boots, and a fur cap with ear flaps. (Of course, he had to surrender these clothes.)

As we talked, Daniel turned his right ear towards me and asked me to speak louder. I turned my right ear to him, cupping it with my palm. We were amused to discover that we were both hard of hearing.

His trial had been open in name only. The audience was composed mostly of KGB agents. "I'm sure my friends would have come," Daniel said. "But they were not allowed in."

Though Daniel had fractured his right arm at the front during the war and it had not healed properly, the authorities assigned him to the heaviest kind of camp labour: lifting heavy logs and shovelling coal. They counted on breaking him down, forcing him to ask for lighter work.

At first not everyone felt kindly towards Daniel. Some gloated over his misfortune: "Let him bend his back as we do! We know these writers! They live in comfort and write about our 'paradise on earth?' "

But the hostility melted after the first few days. Daniel was a simple, unaffected person. His fame hadn't turned his head at all. On unloading duty, he tried his best to do his full share, even though pains developed in his shoulder at the spot where the bone had been shattered. Yet he never applied for lighter work.

Before long the other prisoners were trying to help him. On night calls we let him sleep, and we insisted that the brigade leaders put him on the easier chores.

Soon our brigade leaders were summoned before the KGB. "Who's helping Daniel?" they demanded.

"They're all helping."

"Why? Can't he do it himself?"

One fellow gave a proper answer: "What does it say in your communist code? There must be comradely help. Every man is a friend of the other, his comrade and brother."

The KGB agents didn't argue. They put Daniel in the machine shop, pretending that they were trying to ease his lot. We all understood. It was not kindness; the authorities were simply irritated by his popularity. He was liked by everyone in camp. Sometimes the Lithuanians would invite him to their barracks to listen to folk songs. The young people from Leningrad invited him for coffee. The Ukrainians urged him to read his poetry. "I had heard that all political prisoners were released ten years ago," he joked with us one day. "Of course, I knew about a Jew in Kiev being imprisoned because of his ties with Israel, or some such thing. So, with Sinyavsky and myself, I thought, that would make *three* politicals. Probably we'd be put together with criminals. Then I

Continued on page 236

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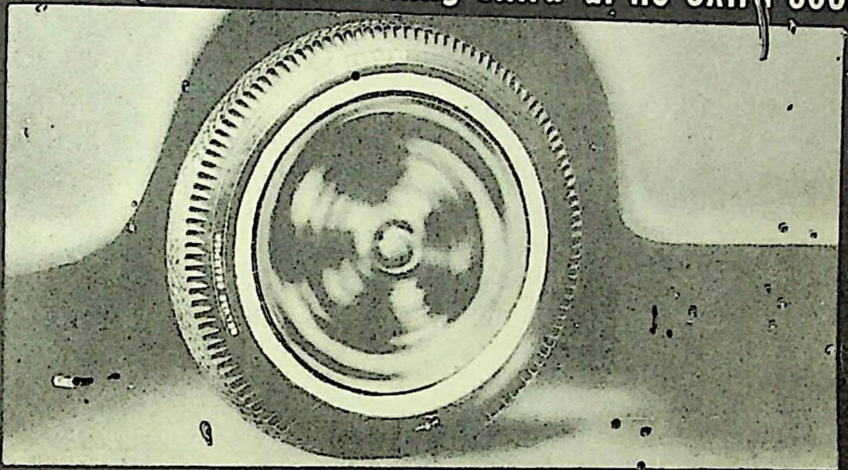

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P. 6325

learned that there were thousands of political prisoners. They certainly had us fooled!" This was greeted with laughter.

In June 1966, he was put in solitary for 15 days for non-fulfilment of the work quota and for feigning illness. There was a loose fragment of bone in his arm, and his old wound had become infected. But the doctor refused to give him a work release, and when Yuli didn't report one morning, he was clapped in solitary.

He endured the 15 days, but the next morning he was given another ten, and then another. There was no reason for this punishment; it was plain harassment. Daniel was continually picked on, up to the time of my release. He was not allowed a full visit with his wife or even to keep the cigarettes she brought him.

But he never complained, never asked for anything, and was quick to defend his companions. We were proud that Yuli was made of fibre that was not easily bent.

"All of One Mind!"

Two or three months before my release, I was called in for a talk with three people: a KGB officer, the director of collective activities, and my platoon commander, Captain Usov.

"Marchenko," I was told, "you must behave after your release. The free life isn't like camp, where each man has his own opinions."

"Comrade Director," I said, "times have changed. Even communists disagree now."

"Don't indulge in slander! All communists are of one mind!"

"Yes? Then what about the Chinese, the Albanians?"

"Marchenko," the KGB officer said, "with such ideas you will be back here soon."

"I know that," I said. "In other countries there are legal opposition parties, including communist parties, whose goal is to change the existing system. They are not charged with treason or imprisoned. But I, a simple working man, have to spend six years behind wire, and then I am threatened with more for having convictions of my own."

"Other countries have their own laws, we have ours. All you prisoners keep throwing America in our faces. If they have freedom there, why do the negroes riot? Why do American workers go on strike?"

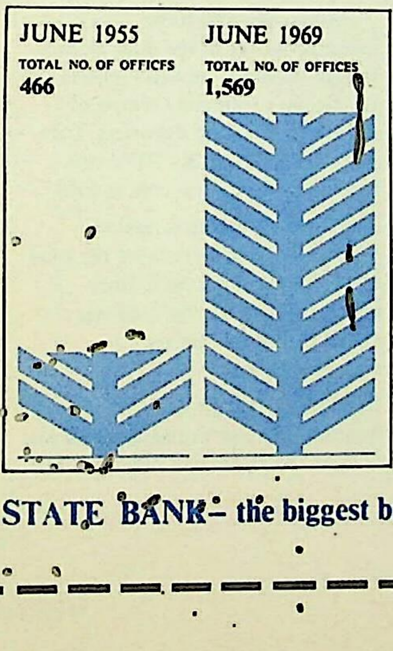
"But Lenin himself said that strikes and the struggles of negroes in the United States are indications of freedom and democracy."

At this, my "educators" jumped on me. "How dare you slander Lenin! Where did you hear such lies?"

Luckily I remembered the quote word for word. I repeated it and cited the number of the Lenin volume. Instantly the director went to his office, brought back a volume from the latest edition of Lenin's works and thrust it at me. While

MEETING THE OBJECTIVES—1

Three new branches every two weeks! More than half in rural areas.



A major objective of the State Bank has been to extend banking facilities, particularly in the rural and semi-urban areas. The State Bank of India Act stipulated that a minimum of 400 Branches were to be opened within 5 years of the Bank's inception. The target was exceeded within the stipulated period.

Today the State Bank has 1,569 banking offices spread all over the country, 893 of them in areas with population below 25,000.

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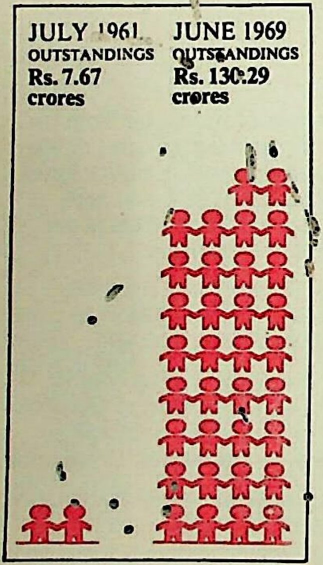
STATE BANK– the biggest bank serves the smallest man

MEETING THE OBJECTIVES—4

Loans to co-operatives rocket seventeen times in eight years



The State Bank Group accounts for more than 87 per cent of all commercial bank loans to the co-operative sector.

Between July 1961 and June 1969, assistance to co-operatives by State Bank Group multiplied 17 times; outstandings shot up from Rs. 7.67 crores to Rs. 130.29 crores.

Limits sanctioned went up from Rs. 27.46 crores as at the end of June 1961 to Rs. 207.23 crores as at the end of June 1969.

Free remittance facilities to the tune of Rs. 800 crores are provided each year to cover the day-to-day operations of co-operatives and ensure their growth.

Assistance is now provided to almost all types of co-operatives, including co-operative sugar factories, land mortgage banks, industrial co-operatives and wholesale consumer stores.

More than one-tenth of the Group's total advances goes to co-operative institutions.

STATE BANK—the biggest bank serves the smallest man

I turned the pages, all three waited like hounds with an animal at bay. Lenin couldn't possibly have said such a thing. Besides, they couldn't believe that a fellow like me, without an education, had read Lenin.

I handed them the open book, and the director read the passage aloud. The KGB officer said, "Give it to me." All three began turning pages, hoping to find some refutation or explanation of what Lenin had written. Unable to find it, the officer said, without embarrassment, "Marchenko, you interpret Lenin your own way because of your opinions. That's not good. You certainly won't remain at liberty."

I know that when Soviet people on the outside hear about such a discussion they will say, "Damn it—in camps they have more freedom than we do! Even at home, we would be cautious before saying what Marchenko said to camp authorities. And he was told he could go! Here we would be arrested right away!"

If I had said such things in the barracks, informers would have reported it and I might have received an extra sentence for "putting propaganda among the prisoners." But it is the camp officials' obligation to *convince* a prisoner—and if they fail, it's their own fault, isn't it?

Freedom

JUST before my release, I was put in solitary, because I was ill and refused to work. I got 15 days, and when I returned to camp I reeled like a drunkard from weakness. But the end of my sentence was now only 17 days away. I went to work as before, hauling logs and shovelling coal. I still had dizzy spells, but I wanted to spend my last days with my friends.

We got together at every free moment. Our talk centred on one topic: where I should go, how I should arrange my life in freedom. Under internal passport regulations, I would not be allowed to reside in the Moscow or Leningrad districts, in any seaport, or in a border region. In addition, there were several other areas from which I would be barred as an ex-political prisoner. Because of my loss of hearing, it would be impossible for me to take up my old profession as a boring-machine operator. I could probably go to work as a freight loader.

The day before my release I returned all camp property. Then early next morning, my friends and acquaintances came to say farewell. They gave me the addresses of their families, and asked me to stop and convey their greetings if I had the chance. Above all, they told me not to forget those who remained behind in the Mordovian camps.

Yuli Daniel presented me with a book. On the flyleaf he wrote in verse: *"In general, it was not too bad. You became deaf here, but your eyes have been opened. Be proud of this. Not everyone who has sight can see."*

At ten o'clock my closest friends

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escorted me to headquarters. Here we embraced and again said goodbye. I can't possibly describe my emotions. All the joy faded away and there was a lump in my throat.

"Go, Tolya, go. You'll be late for the train!"

Soon I was walking along the no-man's-land strip—already separated from my friends by the barbed wire. Waving to them once more, I entered headquarters. The door shut behind me. Now I had to look forward to a completely different farewell.

"Strip naked! Now crouch! Stretch out your arms!"

Having searched my body, they searched all my clothes—every seam in my shirt, my underwear, everything. Then came the examination of my suitcase. A warden opened the book and saw Yuli's poem. At once he showed it to a KGB officer, who took it and left the office.

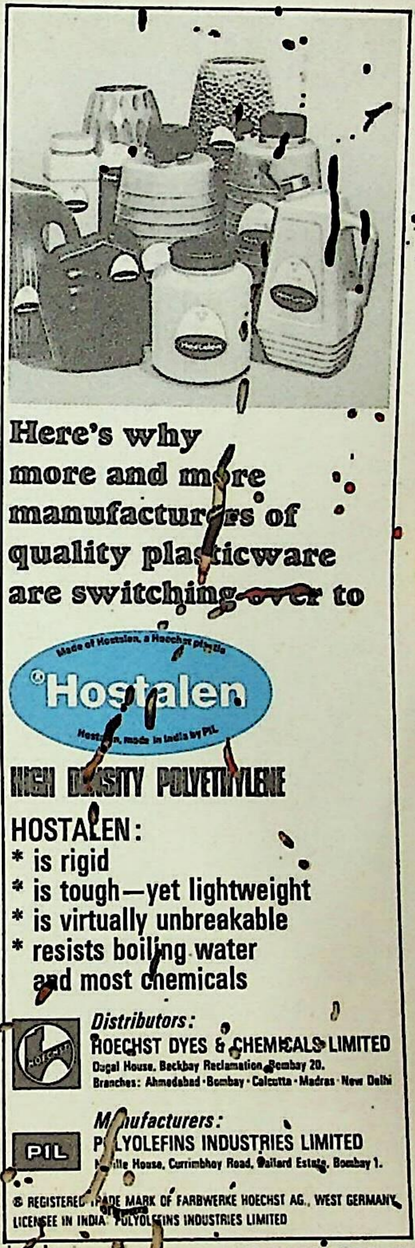
A little later Major Postnikov, top KGB man in the whole Mordovian complex, arrived. He studied Yuli's poem and ordered: "Cut it out! Cut out the entire page!" I asked him to explain what was so terrible about the poem.

"In my view, Daniel is expressing his opinions in it."

"But what's so seditious in these opinions?" I asked.

Postnikov did not answer.

At last I was walking towards the exit, accompanied by the major. We walked through several doors, at each of which the major showed



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some official papers. The doors were then shut behind us. The last door opened, and I found myself out on the street.

A column of women prisoners was being led past headquarters as I came out. I heard the coarse shouts of the armed guards. The women wore heavy work boots and walked slowly, dragging their feet. They had on dark-grey jackets, padded cotton trousers. Their faces were all yellowish-grey. I studied them and thought: perhaps I carried one of you on a stretcher, in the hospital. But I couldn't recognize anyone. In that column they all looked alike. Prisoners, nothing more.

The column passed. I took a deep breath of air, even if it was Mordovian, at least it was free air. It was snowing. Large snowflakes fell and immediately melted on my clothes. It was early afternoon on November 2, 1966—five days before the forty-ninth anniversary of the establishment of the communist regime.

MARCHENKO settled in the city of Aleksandrov, 100 kilometres north-east of Moscow and there *My Testimony* was written. For a year and a half he lived in relative peace. He wrote letters to Russian authorities to protest against the living conditions in the camps. His manuscript on labour camp and prison life was, of course, never published. Nevertheless, copies did circulate underground.

Then on July 22, 1968, a month before Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia, Marchenko addressed a 2,000-word letter to three Czechoslovak journals, to the communist newspapers of Britain, France and Italy, and to the BBC in London. In it he denounced the Soviet attempt to repress liberal reforms in Czechoslovakia.

"I am ashamed for my country," he wrote. "I would be ashamed for my countrymen also if I believed that they were unanimous in supporting this policy of the government. But I am confident that such is not the case. The unanimity of our people is a fiction, artificially created through the violation of the very freedom of speech that is being upheld in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic."

One week later, on a journey to Moscow, Marchenko was arrested. His trial is reported to have taken place in mid-August. He was sentenced to a year at hard labour in the same camps he had depicted so vividly.

In the preface of *My Testimony*, Marchenko relates that Captain Usov, his platoon commander, once said to him, "Marchenko, you are never pleased with anything. All you ever want to do is run away! What have you done *to improve* things?"

"If, after these writings, I again confront Captain Usov in prison," Marchenko continues, "I shall say to him: 'I did everything in my power, Here I am again.' "

THE END

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